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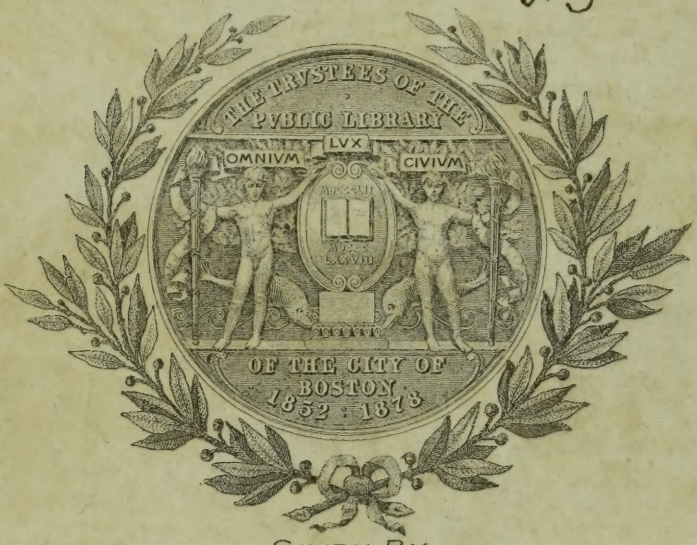

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO *and* JULIET.
TIMON *of* ATHENS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
MACBETH.
HAMLET, Prince of *Denmark.*
King LEAR.
OTHELLO.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon,* at *Grays-Inn* Gate. MDCCIX.

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ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in Love with* Juliet, *and Kinſman to the Prince.*
Mountague, } *Two Lords of antient Families, Ene-*
Capulet, } *mies to each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Mountague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Mountague.
Apothecary.

Lady Mountague, *Wife to* Mountague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in Love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral Men and Women Relations to* Capulet, *Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the Fifth Act, is in* Mantua ; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street in* Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *with Swords and Bucklers.*

SAMPSON.

Regory, a my word we'll not carry Coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliers.

Sam. I mean, if we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out o'th' Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A Dog of the Houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A Dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the Wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee weak, Slave, for the weakeſt goes to the Wall.

Sam. True, and therefore Women, being the weakeſt Veſſels, are ever thruſt to the Wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountague*'s Men from the Wall, and thruſt his Maids to the Wall.

Greg. The Quarrel is between our Maſters, and us their Men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a Tyrant: when I have fought with the Men, I will be civil with the Maids, and cut off their Heads.

Greg. The Heads of the Maids?

Sam. Ay, the Heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand: And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of Fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy Tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked Weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee.

Sam. Let us take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your Thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my Thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your Thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the Law on our ſide, if I ſay ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my Thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my Thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a Man as you.

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my Maſter's Kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You Lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be Men. *Gregory*, remember thy waſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, Fools, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs Hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy Death.

Ben. I do but keep the Peace; put up thy Sword, Or manage it to part theſe Men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of Peace? I hate the word As I hate Hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Have at thee, Coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs,

Offic. Clubs, Bills, and Partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down, Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his Gown, and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Give me my long Sword, ho?

La. Cap. A Crutch, a Crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. A Sword, I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and Lady* Mountague.

Moun. Thou Villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Moun. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a Foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to Peace, Prophaners of this Neighbour-ſtained Steel—— Will they not hear? What ho, you Men, you Beaſts, That quench the Fire of your pernicious Rage, With purple Fountains iſſuing from your Veins: On pain of Torture, from theſe bloody Hands Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground, And hear the Sentence of your moved Prince. Three civil Broils, bred of an airy word, By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*, Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our Streets, And made *Verona*'s antient Citizens Caſt by their grave beſeeming Ornaments,

To wield old Partisans, in Hands as old,
Cankred with Peace, to part your Cankred-hate;
If ever you disturb our Streets again,
Your Lives shall pay the Forfeit of the Peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this Afternoon,
To know our further Pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common Judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of Death, all Men depart.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, &c.

La. Moun. Who set this ancient Quarrel new abroach?
Speak, Nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the Servants of your Adversary,
And yours, close fighting, e'er I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his Sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd Defiance to my Ears,
He swong about his Head, and cut the Winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in Scorn;
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Moun. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to Day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this Fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
Peer'd forth the golden Window of the East,
A troubled Mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the Grove of Sycamour,
That Westward rooteth from this City side,
So early walking did I see you Son;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the Covert of the Wood;
I measuring his Affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my Humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a Morning hath he there been seen
With Tears augmenting the fresh Morning Dew,
Adding to Clouds, more Clouds, with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun, Should,

Should, in the fartheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady Curtains from *Aurora*'s Bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy Son,
And private in his Chamber pens himſelf,
Shuts up his Windows, locks fair Day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial Night.
Black and portentous muſt this Humour prove,
Unleſs good Counſel may the Cauſe remove.
Ben. My Noble Uncle, do you know the Cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Moun. Both by my ſelf, and many other Friends;
But he, his own Affections Counſellor,
Is to himſelf (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious Worm,
E'er he can ſpread his ſweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learn from whence his Sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.
Enter Romeo.
Ben. See where he comes: ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'll know his Grievance, or be much deny'd.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true Shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*
Ben. Good Morrow, Couſin,
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: What ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In Love?
Rom. Our——
Ben. Of Love?
Rom. Out of her Favour, where I am in Love.
Ben. Alas, that Love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof.
Rom. Alas, that Love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without Eyes, ſee path-ways to his will:

Where ſhall we dine?—— O me!----what fray was here?——
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to do with Hate, but more with Love:
Why then, O brawling Love! O loving Hate!
O any thing of nothing firſt create:
O heavy Lightneſs, ſerious Vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of well-ſeeming Forms,
Feather of Lead, bright Smoke, cold Fire, ſick Health,
Still-waking Sleep, that is not what it is:
This Love feel I, that feel no Love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good Heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good Heart's Oppreſſion.

Rom. Why ſuch is Love's Tranſgreſſion.
Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my Breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preſt
With more of thine, this Love that thou haſt ſhewn
Doth add more Grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke made of the fume of Sighs,
Being purg'd, a Fire ſparkling in Lovers Eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nouriſh'd with loving Tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking Gall, and a preſerving Sweet:
Farewel, my Coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who is that you love?

Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why no; but ſadly tell me, who.

Rom. A ſick Man in good ſadneſs makes his will----
O, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill——
In ſadneſs, Couſin, I do love a Woman.

Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good Marke-man, and ſhe's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair Coz, is ſooneſt hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miſs, ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s Arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s Wit:

And in ſtrong proof of Chaſtity well arm'd;
From Love's weak childiſh Bow, ſhe lives uncharm'd.
She will not ſtay the Siege of loving Terms,
Nor bide th' Encounter of aſſailing Eyes,
Nor ope her Lap to Saint-ſeducing Gold:
O ſhe is rich in Beauty, only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with Beauty dies her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte.
For Beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts Beauty off from all Poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit Bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love, and in that Vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine Eyes;
Examine other Beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more.
Thoſe happy Masks that kiſs fair Ladies Brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair,
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious Treaſure of his Eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a Miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her Beauty ſerve, but as a Note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing fair.
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Paris *and Servant.*

Cap. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For Men ſo old as we to keep the Peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my Suit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My Child is yet a Stranger in the World,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen Years,
Let two more Summers wither in their Pride,
E'er we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Par.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy Mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth up hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful Lady of my Earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her Heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according Voice:
This Night, I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a Gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
Once more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poor Houſe, look to behold this Night,
Earth-treading Stars that make dark Heaven light,
Such comfort as do luſty young Men feel,
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh Female buds ſhall you this Night
Inherit at my Houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, Sirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find thoſe Perſons out,
Whoſe Names are written there, and to them ſay,
My Houſe and Welcome on their pleaſure ſtay [*Ex.* Cap. Par.

Ser. Find them out whoſe Names are written here? It is written, that the Shooe-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe Perſons whoſe Names are writ, and can never find what Names the writing Perſon hath here writ, (I muſt to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut Man, one Fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning,
One deſperate Grief cures with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new Infection to the Eye,
And the rank Poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantan Leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken Shin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad Man is:
Shut up in Priſon, kept without my Food,
Whipt and tormented; and——Good-e'en, good Fellow.
Ser. God gi' Good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own Fortune in my Miſery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without Book:
But, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. Ay, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay, Fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SIgnior Martino, *and his Wife and Daughter: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous Siſters; the Lady Widow of* Vitruvio, *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely Nieces;* Mercutio *and his Brother* Valentine; *mine Uncle* Capulet, *his Wife and Daughters; my fair Niece* Roſaline, Livia, *Signior* Valentio, *and his Couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lovely* Helena.

A fair Aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to Supper?
Ser. To our Houſe.
Rom. Whoſe Houſe?
Ser. My Maſter's.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould have askt you that before.
Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a Cup of Wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo loveſt;
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*:
Go thither, and with unattainted Eye,
Compare her Face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom.

Rom. When the devout Religion of mine Eye
Maintains ſuch Falſehood, then turn Tears to Fire;
And theſe who often drown'd could never die,
Tranſparent Hereticks be burnt for Liars.
One fairer than my Love! the all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her Match, ſince firſt the World begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Her ſelf pois'd with her ſelf in either Eye:
But in thoſe Chryſtal Scales, let there be weigh'd,
Your Ladies love againſt ſome other Maid,
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhe'll ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own.

SCENE II. Capulet's *Houſe*.

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my Daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now by my Maiden-head, at twelve Years old, I bad her come; what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid.—— Where's this Girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your Mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your Will?

La. Cap. This is the matter —— Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in Secret. Nurſe come back again, I have remembred me, thouſ' hear my Counſel: Thou knoweſt my Daughter's of a pretty Age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her Age unto an Hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my Teeth,
And yet to my Teeth be it ſpoken,
I have but four, ſhe's not fourteen;
How long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd Days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, come *Lammas*-Eve at Night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian Souls, were of an Age. Well, *Suſan* is with God,

God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas*-Eve at Night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven Years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the Days in the Year, upon that Day; for I had then laid Worm-wood to my Dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-House Wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua* —— nay, do bear a Brain. But as I said, when it did taste the Worm-wood on the Nipple of my Dug, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the Dug. Shake, Quoth the Dove-house —— 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven Years, for then she could stand alone, nay, byth' Rood she could have run, and wadled all about; for even the Day before she broke her Brow, and then my Husband, God be his Soul, a was a merry Man, took up the Child, yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit, wilt thou not, *Juliet*? And by my Holy-dam, the pretty Wretch left Crying, and said, Ay; to see now how a Jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand Years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, *Juliet*, quoth he? and pretty Fool, it stinted, and said, Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy Peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its Brow a bump as big as a young Cockrels Stone: A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to Age; wilt thou not, *Juliet*? It stinted, and said, Ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his Grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that e'er I nurst, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very Theam
I came to talk of; tell me, Daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An hour, were not I thine only Nurse, I would say that thou hadst suck'd Wisdom from thy Teat.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Well, think of Marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of Eſteem,
Are made already Mothers. By my count,
I was your Mother much upon theſe Years,
That you are now a Maid; thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his Love.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a Man, as all the World —— Why he's a Man of Wax.

La. Cap. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a Flower.

Nurſe. Nay he's a Flower, in faith a very Flower.

La. Ca. What ſay you, can you love the Gentleman?
This Night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*'s Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's Pen;
Examine every ſeveral Lineament,
And ſee how one, another lends Content;
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lyes,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious Book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautifie him, only lacks a Cover.
The Fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much Pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide:
That Book in manies Eyes doth ſhare the Glory,
That in Gold Claſps locks in the golden Story;
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making your ſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs! nay bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine Eye,
Than your Conſent gives Strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Gueſts are come, Supper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity; I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. [*Exit.*

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, Girl, ſeek happy Nights to happy Days.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this Speech be spoke to our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity,
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a Scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted Bow of Lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a Measure and be gone.
Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me, you have dancing Shoes
With nimble Soles, I have a Sole of Lead,
So stakes me to the Ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore impierced with his Shaft,
To soar with his light Feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe;
Under Love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And to sink in it, should you burden Love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is Love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, it pricks like Thorn.
Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love,
Prick Love for pricking, and you Love beat down:
Give me a Case to put my Visage in,
A Visor for a Visor; what care I
What curious Eye doth quote Deformities,
Here are the Beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every Man betake him to his Legs.
Rom. A Torch for me, let Wantons, light of Heart,
Tickle the senseless Rushes with their Heels;
For I am proverb'd with a Grand-sire Phrase;
I'll be a Candle-lighter, and look on,
The Game was ne'er so fair, and I am Done.
Mer. Tut, Dun's the Mouse, the Constables own word;
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the Mire;

Or,

Or, ſave your Reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the Ears: Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.
We waſte our Lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgment fits
Five things in that, e'er once in our fine Wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this Mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a Dream to Night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That Dreamers often Lie.
Rom. In Bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queen Mab hath been with you: She is the Fairies Mid-wife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger than an Agat-ſtone on the Fore-finger of an Alderman, drawn with a teem of little Atomies, over Mens Noſes as they lye aſleep: Her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners Legs; the Cover, of the Wings of Graſhoppers; her Trace of the ſmalleſt Spider's Web; her Collars of the Moonſhine's watry beams; her Whip of Cricket's bone; the Laſh of film; her Waggoner a ſmall gray-coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round little Worm, prickt from the lazy Finger of a Woman. Her Chariot is an empty Hazel-Nut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out of mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: And in this ſtate ſhe gallops Night by Night, through Lovers Brains; and then they dream of Love. On Countries Knees, that dream on Curſies ſtrait: O'er Lawyers Fingers, who ſtrait dream on Fees: O'er Ladies Lips, who ſtrait on Kiſſes dream, which oft the angry Mab with Bliſters plagues, becauſe their breaths with Sweet-meats tainted are. Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a Courtier's Noſe, and then dreams he of ſmelling out a Suit: And ſometimes comes ſhe with a Tith-pigs Tail, tickling a Parſon's Noſe as he lies aſleep; then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a Soldier's Neck, and then dreams he of cutting Foreign Throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* Blades; of Healths five Fathom deep; and then anon drums in his Ears, at which he

he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſwears a Prayer or two, and ſleeps again. This is that very Mab that plats the Manes of Horſes in the Night, and bakes the Elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh Hairs, which once intangled, much Misfortunes bodes.

This is the Hag, when Maids lye on their Backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them Women of good Carriage:
This is ſhe———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of Dreams;
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain Phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the Air,
And more unconſtant than the Wind; who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the North,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the Dew-dropping South.

Ben. This Wind you talk of, blows us from our ſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence ſtill hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this Night's Revels, and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed Life clos'd in my Breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death;
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my Suit: On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servants come forth with their Napkins.

1 *Ser.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher! He ſcrape a Trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good Manners ſhall ye in one or two Mens Hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the Joint-ſtools, remove the Court-cupboard, look to the Plate: Good thou, ſave me a piece of March-pane; and as thou loveſt me, let the Porter let in

Suſan Grindſtone, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

2 *Ser.* Ay, Boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great Chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly Boys; Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies to the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen;
Ladies that have their Toes
Unplagu'd with Corns, will walk about with you.
Ah me, my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to Dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'll ſwear, hath Corns; Am I come near ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeen the day
That I have worn a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering Tale in a fair Lady's Ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone:
You are all welcome, Gentlemen; come, Muſicians, play.
[*Muſick plays, and they Dance.*
A Hall, Hall; give room, and foot it, Girls:
More Light ye Knaves, and turn the Tables up;
And quench the Fire, the Room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd for ſport comes well:
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good Couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I, are paſt our dancing daies:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a Mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty Years.

1 *Cap.* What, Man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the Nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt, as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty Years, and then we Mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Son is Elder, Sir:
His Son is Thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Son was but a Ward two Years ago.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the Hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burn bright;
Her Beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night,

Like

Like a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop*'s Ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for Earth too dear!
So ſhews a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As yonder Lady o'er her Fellows ſhows:
The Meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude Hand.
Did my Heart love till now; forſwear it Sight?
For I ne'er ſaw true Beauty 'till this Night.

Tib. This by his Voice ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy: what dares the Slave
Come hither cover'd with an Antick Face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our Solemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my Kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, Kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our Foe:
A Villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our Solemnity this Night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle Coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd Youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the Town,
Here in my Houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no Note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair Preſence, and put off theſe Frowns,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance of a Feaſt.

Tib. It fits, when ſuch a Villain is a Gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He ſhall be indur'd.
What, Goodman-boy—— I ſay he ſhall. Go to——
Am I the Maſter here, or you? Go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my Soul.
You'll make a Mutiny among the Gueſts:
You will ſet Cock-a-hoop? You'll be the Man?

Tib. Why, Uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

Cap. Go to, go to.

You are a ſaucy Boy——'tis ſo indeed——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what,
You muſt contrary me?—— marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my Hearts, you are a Princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, for ſhame;
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my Hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilful Choler meeting,
Makes my Fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this Intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter Gall.
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthieſt Hand, [*To* Juliet.
This holy Shrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My Lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender Kiſs.
Jul. Good Pilgrim,
You do wrong your Hand too much,
Which mannerly Devotion ſhews in this,
For Saints have Hands——the Pilgrim's Hand do touch,
And Palm to Palm, is holy Palmer's Kiſs.
Rom. Have not Saints Lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. Ay, Pilgrim, Lips that they muſt uſe in Prayer.
Rom. O then, dear Saint, let Lips do what Hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leſt Faith turn to Deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for Prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my Prayers effect do take:
Thus from my Lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd. [*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my Lips the ſin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my Lips! O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' Book.
Nur. Madam, your Mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nur. Marry, Batchelor,
Her Mother is the Lady of the Houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe and virtuous,
I nurs'd her Daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the Chinks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O dear Account! My Life is my Foe's debt.

Ben.

Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good Night:
More Torches here——come on, then let's to Bed.
Ah, Sirrah, by my Fay it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, Nurſe.
What is yond' Gentleman?
Nur. The Son and Heir of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of Door?
Nur. Marry, that I think to be young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his Name. If he be Married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding Bed.
Nur. His Name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only Son of our great Enemy.
Jul. My only Love ſprung from my only Hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown, and known too late:
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed Enemy.
Nur. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A Rhime I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.
[*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come, let's away, the Strangers all are gone, [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Chorus.

NOW old Deſire doth in his Death-bed lye,
And young Affection gapes to be his Heir:
That fair, for which Love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of Looks:
But to his Foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal Love's ſweet bait from fearful Hooks.
Being held a Foe, he may not have acceſs
To breath ſuch Vows as Lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in Love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new Beloved any where:
But Paſſion lends them Power, Time Means to meet,
Tempting Extremities with extream ſweet.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find my Center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Couſin *Romeo, Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my Life hath ſtoln him home to Bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard Wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo Humours, Madman, Paſſion, Lover,
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one time, and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but Ay me! couple but Love and Day;
Speak to my Goſſip *Venus* one fair Word,
One Nick-name for her pur-blind Son and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Beggar-maid.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright Eyes,
By her high Fore-head, and her Scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtreight Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Deſmeans that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
To raiſe a Spirit in his Miſtreſs's Circle,

Of

Of ſome ſtrange Nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight.
My Invocation is fair and honeſt, and in his Miſtreſs's Name
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe Trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous Night:
Blind is his Love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the Mark.
Now will he ſit under a Medlar-tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſs were that kind of Fruit,
Which Maids call Medlars when they laugh alone:
O, *Romeo*, that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An Open——or thou a Poprin Pear;
Romeo, good Night, I'll to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to ſeek him here,
That means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jeſts at Scars that never felt a Wound——
But ſoft, what Light thro' yonder Window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun:
[Juliet *appears above at a Window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with Grief,
That thou, her Maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is envious,
Her veſtal Livery is but ſick and green,
And none but Fools do wear it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Love---O that ſhe knew ſhe were!
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her Eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt Stars of all the Heaven,
Having ſome Buſineſs, do intreat her Eyes
To twinkle in their Spheres 'till they return.
What if her Eyes were there, they in her Head,

The brightneſs of her Cheek would ſhame thoſe Stars,
As Day-light doth a Lamp; her Eye in Heaven,
Would through the airy Region ſtream ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think it were not Night:
See how ſhe leans her Cheek upon her Hand!
O that I were a Glove upon that Hand,
That I might touch that Cheek.

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh ſpeak again, bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this Night, being o'er my Head,
As is a winged Meſſenger from Heaven,
Unto the white upturned wondring Eyes,
Of Mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father, and refuſe thy Name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelf, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague?* it is not Hand, nor Foot,
Nor Arm, nor Face——O be ſome other Name.
Belonging to a Man.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that Title; *Romeo*, doff thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy Word:
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What Man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in Night,
So ſtumbleſt on my Counſel?

Rom. By a Name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My Name, dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,

Becauſe

Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would tear the Word.
Jul. My Ears have yet not drunk a hundred Words
Of thy Tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Rom. Neither, fair Maid, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard Walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my Kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With Love's light Wings,
Did I o'er-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:
Therefore thy Kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine Eye,
Than twenty of their Swords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their Enmity.
Jul. I would not for the World they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have Night's Cloak to hide me from their Eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My Life were better ended by their Hate,
Than Death prorogued, wanting of thy Love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me Counſel, and I lent him Eyes:
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt Shore, waſh'd with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch Merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou knoweſt the mask of Night is on my Face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my Cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to Night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel Complements:
Doſt thou Love? O, I know thou wilt ſay, Ay,
And I will take thy Word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at Lovers Perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughs; oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or

Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the World.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'Haviour light:
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more Coining to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, e'er I was ware,
My true Love's Paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark Night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon I vow,
That tips with Silver all theſe Fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O ſwear not by the Moon, th' unconſtant Moon,
That monthly changes in her circled Orb,
Leſt that thy Love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my Heart's dear love——

Jul. Well, do not ſwear——although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this Contract to Night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the Lightning which doth ceaſe to be,
E'er one can ſay, it lightens. Sweet, good Night,
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet:
Good Night; good Night——as ſweet Repoſe and Reſt,
Come to thy Heart, as that within my Breaſt.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to Night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy Love's faithful Vow of mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it?
For what purpoſe, Love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:

My

My Bounty is as boundleſs as the Sea,
My Love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome Noiſe within; dear Love adieu.
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good Nurſe——Sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed Night, I am afraid,
Being in Night, all this is but a Dream,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.
Re-enter Juliet *above.*
Jul. Three Words, dear *Romeo*,
And good Night indeed.
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me word to Morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the Rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy Foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the World.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon——but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee—— [*Within*: Madam.
By and by, I come——
To ceaſe thy Strife, and leave me to my Grief.
To Morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my Soul.
Jul. A thouſand times good Night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love, as School-boys from their Books,
But Love from Love, towards School with heavy Looks.
Enter Juliet *again.*
Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Taſſel gently back again——
Bondage is hoarſe and may not ſpeak aloud,
Elſe would I tear the Cave where Eccho lyes,
And make her airy Tongue more hoarſe——Then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*——
Rom. It is my Soul that calls upon my Name.
How ſilver-ſweet ſound Lovers Tongues by Night,
Like ſofteſt Muſick to attending Ears.

Jul.

Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Sweet.
Jul. What a Clock to Morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of Nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty Years 'till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I love thy Company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other Name but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt Morning, I would have thee gone.
And yet no further than a wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,
Like a poor Priſoner in his twiſted Gyves,
And with a ſilken thread plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his Liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good Night, good Night.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweet Sorrow,
That I ſhall ſay Good Night 'till it be Morrow.
Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, peace in thy Breaſt,
Would I were Sleep and Peace, ſo ſweet to Reſt. [*Exit.*
Rom. The gray-ey'd Morn ſmiles on the frowning Night,
Check'ring the Eaſtern Clouds with ſtreaks of Light,
And Darkneſs fleckell'd like a Drunkard reels,
From forth Days path-way, made by *Titan*'s Wheels.
Hence will I to my Ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a Basket.*

Fri. Now e'er the Sun advance his burning Eye,
The Day to chear, and Night's dank Dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this Oſier Cage of ours,

With

With baleful Weeds, and precious juiced Flowers.
The Earth that's Nature's Mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying Grave, that is her Womb;
And from her Womb Children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural Boſom find:
Many for many Virtues Excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful Grace, that lies
In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true Qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the Earth doth live,
But to the Earth ſome ſpecial good doth give.
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe;
Virtue it ſelf turns Vice, being miſapplied.
And Vice ſometime by Action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant Rind of this weak Flower,
Poiſon hath reſidence, and Medicine Power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all Senſes, with the Heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill,
In Man, as well as Herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the Canker Death eats up that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow, Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early Tongue ſo ſweet ſalutes mine Ear?
Young Son, it argues a diſtemper'd Head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy Bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old Man's Eye,
And where Care lodgeth, Sleep will never lye;
But where unbruiſed Youth, with unſtuft Brain,
Doth couch his Limbs, there golden Sleep doth raign;
Therefore, thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd with ſome diſtemperature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in Bed to Night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon Sin; waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my Ghoſtly Father? No.
I have forgot that Name, and that Name's Woe.

Fri. That's my good Son: but where haſt thou been then?

Rom.

Rom. I'll tell thee e'er thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine Enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our Remedies
Within thy help and holy Physick lies;
I bear no hatred, Blessed Man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my Foe.
Fri. Be plain, good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession finds but ridling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my Heart's dear Love is set
On the fair Daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy Marriage; when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of Vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to Day.
Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a Change is here?
Is *Rosaline*, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young Mens Love then lyes
Not truly in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of Brine
Hath washt thy sallow Cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt Water thrown away in waste,
To season Love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy Sighs from Heaven clears,
Thy old Groans yet ring in my ancient Ears;
Lo here upon thy Cheek the Stain doth sit,
Of an old Tear that is not washt off yet.
If e'er thou wast thy self, and these Woes thine,
Thou and these Woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this Sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no Strength in Men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.
Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth Grace for Grace, and Love for Love allow:

The

The other did not ſo.

Fri. Oh ſhe knew well,
Thy Love did read by Rote, that could not ſpell;
But come young Waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy Aſſiſtant be:
For this Alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your Houſhold-rancour to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to Night?

Ben. Not to his Father's, I ſpoke with his Man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted Wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the Kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Father's Houſe.

Mer. A Challenge on my Life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any Man that can write, may anſwer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwer the Letter's Maſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, ſtabb'd with a white Wench's black Eye, run through the Ear with a Love-ſong, the very Pin of his Heart cleft with the blind Bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a Man to Encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Couragious Captain of Compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your Boſom; the very Butcher of a ſilk Button, a Duelliſt, a Duelliſt; a Gentleman of the very firſt Houſe of the firſt and ſecond Cauſe; Ah the immortal Paſſado, the Punto reverſo, the Hay——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting Phantaſies, theſe new turners of Accent—— Jeſu, a very good blade,——

a very tall Man ---- a very good Whore. ---- Why is not this a lamentable thing, Grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange Flies, theſe Faſhion-mongers, theſe pardon-me's, who ſtand ſo much on the new Form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old Bench. O their Bones, their Bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O Fleſh, Fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the Numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen-wench; marry ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a Dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* Hildings and Harlots: *Thisby* a gray Eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonjour*, there's a *French* Salutation to your *French* ſlop; you gave us the Counterfeit fairly laſt Night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what Counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my Buſineſs was great, and in ſuch a Caſe as mine, a Man may ſtrain Curtſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a Man to bow in the Hams.

Rom. Meaning to Curtſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous Expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very Pink of Courteſie.

Rom. Pink for Flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure Wit —— follow me this Jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the Jeſt may remain after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd Jeſt.
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my Wit faints.

Rom. Swits and Spurs,
Swits and Spurs, or I'll cry a Match.

Mer. Nay, if our Wits run the Wild-gooſe Chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-gooſe in one of thy

thy Wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe?

Mer. I will bite thee by the Ear for that Jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy Wit is a very bitter Sweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp Sawce.

Rom. And is it not well-ſerv'd in to a ſweet Gooſe?

Mer. O here's a Wit of Cheverel, that ſtretches from an Inch narrow, to an Ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the Gooſe, proves thee far and wide, a broad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, than groaning for Love? Now art thou ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by Art, as well as by Nature; for this driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his Bauble in a Hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my Tale againſt the Hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy Tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant indeed to occupy the Argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear:
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter,* to hide her Face;
For her Fan's the fairer Face.

Nur. God ye good morrow, Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den fair Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is is good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy Hand of the Dyal is now upon the prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you; what a Man are you?

Rom. One, Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſad: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you: But young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngeſt of that Name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, I'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome Confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to ſome Supper.

Mer. A Baud, a Baud, a Baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No Hare, Sir, unleſs a Hare Sir, in a Lenten Pye; that is ſomething Stale and Hoar e'er it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar, is very good Meat in *Lent*.
But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score, when it hoars e'er it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your Father's? We'll to Dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient Lady:
Farewel Lady, Lady, Lady. [*Ex.* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nur. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy Merchant was this that was ſo full of his Roguery?

Rom. A Gentleman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a Minute, than he will ſtand to in a Month.

Nur. And a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, and a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks: And if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy Knave, I am none of his Flirt-gils; I am none of his Skains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every Knave to uſe me at his pleaſure. [*To her Man.*

Pet. I ſaw no Man uſe you at his Pleaſure: If I had, my Weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another Man, if I ſee occaſion in a good Quarrel, and the Law on my ſide.

Nur.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy Knave! Pray you, Sir, a Word: And as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: But firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her in a Fool's Paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of Behaviour, as they ſay; for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee————

Nur. Good Heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful Woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurſe? Thou doſt not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to Shrift, this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at Friar *Lawrence*'s Cell,
Be ſhriv'd and marry'd: Here is for thy pains.

Nur. No, truly Sir, not a Penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This Afternoon, Sir? Well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay thou, good Nurſe, behind the Abby-wall;
Within this Hour my Man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled Stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my Joy,
Muſt be my Convoy in the ſecret Night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quite thy Pains:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſs.

Nur. Now God in Heaven bleſs thee: Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear Nurſe?

Nur. Is your Man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep Counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my Man's as true as Steel.

Nur. Well, Sir, my Miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing——O, there is a Noble Man in Town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay Knife aboard; but ſhe, good Soul, had as live ſee a Toad, a very Toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer Man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay

ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the verſal World. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Rom. Ay Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R.*

Nur. Ah mocker! that's the Dog's name. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with no other Letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.—— [*Exit Romeo.*

Nur. A thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The Clock ſtroke Nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe:
In half an Hour ſhe promiſed to return.
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him—— That's not ſo——
Oh ſhe is Lame: Love's Heralds ſhould be Thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides than the Sun-beams,
Driving back Shadows over lowring Hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the Wind-ſwift *Cupid* Wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt Hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve——
Ay three long Hours——and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe Affections and warm Youthful Blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a Ball,
My Words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me;
But old Folks, many feign as they were Dead,
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as Lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey Nurſe, what News?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy Man away.

Nur. Peter, ſtay at the Gate.

Jul. Now good ſweet Nurſe——
O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' News be ſad, yet tell them merrily,
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſick of ſweet News,
By playing it to me with ſo ſower a Face.

Nur.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while;
Fy, how my Bones ake, what a Jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would thou hadſt my Bones, and I thy News:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeak——Good Nurſe ſpeak.
Nur. Jeſu! what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee how I am out of Breath?
Jul. How art thou out of Breath, when thou haſt Breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of Breath?
The Excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy News good or bad? Anſwer to that,
Say either, and I'll ſtay the Circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nur. Well, you have made a ſimple Choice; you know not how to chuſe a Man: *Romeo*? no not he, though his Face be better than any Man's, yet his Legs excell all Mens, and for a Hand and a Foot, and a Baw-dy, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the Flower of Courteſie, but I warrant him, as gentle a Lamb----Go thy ways Wench, ſerve God: What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no——But all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our Marriage? What of that?
Nur. Lord how my Head akes! what a Head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My Back a t'other ſide——O my Back, my Back:
Beſhrew your Heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my Death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I'faith I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſays my Love?
Nur. Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſom,
And I warrant a virtuous——where is your Mother?
Jul. Where is my Mother? Why ſhe is within,
Here ſhould ſhe be? How odly thou reply'ſt!
Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is my Mother?——
Nur. O God's Lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking Bones?

Hence-forward, do your Meſſages your ſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to Day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Friar *Lawrence*'s Cell,
There ſtays a Husband to make you a Wife.
Now comes the wanton Blood up in your Cheeks,
They'll be in Scarlet ſtraight at any News:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a Ladder, by the which your Love
Muſt climb a Bird's Neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your Delight,
But you ſhall bear the Burthen ſoon at Night.
Go, I'll to Dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune; honeſt Nurſe farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the Heavens upon this holy Act,
That after Hours with Sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, Amen; but come what Sorow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of Joy,
That one ſhort Minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our Hands with holy Words,
Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent Delights have violent Ends,
And in their triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which as they kiſs conſume. The ſweeteſt Honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the Appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long Love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives, as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting Flint;
A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton Summer Air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is Vanity.

Jul.

Jul. Good-even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee Daughter for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his Thanks too much.
Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy Joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy Breath
This neighbour Air, and let rich Muſick's Tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear Encounter.
Jul. Conceit more rich in Matter than in Words,
Brags of his Subſtance, not of Ornament:
They are but Beggars that can count their Worth,
But my true Love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up ſome half of my Wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort Work,
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

Ben. I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The Day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a Brawl;
For now theſe hot Days is the mad Blood ſtirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe Fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, claps me his Sword upon the Table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee: And by the Operation of a ſecond Cup, draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben. Am I like ſuch a Fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.
Ben. And what too?
Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou

wilt quarrel with a Man that hath a Hair more, or a Hair leſs in his Beard than thou haſt: Thou wilt quarrel with a Man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel Eyes; what Eye, but ſuch an Eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy Head is as full of quarrels, as an Egg is full of Meat, and yet thy Head hath been beaten as addle as an Egg for quarrelling: Thou haſt quarrell'd with a Man for Coughing in the Street, becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lain aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before *Eaſter*? with another, for tying his new Shoes with old Ribband? And yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any Man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my Life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my Head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my Heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, Good-den, a Word with one of you.

Mer. And but one Word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a Word and a Blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, and you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome Occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*——

Mer. Conſort! What, doſt thou make us Minſtrels? And thou make Minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but Diſcords: Here's my Fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. Come, Conſort. [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of Men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your Grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all Eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze, I will not budge for no Man's pleaſure I.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my Man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your Livery:
Marry go before to Field, he'll be your Follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him Man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; Thou art a Villain.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:
Therefore farewel, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the Injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my Love.
And ſo good *Capulet*, which Name I tender
As dearly as my own, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile Submiſſion!
Allaſtucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, You, Rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine Lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me, hereafter dry beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the Ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your Ears e'er it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your Paſſado. [Mer. *and* Tyb. *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*----beat down their Weapons——
Gentlemen——for ſhame forbear this Outrage——
Tybalt——*Mercutio*——the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* Streets.
Hold *Tybalt*——good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A Plague of both the Houſes, I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a Scratch, a Scratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my Page? Go, Villain, fetch a Surgeon.

Rom

Rom. Courage, Man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: Ask for me to Morrow, and you shall find me a Grave-Man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this World: A Plague of both your Houses. What? a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a Man to Death; a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain, that fights by the Book of Arithmetick? Why the Devil came you between us? I was hurt under your Arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some House, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a Plague o' both your Houses,
They have made Worms-meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too——your Houses. [*Ex.* Mer. Ben.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near Allie,
My very Friend, hath got his mortal Hurt
In my behalf, my Reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt*'s Slander; *Tybalt*, that an Hour
Hath been my Cousin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my Temper softned Valour's Steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead,
That gallant Spirit hath aspir'd the Clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the Earth.

Rom. This Day's black Fate, on more Days does depend,
This but begins the Woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. He gone in Triumph, and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to Heaven respective Lenity,
And Fire and Fury be my Conduct now;
Now, *Tybalt*, take the Villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio*'s Soul
Is but a little way above our Heads,
Staying for thine to keep him Company:
Either thou or I, or both must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.

Ben.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain ——
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee Death,
If thou art taken: Hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am Fortune's Fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.
Cit. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's Name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal Braul:
There lies the Man ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy Kinſman brave *Mercutio*.
La. Cap. Tybalt my Couſin! O my Brother's Child,
O Prince, O Couſin, Husband, O the Blood is ſpill'd,
Of my dear Kinſman —— Prince, as thou art true,
For Blood of ours, ſhed Blood of *Mountague*.
O Couſin, Couſin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this Fray?
Ben. Tybalt here Slain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did Slay:
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the Quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high Diſpleaſure: All this uttered,
With gentle Breath, calm Look, Knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take Truce with the unruly Spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to Peace, but that he tilts
With piercing Steel at bold *Mercutio*'s Breaſt,
Who all as hot, turns deadly Point to Point,
And with a martial Scorn, with one hand beats
Cold Death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe Dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and ſwifter than his Tongue,
His able Arm beats down their fatal Points,
And twixt them ruſhes, underneath whoſe Arm,
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the Life

Of

Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd Revenge,
And to't they go like Lightning, for e'er I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to Fly:
This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a Kinſman to the *Mountagues*
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one Life.
I beg for Juſtice, which thou Prince muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not Live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the Price of his dear Blood doth owe.

La. Cap. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s Friend,
His Fault concludes but what the Law ſhould end,
The Life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that Offence,
Immediately we do Exile him hence:
I have an Intereſt in your Hearts Proceeding,
My Blood for your rude Brawls doth lye a Bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a Fine,
That you ſhall all Repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to Pleading and Excuſes,
Nor Tears, nor Prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes,
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that Hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:
Mercy but Murthers, pardoning thoſe that Kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed Steeds,
Toward *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.

Spred

Spred thy close Curtain, Love-performing night,
That run-aways Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to these Arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their Amorous Rites,
By their own Beauties: Or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with Night; Come civil Night,
Thou sober-suted Matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning Match,
Plaid for a pair of stainless Maidenheads,
Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks,
With thy black Mantle, 'till strange Love grown bold,
Thinks true Love acted simple Modesty:
Come Night, come *Romeo*, come thou Day in Night,
For thou wilt lye upon the Wings of Night,
Whiter than new Snow on a Raven's back:
Come gentle Night, come loving black-brow'd Night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars,
And he will make the Face of Heaven so fine,
That all the World will be in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before some Festival,
To an impatient Child that hath new Robes,
And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurse!

Enter Nurse with Cords.

And she brings News, and every Tongue that speaks
But *Romeo*'s Name, speaks Heavenly Eloquence;
Now Nurse, what News? What hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. Ay, ay, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what News?
Why dost thou wring thy Hands?

Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone, Lady, we are undone——
Alack the Day he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can Heav'n be so envious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though Heaven cannot. O *Romeo*! *Romeo*!

Who

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo*?
Jul. What Devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This Torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal Hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? Say thou but Ay;
And that bare Vowel Ay, ſhall poiſon more
Than the Death-darting Eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be ſuch an Ay,
Or thoſe Eyes ſhot that makes the anſwer Ay,
If he be ſlain ſay Ay, or if not, No.
Brief Sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nur. I ſaw the Wound, I ſaw it with mine Eyes;
God ſave the Mark, here on his manly Breaſt.
A piteous Coarſe, a blody piteous Coarſe;
Pale, pale as Aſhes, all bedawb'd in Blood,
All in gore Blood, I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break my Heart ——
Poor Bankrupt break at once;
To priſon Eyes, ne'er look on Liberty,
Vile Earth to Earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy Bier.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee Dead.
Jul. What Storm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Couſin, and my dearer Lord?
The dreadful Trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is Baniſhed.
Jul. O God!
Did *Romeo*'s Hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s Blood?
Nur. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.
Jul. O Serpent Heart, hid with a flowring Face,
Did ever Dragon keep ſo fair a Cave?
Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical,
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolviſh-ravening Lamb,
Deſpiſed Subſtance of Divineſt Show:
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,

A damned Saint, an honourable Villain:
O Nature! what hadſt thou to do in Hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a Fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet Fleſh?
Was ever Book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Palace.

Nur. There's no Truſt, no Faith, no honeſty in Men,
All Perjur'd; all Forſworn; all Naught; all Diſſembiers;
Ah, where's my Man? Give me ſome *Aqua-vitæ*——
Theſe Griefs, theſe Woes, theſe Sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy Tongue
For ſuch a Wiſh, he was not born to ſhame,
Upon his Brow Shame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd,
Sole Monarch of the univerſal Earth.
O what a Beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nur. Will you ſpeak well of him
That kill'd your Couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my Husband?
Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue ſhall ſmooth thy Name,
When I thy three Hours Wife have mangled it!
But wherefore Villain did'ſt thou kill my Couſin?
That Villain Couſin would have kill'd my Husband:
Back fooliſh Tears, back to your native Spring,
Your tributary drops belong to Woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to Joy:
My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have ſlain,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my Husband;
All this is Comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſer than *Tybalt*'s Death
That murdered me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it preſſes to my Memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to Sinners minds;
Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* Baniſhed:
That Baniſhed, that one word Baniſhed,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in Fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,

Why

Why followed not, when she said *Tybalt*'s dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay, or both,
Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a Rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo is banished —— to speak that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished:
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father, and my Mother, Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s Coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with Tears; mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s Banishment.
Take up those Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is Exil'd:
He made you for an Highway to my Bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden-widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, I'll to my Wedding-bed,
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last Farewel, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Monastery.*

Enter Frier Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful Man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts;
And thou art wedded to Calamity.

Rom. Father, what News?
What is the Prince's Doom?
What Sorrow craves admittance at my Hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son in such sower Company:
I bring thee Tydings of the Prince's Doom.

Rom.

Rom. What, leſs than Dooms-day, is the Prince's Doom?
Fri. A gentle Judgment vaniſh'd from his Lips,
Not Body's Death, but Body's Baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, Baniſhment! Be merciful, ſay Death;
For Exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than Death: Do not ſay Baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the World is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no World without *Verona* Walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it ſelf:
Hence baniſh'd, is baniſhed from the World,
And World's Exile is Death. Then baniſhed
Is Death miſs-term'd, calling Death Baniſhed.
Thou cut'ſt my Head off with a Golden Ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murders me.
Fri. O deadly Sin! O rude Unthankfulneſs!
Thy Fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that black word Death to Baniſhment.
That is dear Mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture, and not Mercy: Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, every unworthy thing
Lives here in Heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More honourable State, more Courtſhip lives
In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s Hand,
And ſteal immortal Bleſſings from her Lips,
Who even in pure and veſtal Modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own Kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies do, when I from this muſt fly,
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that Exile is not Death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground Knife,
No ſudden mean of Death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in Hell;
Howlings attend it, how haſt thou the Heart,
Being a Divine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,

A Sin-Abſolver, and my Friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word Baniſhed?
Fri. Fond Mad-man, hear me ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of Baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee Armour to keep off that Word,
Adverſity's ſweet Milk, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? Hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſs Philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a Town, reverſe a Prince's Doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more———
Fri. O then I ſee that mad Men have no Ears.
Rom. How ſhou'd they,
When wiſe Men have no Eyes?
Fri. Let me deſpair with thee of thy Eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed.
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy Hair,
And fall upon the Ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade Grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the Ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; [*Knock within.*
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelf.
Rom. Not I,
Unleſs the breath of Heart-ſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of Eyes. [*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock.
Who's there?———*Romeo*, ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken——ſtay a while——ſtand up; [*Knock.*
Run to my Study——By and by——God's Will;
What Simpleneſs is this——I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your Will?
Nur. [*Within.*] Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my Errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,

Where

Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo?*
Fri. There, on the Ground,
With his own Tears made drunk.
Nur. O he is even in my Miſtreſs's Caſe,
Juſt in her Caſe, O woful Sympathy!
Piteous Predicament, even ſo lyes ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring.
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a Man,
For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an Oh! —
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah Sir! Ah Sir! —— Death's the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet*? How is't with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old Murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the Child-hood of our Joy
With Blood, removed but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her Bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that Name
Shot from the deadly level of a Gun
Did murder her, as that Names curſed Hand
Murdered her Kinſman. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my Name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful Manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate Hand:
Art thou a Man? Thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy Tears are Womaniſh, thy wild Acts do note
The unreaſonable fury of a Beaſt.
Unſeemly Woman, in a ſeeming Man,
And ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt*? Wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy Life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelf?

Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth? the Heaven and Earth?
Since Birth, and Heaven, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fy, fy, thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit;
Which like an Uſurer abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit:
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh;
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them both,
Like Powder in a skilleſs Soldier's Flask,
Is ſet a fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine own Defence.
What, rouſe thee, Man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there art thou happy too.
The Law that threatned Death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to Exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of Bleſſings light upon thy Back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt Array,
But like a miſ-hav'd and a ſullen Wench,
Thou putteſt up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy Love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not 'till the Watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more Joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in Lamentation.
Go before, Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the Houſe to Bed,
Which heavy Sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur.

Nur. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all Night,
To hear good Counſel: Oh, what Learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here, Sir, a Ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my Comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Go hence.
Good Night, and here ſtands all your State:
Either be gone before the Watch be ſet,
Or by the break of Day diſguis'd, from hence,
Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your Man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy Hand, 'tis late, farewel, Good Night.
Rom. But that a Joy, paſt Joy, calls out on me,
It were a Grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have faln out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her Kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I —— Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to Night:
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of Woe afford no time to Woo:
Madam, good Night, commend me to your Daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to Morrow;
To Night ſhe is mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Child's Love: I think ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her e'er you go to Bed,
Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris* Love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next——
But ſoft; what day is this?
Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. *Monday*? ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
A *Thurſday* let it be: A *Thurſday* tell her
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earl:
Will you be ready? Do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do——a Friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our Kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen Friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday*?

Par. My Lord,
I would that *Thurſday* were to Morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone----a *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* e'er you go to Bed, [*To Lady* Capulet.
Prepare her, Wife, againſt this Wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord——light to my Chamber, hoa!
'Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by.
Good Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Garden*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes ſet.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone?
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine Ear,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranate Tree,
Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Do lace the ſevering Clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty Mountain tops,
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yon Light is not Day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this Night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay, yet thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to Death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,

'Tis

'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s Brow,
Nor that is not the Lark whoſe Notes do beat
The vaulty Heavens ſo high above our Heads,
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go:
Come Death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not Day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the Lark that ſings ſo out of Tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and unpleaſing Sharps.
Some ſay the Lark makes ſweet Diviſion;
This doth not ſo: For ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the Lark, and loathed Toad change Eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd Voices too:
Since, arm from arm, that Voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſ-up to the Day,
O now be gone, more light, and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light, more dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Jul. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your Chamber:
The Day is broke, be wary, look about.
Jul. Then Window let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel, one Kiſs, and I'll Deſcend.
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? Love! Lord! ah Husband! Friend!
I muſt hear from thee every Day in the Hour,
[Romeo *comes down by the Ladder into the Garden.*
For in a Minute there are many Days,
O by this count I ſhall be much in Years,
E're I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel:
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my Greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill Divining Soul,
Methinks I ſee thee now, thou art ſo low,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb:
Either my Eye-ſight fails; or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood. Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all Men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for Faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho Daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady Mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd Cauſe procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your Couſin's Death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with Tears?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live:
Therefore have done, ſome Grief ſhews much of Love,
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep, for ſuch a feeling loſs.

La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well Girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That ſame Villain, *Romeo.*

Jul. Villain and he be many Miles aſunder:
God pardon him, I do with all my Heart,
And yet no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is becauſe the Traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, Madam, from the reach of theſe my Hands:
Would none but I might venge my Couſin's Death.

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear thou not
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſh'd Runnagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied

Jul. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him —— Dead Is

Is my poor Heart, ſo for a Kinſman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a Man
To bear a Poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet. O how my Heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my Couſin *Tybalt*,
Upon his Body that hath ſlaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, Girl.

Jul. And Joy comes well in ſuch a needy time.
What are they, I beſeech your Ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful Father, Child;
One, who to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of Joy,
That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my Child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.

Jul. Now by St. *Peter*'s Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
E'er he that ſhould be Husband comes to wooe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I ſwear
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are News indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your Father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Earth doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son,
It rains down-right.
How now? a Conduit, Girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring in one little Body?
Thy Counterfeit's a Bark, a Sea, a Wind;
For ſtill thy Eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears, the Bark thy Body
Sailing in this ſalt Flood, the Winds thy Sighs,
Who raging with the Tears, and they with them,

Without

Without a ſudden Calm will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed Body. How now, Wife?
Have you delivered to her our Decree?
La. Cap. Ay, Sir;
But ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks?
I would the Fool were married to her Grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, Wife,
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; But thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for Hate, that is meant Love.
Cap. How now?
How now? chopt Logick? what is this?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine Joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you Green-ſickneſs Carrion, out you Baggage,
Out you Tallow-face.
La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my Knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young Baggage, diſobedient Wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the Face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me.
My Fingers itch, Wife: we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had lent us but this only Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, Hilding.
Nur. God in Heav'n bleſs her,
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my Lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your Goſſip, go.

Nur.

Nur. I ſpeak no Treaſon,
O God-ye-good-den——
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace you mumbling Fool,
Utter your Gravity o'er a Goſſip's Bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's Bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of fair Demeans, Youthful, and nobly Allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable Parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a Man:
And then to have a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer I'll not wed, I cannot Love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you——
Graze where you will, you ſhall not Houſe with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near, lay Hand on Heart, adviſe;
And you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die in the Streets,
For, by my Soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine, ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the Clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my Grief?
O ſweet my Mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this Marriage for a Month, a Week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal Bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heaven,
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from Heav'n,

By

By leaving Earth? Comfort me, counſel me,
Alack, alack, that Heav'n ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject as my ſelf.
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurſe.

Nur. Faith here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd, and all the World to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the Count.
Oh he's a lovely Gentleman;
Romeo's a Diſh-clout to him; an Eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an Eye
As *Paris* hath: beſhrew my very Heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond Match,
For it excels your firſt: Or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy Heart?

Nur. And from my Soul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make Confeſſion, and to be Abſolved.

Nur. Marry I will, and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!
Is it more Sin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame Tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go, Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

Fri. ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Lady's mind:
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s Death,
And therefore have I little talk of Love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a Houſe of Tears:
Now, Sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her Sorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his Wiſdom, haſtes our Marriage,
To ſtop the Inundation of her Tears,
Which too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by Society.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my Wife.
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a Wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain Text.
Par. Come you to make Confeſſion to this Father?
Jul. To anſwer that, I ſhould confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more Price,
Being ſpoke behind your Back, than to your Face.
Par. Poor Soul, thy Face is much abus'd with Tears.
Jul. The Tears have got ſmall Victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than Tears, with that report.

Jul.

Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my Face.
Par. Thy Face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening Maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive Daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb Devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rowze ye,
'Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* Paris.
Jul. O ſhut the Door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy Grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my Wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou heareſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my Reſolution wiſe,
And with this Knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my Heart and *Romeo*'s, thou our Hands,
And e'er this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the Label to another Deed,
Or my true Heart, with treacherous Revolt,
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienc'd Time,
Give me ſome preſent Counſel, or behold
'Twixt my extreams and me, this bloody Knife
Shall play the Umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the Commiſſion of thy Years and Art
Could to no Iſſue of true Honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of Remedy.
Fri. Hold, Daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an Execution,
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of Will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake

A thing like Death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with Death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel Houſe,
O'er covered quite with dead Mens ratling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Skulls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd Wife to my ſweet Love.
Fri. Hold then. Go home, be merry, give conſent,
To marry *Paris*. *Wedneſday* is to morrow;
To morrow Night look that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viol being then in Bed,
And this diſtilling Liquor drink thou off,
When preſently, through all thy Veins, ſhall run
A cold and drowſie Humour: For no Pulſe
Shall keep his Native Progreſs, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liveſt;
The Roſes in thy Lips and Cheeks ſhall fade
To mealy Aſhes, the Eyes Windows, fall
Like Death, when he ſhuts up the Day of Life;
Each part depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff and ſtark, and cold appear like Death,
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk Death,
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty Hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant Sleep.
Now when the Bridegroom in the Morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy Bed, there art thou Dead:
Then as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt Robes uncover'd on the Bier,
Be born to Burial in thy Kindreds Grave:
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame antient Vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,

Shall

Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our Drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and that very Night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,
If no unconſtant Toy nor Womaniſh fear,
Abate thy Valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve, I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me Strength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear Father.

SCENE II. Capulet's *Houſe*.

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. So many Gueſts invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their Fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill Cook that cannot lick his own Fingers: Therefore he that cannot lick his Fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time: What is my Daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nur. Ay forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd Harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from Shrift, with merry look.

Cap. How now, my Headſtrong?
Where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the Sin,
Of diſobedient Oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,

To

To beg your Pardon: Pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Count, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this Knot knit up to morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becoming Love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up,
This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
Ay marry, go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend Holy Friar,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful Ornaments,
As you think fit to furniſh me to morrow?
La. Cap. No not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.
Cap. Go Nurſe, go with her;
We'll to Church to morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*
La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our Proviſion;
'Tis now near Night.
Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, Wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to Night, let me alone:
I'll play the Huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth; well I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to morrow. My Heart is wondrous Light,
Since this ſame way-ward Girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Lady* Cap.

SCENE III. Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Ay, thoſe Attires are beſt; but, gentle Nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to my ſelf to Night:
For I have need of many Oriſons,
To move the Heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſs and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you buſie, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch Neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this Night ſit up with you;
For I am ſure you have your Hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden Buſineſs.

Mo. Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel;
God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of Fire:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe —— what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal Scene, I needs muſt act alone:
Come Vial —— what if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married to morrow Morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; Lye thou there.
[*Pointing to a Dagger.*
What if it be a Poiſon, which the Friar,
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this Marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear it is, and yet methinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a Holy Man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time, that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
To whoſe foul Month no healthſome Air breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled e'er my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, it is not very like,
The horrible conceit of Death and Night,
Together with the Terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred Years, the Bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in Earth,
Lies feſtring in his Shrowd; where, as they ſay,
At ſome Hours in the Night, Spirits reſort ---- Alack,

Alack, alack! is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,
That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad ——
Or if I walk, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Invironed with all theſe hideous Fears,
And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his Shroud?
And in this Rage, with ſome great Kinſman's Bone
As with a Club, daſh out my deſperate Brains?
O look! methinks I ſee my Couſin's Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
Upon his Rapier's Point: Stay, *Tybalt* ſtay!
Romeo! *Romeo*! *Romeo*! here's drink —— I drink to thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Hold,
Take theſe Keys and fetch more Spices, Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir,
The ſecond Cock hath crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a Clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go, you Cot-quean, go;
Get you to Bed; faith you'll be ſick to morrow
For this Night's Watching.
Cap. No not a whit, I have watch'd e'er now
All Night for a leſs Cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a Mouſe-hunt, in your time;
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Exit Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood ——
Now, Fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Ser. Things for the Cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, Sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a Head, Sir, that will find out Logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Mafs and well ſaid, a merry Horſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be Logger-head —— good Faith, 'tis Day.
[*Play Muſick.*
The County will be here with Muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe, Wife, what ho? What, Nurſe, I ſay?
Enter Nurſe.
Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Exit* Capulet.
SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Juliet *on a Bed.*
Nur. Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs! *Juliet*! —— Faſt I warrant her.
Why Lamb —— why Lady —— Fie you ſlug-a-bed ——
Why Love, I ſay --- Madam, Sweet-heart --- Why Bride ——
What, not a Word! You take your Pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next Night I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhould reſt but little —— God forgive me ——
Marry and Amen —— How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your Bed ——
He'll fright you up y'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your Cloaths ---- and down again!
I muſt needs awake you: Lady, Lady, Lady ——
Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.
Oh well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho! my Lord, my Lady!
Enter Lady Capulet.
La. Cap. What Noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable Day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nur. Look, look —— oh heavy Day!
La. Cap. O me, O me, my Child, my only Life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help, call help.
Enter Capulet.
Cap. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead, Deceaſt, ſhe's dead: Alack the Day.

La.

La. Cap. Alack the Day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Cap. Ha! Let me ſee her——Out alas, ſhe's cold,
Her Blood is ſettled, and her Joints are ſtiff,
Life and theſe Lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely Froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt Flower of the Field.
Nur. O lamentable Day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.
Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O Son, the Night before thy Wedding-day,
Hath Death lain with thy Wife: See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, D.flower'd now by him:
Death is my Son-in-Law, Death is my Heir,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leave him all, Life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this Morning's Face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
La. Cap. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful Day,
Moſt miſerable Hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting Labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel Death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo! O woful, woful, woful Day!
Moſt lamentable Day! moſt woful Day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
O Day! O Day! O Day! O hateful Day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a Day as this:
O woful Day! O woful Day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain!
Moſt deteſtable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown——
O Love! O Life! not Life, but Love in Death.
Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd----
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! my Soul, and not my Child!

Dead art thou——alack my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my Joys are buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame——Confuſions? Care lives not
In theſe Confuſions. Heaven and your ſelf
Had part in this fair Maid, now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal Life:
The moſt you ſought was her Promotion,
For 'twas your Heaven that ſhe ſhould be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd
Above the Clouds, as high as Heaven it ſelf?
O in this love, you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well.
She's not well Married that lives married long,
But ſhe's beſt Married that dyes married young.
Dry up your Tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe, and as the Cuſtom is,
All in her beſt Array, bear her to Church:
For tho' fond Nature bids all us lament,
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.
Cap. All things that we ordained Feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral:
Our Inſtruments, to melancholly Bells;
Our wedding Chear, to a ſad burial Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns, to ſullen Dirges change;
Our Bridal Flowers, ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in, and Madam, go with him,
And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.
The Heavens do lowre upon you for ſome ill:
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will. [*Exeunt.*
Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone,
Nur. Honeſt good Fellows: Ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful Caſe.
Mu. Ay, by my Troth, the Caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians: Oh Muſicians,
Heart's eaſe, Heart's eaſe;
Oh, and you will have me live, play Heart's eaſe.

Mu.

Mu. Why Heart's eaſe?
Pet. O Muſicians,
Becauſe my Heart it ſelf plays, my Heart is full.
Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mu. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Mu. What will you give us?
Pet. No Mony on my Faith, but the Gleek.
I will give you the Miniſtrel.
Mu. Then I will give you the Serving Creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets, I'll Re you, I'll Fa you, do you Note me?
Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.
2 *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your Wit.
Then have at you with my Wit.
Pet. I will dry-beat you with an Iron Wit,
And put up my Iron Dagger.
Anſwer me like Men:
When griping Griefs the Heart doth wound
Then Muſick with her Silver ſound——
Why Silver ſound? Why Muſick with her Silver ſound?
What ſay you, *Simon Catling*:
Mu. Marry, Sir, becauſe Silver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Prateſt? what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck*?
2 *Mu.* I ſay Silver ſound, becauſe Muſicians ſound for Sil-
Pet. Prateſt too? what ſay you, *James Sound-Poſt*? (ver.
3 *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you, it is Muſick with her Silver ſound,
Becauſe Muſicians have no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſick with her Silver ſound, with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs. [*Exit.*
Mu. What a peſtilent Knave is this ſame?
2 *Mu.* Hang him, *Jack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for the Mourners, and ſtay Dinner. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mantua.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. IF I may truſt the flattering truth of Sleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful News at hand:
My Boſom's Lord ſits lightly in his Throne,
And all this winged unaccuſtom'd Spirit,
Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange Dream! that gives a dead Man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch Life with Kiſſes in my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is Love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but Love's Shadows are ſo rich in Joy.

Enter Romeo's *Man.*

News from *Verona*——How now *Balthazar?*
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet?* That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her Body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault,
And preſently took Poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill News,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo?——
Then I deny you Stars.
Thou knoweſt my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to Night.

Man. I do beſeech you, Sir, have patience:
Your Looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some Miſadventure

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Friar?

Man.

Man. No, good my Lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe Horſes, I'll be with thee ſtraight. [*Exit Man.*
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to Night;
Let's ſee for means——O Miſchief thou art ſwift
To enter in the Thought of deſperate Men:
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples; Meager were his Looks,
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones:
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Alligator ſtuft, and other Skins
Of ill-ſhap'd Fiſhes, and about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes;
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this Penury, to my ſelf I ſaid,
And if a Man did need a Poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent Death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiff Wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame Thought did but fore-run my Need,
And this ſame needy Man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the Houſe,
Being holy-day, the Beggar's Shop is ſhut.
What ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither Man, I ſee that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty Ducats, let me have
A Dram of Poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding Geer,
As will diſperſe it ſelf thro' all the Veins,
That the Life-weary-taker may fall Dead,
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of Breath,
As violently, as haſty Powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Canon's Womb.
Ap. Such Mortal Drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s Law
Is Death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of Wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to dye? Famine is in thy Cheeks,

Need

Need and Oppreſſion ſtarveth in thine Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back:
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee Rich.
Then be not Poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My Poverty, but not my Will conſents.
Rom. I pray thy Poverty, and not thy Will.
Ap. Put this in any Liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the Strength
Of twenty Men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy Gold, worſe Poiſon to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murder in this loathſom World,
Than theſe poor Compounds that thou maiſt not ſell:
I ſell thee Poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy Food, and get thy ſelf in Fleſh.
Come Cordial, and not Poiſon, go with me
To *Juliet*'s Grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Monaſtery near* Verona.

Enter Friar John *to Friar* Lawrence.

John. Holy *Franciſcan* Friar! Brother! ho!
Law. This ſame ſhould be the Voice of Friar *John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſays *Romeo*?
Or if his Mind be writ, give me his Letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot Brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this City viſiting the Sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a Houſe
Where the infectious Peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the Doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
John. I could not ſend it; here it is again,
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of Infection.
Law. Unhappy Fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of Charge
Of dear Import, and the neglecting it
May do much Danger. Friar *John*, go hence,

Get

Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtreight
Unto my Cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three Hours will fair *Juliet* wake,
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe Accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my Cell 'till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarſe, clos'd in a dead Man's Tomb. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Church-yard, in it, a noble Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter Paris *and his Page, with a Light.*

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy; hence, and ſtand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond' young Trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy Ear cloſe to the hollow Ground,
So ſhall no foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
But thou ſhalt hear it: Whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou heareſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe Flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet Flower, with Flowers thy bridal Bed I ſtrew:
O Woe, thy Canopy is Duſt and Stones,
Which with ſweet Water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with Tears diſtill'd by Mones;
The Obſequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy Grave and weep.
[*The Boy whiſtles.*
The Boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach,——
What curſed Foot wanders this way to Night,
To croſs my Obſequies, and true Loves Right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me, Night, a while.
Enter Romeo *and* Peter *with a Light.*
Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron.
Hold, take this Letter, early in the Morning

See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the Light; upon thy Life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my Courſe.
Why I deſcend into this Bed of Death,
Is partly to behold my Lady's Face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead Finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I muſt uſe
In dear Employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou, Jealous, doſt return to Pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By Heaven I will tear thee Joint by Joint,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs:
The Time, and my Intents are ſavage wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip: Take thou that,
Live and be proſperous, and farewel good Fellow.

Pet. For all this ſame, I'll hide me here about,
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit.*

Rom. Thou deteſtable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt Morſel of the Earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight, I'll cram thee with more Food,

Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Mountague*
That murthered my Love's Couſin; with which Grief,
It is ſuppoſed the Fair Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome Villanous Shame
To the dead Bodies; I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed Toil, vile *Mountague*:
Can Vengeance be purſu'd further than Death?
Condemned Villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt Die.

Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither----
Good gentle Youth, tempt not a deſperate Man,
Fly hence and leave me, think upon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, Youth,
Pull not another Sin upon my Head,
By urging me to Fury. O be gone,
By Heaven I love thee better than my ſelf; For

For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelf:
Stay not, be gone; Live, and hereafter ſay,
A mad Man's Mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy Commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.
[*They Fight*, Paris *falls.*
Pag. O Lord they Fight, I will go call thee Watch.
Par. O I am ſlain; if thou be Merciful,
Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet.*
Rom. In Faith I will: Let me peruſe this Face ——
Mercutio's Kinſman! Noble County *Paris*!
What ſaid my Man, when my betoſſed Soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo? Or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? O give me thy Hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's Book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O no a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth:
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her Beauty makes
This Vault a Feaſting Preſence full of Light.
Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd.
How oft when Men are at the Point of Death,
Have they been Merry? Which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death? O how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the Honey of thy Breath,
Hath had no Power yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not Conquer'd, Beauties Enſign yet
Is Crimſon in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
And Death's pale Flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody Sheet?
O what more Favour can I do to thee,
Then with that Hand that cut thy Youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thy Enemy?
Forgive me, Couſin. Ah dear *Juliet*:
Why art thou yet ſo fair? I will believe,
Shall I believe, that unſubſtantial Death is Amorous?
And that the lean abhorred Monſter, keeps
Thee here in Dark, to be his Paramour? For

For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dim Night
Depart again: Come lye thou in my Arms,
Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true Apothecary!
Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I die,
Depart again; here, here will I remain,
With Worms that are thy Chamber-Maids; O here
Will I ſet up my Everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the Yoak of inauſpicious Stars
From this World's wearied Fleſh, Eyes look your laſt.
Arms take your laſt Embrace; and Lips, O you
The Doors of Breath, ſeal with a Righteous Kiſs
A dateleſs Bargain to engroſſing Death:
Come bitter Conduct, come unſavoury Guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks thy Sea-ſick weary Bark:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I die.

Enter Friar Lawrence *with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to Night
Have my old Feet ſtumbled at Graves? Who's there?

Pet. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you. Tell me, good my Friend,
What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his Light
To grubs and eyeleſs Sculls? As I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets* Monument.

Pet. It doth ſo, Holy Sir.
And there's my Maſter, one that you Love.

Fri. Who is it?

Pet. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Pet. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Pet. I dare not, Sir.
My Maſter knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with Death,
If I did ſtay to look on his Intents.

Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fears comes upon me;
O much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Pet.

Pet. As I did ſleep under this young Tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what Blood is this which ſtains
The ſtony Entrance of this Sepulchre?
What mean theſe Maſterleſs and Goary Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of Peace?
Romeo! oh pale! Who elſe? What *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in Blood? Ah what an unkind Hour
Is guilty of this lamentable Chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Jul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be;
And there I am; where is my *Romeo?*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe, Lady, come from that Neſt
Of Death, Contagion, and unnatural Sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our Intents; come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy Boſom there lyes Dead,
And *Paris* too——Come I'll diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of Holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A Cup clos'd in my true Love's hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath been his timeleſs End.
O Churl, drink all, and left no Friendly drop,
To help me after? I will Kiſs thy Lips,
Haply ſome Poiſon yet doth Hang on them,
To make me Die with a Reſtorative.
Thy Lips are warm.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Lead Boy, which way?
Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy Dagger,
'Tis in thy Sheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills her ſelf.*
Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burn.

Watch.

Watch. The Ground is bloody,
Search about the Church-yard.
Go ſome of you, who e'er you find attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lyes the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two Days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch——
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lye;
But the true Ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch with Romeo's *Man.*

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s Man,
We found him in the Church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great Suſpicion, ſtay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our Perſon from our Mornings Reſt?

Enter Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. O the People in the Street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Prince. What Fear is this which ſtartles in your Ears?

Watch. Soveraign, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search,
Seek, and know how this foul Murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s Man,
With Inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead Mens Tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!
O Wife, look how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath miſta'en, for loe his Houſe

Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is mis-ſheathed in my Daughter's Boſom.
La. Cap. O me, this ſight of Death is as a Bell,
That warns my old Age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come, *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To ſee thy Son and Heir now early down.
Moun. Alas, my Liege, my Wife is dead to Night,
Grief of my Son's Exile hath ſtop'd her Breath:
What further Wo conſpires againſt my Age?
Pri. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou untaught, what Manners is in this,
To preſs before thy Father to a Grave?
Pri. Seal up the mouth of Out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe Ambiguities,
And know their Spring, their Head, their true Deſcent;
And then will I be General of your Woes,
And lead you even to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let Miſchance be Slave to Patience.
Bring forth the Parties of Suſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the Time and Place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful Murther:
And here I ſtand both to Impeach and Purge
My ſelf Condemned, and my ſelf Excus'd.
Pri. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of Breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious Tale.
Romeo, there dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful Wife:
I Married them; and their ſtoln Marriage Day
Was *Tybalt*'s Dooms-day, whoſe untimely Death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have Married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild Looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelf.

Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of Death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire Night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
Being the time the Potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by Accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed Hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute e'er the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this Work of Heaven with Patience:
But then a Noiſe did ſcare me from the Tomb,
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But, as it ſeems, did Violence on her ſelf.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is privy:
If ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old Life be ſacrific'd, ſome Hour before the time,
Unto the Rigour of ſevereſt Law.

Pri. We ſtill have known thee for an Holy Man.
Where's *Romeo*'s Man? What can he ſay to this?

Peter. I brought my Maſter News of *Juliet*'s Death,
And then in Poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame Place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with Death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Pri. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Maſter in this Place?

Page. He came with Flowers to ſtrew his Lady's Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb,

And

And by and by my Maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch,
Pri. This Letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their Courſe of Love, the tidings of her Death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a Poiſon
Of a poor 'Pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a Scourge is laid upon your Hate,
That Heav'n finds means to kill your Joys with Love;
And I, for winking at your Diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of Kinſmen: All are puniſh'd.
Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy Hand,
This is my Daughter's Jointure; for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That while *Verona* by that Name is known,
There ſhall no Figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,
Poor Sacrifices of our Enmity.
Pri. A gloomy Peace this Morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his Head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a Story of more Wo,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
(In fair Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From antient Grudge, break to new Mutiny,
Where Civil Blood makes Civil Hands unclean:
From forth the fatal Loines of theſe two Foes,
A pair of Star-croſs'd Lovers take their Life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd pitious Overthrows,
Do, with their Death, bury their Parents Strife.
The fearful Paſſage of their Death-mark'd Love,
And the Continuance of their Parents Rage,
Which but their Childrens End nought could remove,
Is now the two Hours Traffick of our Stage.
The which, if you with patient Ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

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TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Timon, *A Noble* Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, } *Two flattering Lords.*
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Caphis, Varro, Philo, Titus, Lucius, Hortenſius, } *Several Servants to Uſurers.*
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Cupid *and Maskers.*

Prinia, Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller Mercer and Merchant; with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE Athens, *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at ſeveral Doors.*

POET.

OOD Day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular Rarity? What ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: See
Magick of Bounty, all theſe Spirits, thy Power
Hath conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both, th' other's a Jeweller.
Mer. Oh 'tis a worthy Lord.
Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.
Mer. A moſt incomparable Man, breath'd as it were,
To an untirable and continuate Goodneſs:
He paſſes——
Jew. I have a Jewel here.
Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the Eſtimate, but for that——
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It ſtains the Glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich; here is Water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in ſome Work, ſome Dedication
to the great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gown, which uſes
From whence 'tis nouriſht: The fire i'th' Flint
Shews not 'till it be ſtruck: Our gentle Flame
Provokes it ſelf, and like the current flies
Each bound it chaſes. What have you there?
Pain. A Picture, Sir:——When comes your Book forth?
Poet. Upon the Heels of my Preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your Piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.
Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable! How this Grace
Speaks his own ſtanding; what a mental Power
This Eye ſhoots forth? How big Imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th' dumbneſs of the Geſture,
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the Life:
Here is a touch——Is't good?
Poet. I will ſay of it,
It tutors Nature, artificial Strife
Lives in theſe touches livelier than Life.

Enter certain Senators,

Pain. How this Lord is followed!

Poet.

Poet. The Senators of *Athens*, happy Men.
Pain. Look, more.
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of Viſiters,
I have, in this rough Work, ſhap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath World doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt Entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it ſelf
In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd Malice
Infects one Comma in the Courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behind.
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere Quality, tender down
Their Services to Lord *Timon*: His large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his Love and Tendance
All ſorts of Hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf, even he drops down
The Knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s Nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant Hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The baſe o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all Deſerts, all kind of Natures,
That labour on the boſom of this Sphere,
To propagate their States; amongſt them all,
Whoſe Eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timon*'s frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory Hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent Grace, to preſent Slaves and Servants
Tranſlates his Rivals.
Pain. 'Ts conceiv'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks
With one Man beckn'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his Head againſt the ſteepy Mount,

To climb his Happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better than his Value; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial Whiſperings in his Ear,
Make ſacred even his Stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of Mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the Mountain's top,
Even on their Knees and Hands, let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining Foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of Fortune,
More pregnantly than Words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that mean Eyes have ſeen,
The Foot above the Head.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Lord Timon *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every Suitor.*

Tim. Impriſoned is he, ſay you? [*To a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. Ay, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his Comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well——
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the Debt, and free him.

Meſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his Ranſom,
And being Enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All Happineſs to your Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter an Old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

O. Ath. Thou haſt a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have ſo: What of him?

O. Ath. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the Man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*.

Enter Lucilius.

Lucil. Here, at your Lordſhip's Service.

O. Ath. This Fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy Creature
By Night frequents my Houſe. I am a Man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to Thrift,
And my Eſtate deſerves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: What further?

O. Ath. One only Daughter have I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In Qualities of the beſt. This Man of thine
Attempts her Love: I pray thee, Noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her Reſort;
My ſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The Man is honeſt.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelf,
It muſt not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent Paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity's in Youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Lucil. Ay, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine Heir from forth the Beggars of the World,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal Husband?

O. Ath. Three Talents on the preſent, in future all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;

To

To build his Fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in Men. Give him thy Daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll Counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.
O. Ath. Moſt noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My Hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my Promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip: never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. [*Exit.*
Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?
Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the natural Man:
For ſince Diſhonour trafficks with Man's Nature,
He is but out-ſide: The Penſil'd Figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work,
And you ſhall find I like it: Wait Attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerve ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman; Give me your Hand,
We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your Jewel
Hath ſuffered under Praiſe.
Jew. What my Lord? diſpraiſe?
Tem. A meer ſatiety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give: But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd ſo by their Maſters. Believ't, dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common Tongue,
Which all Men ſpeak with him.

Tim.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus.*
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy goodmorrow. When thou art *Timon*'s Dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves, thou know'ſt them not?
Apem. Are they not *Athenians*?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy Name.
Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenians* Brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?
Apem. The beſt, for the Innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that Painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. Y'are a Dog.
Apem. Thy Mother's of my Generation: What's ſhe, If I be a Dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?
Apem. No, I eat not Lords.
Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.
Apem. O, they eat Lords,
So they come by great Bellies.
Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.
Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it.
Take it for thy Labour.
Tim. How doſt thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a Man a Doit.
Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem.

Apem. Not worth my thinking.
How now, Poet?
Poet. How now, Philoſopher?
Apem. Thou lieſt.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou lieſt:
Look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy Labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord!
Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus*?
Apem. E'vn as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my Heart.
Tim. What, thy ſelf?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?
Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet Sounds. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?
Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe,
All of Companionſhip.
Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: Go not you hence
'Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I am Joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome Sir.
Apem. So, ſo, their Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple Joynts: That there ſhould be ſmall Love amongſt theſe

ſweet

ſweet Knaves, and all this Courteſie. The ſtrain of Man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my Longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
E'er we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different Pleaſures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omit'ſt it.

Lucull. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s Feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Lucull. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a Fool to bid me farewel twice.

Lucull. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy ſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy Requeſts to thy Friend.

Lucull. Away unpeaceable Dog,
Or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a Dog, the heels o'th' Aſs.

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timon*'s Bounty? He outgoes
The very Heart of Kindneſs.

Lucull. He pours it out; *Plutus*, the God of Gold,
Is but his Steward: No meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it ſelf; no Gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return, exceeding
All uſe of Quittance.

Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd Man.

Lucull. Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you Company. [*Exeunt.*

Hautboys

Hautboys Playing, Loud Muſick. A great Banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Lord Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontendedly like himſelf.*

Ven. Moſt honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Father's age,
And call him to long Peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful Virtue I am bound
To your free Heart, I do return thoſe Talents,
Doubled with Thanks and Service, from whoſe help
I deriv'd Liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius*: You miſtake my Love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our Betters play at that Game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A Noble Spirit.

Tim. Nay, my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at firſt
To ſet a Gloſs on faint Deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true Friendſhip there needs none.
Pray, ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. My Lord, we always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? Hang'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No: You ſhall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thruſt me out of Doors.

Tim. Fye, th'art a Churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a Man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my Lords, *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond Man is ever Angry.
Go, let him have a Table by him ſelf:
For he does neither affect Company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine apperil, *Timon*:
I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelf would have no Power----prethee let my Meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me: For I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of Men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their Meat in one Man's Blood, and all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder Men dare truſt themſelves with Men.
Methinks they ſhould invite them without Knives,
Good for their Meat, and ſafer for their Lives.

There's much Example for't, the Fellow that ſits next him now, parts Bread with him, pledges the Breath of him in a divided Draught, is the readieſt Man to kill him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge Man, I ſhould fear to drink at Meals, leſt they ſhould ſpy my Wind-pipes dangerous Notes: Great Men ſhould drink with harneſs on their Throats.

Tim. My Lord in Heart; and let the Health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!---A brave Fellow! he keeps his Tides well; thoſe Healths will make thee and thy State look ill, *Timon*.

Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner,
Honeſt Water, which ne'er left Man i'th' Mire:
This and my Food are equal, there's no odds;
Feaſts are too Proud to give Thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf;
I pray for no Man but my ſelf;
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt Man on his Oath or Bond:
Or a Harlot for her Weeping,
Or a Dog that ſeems a Sleeping,
Or a Keeper with my Freedom,
Or my Friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich Men Sin, and I eat Root.

Much good dich thy good Heart, *Apemantus.*

Tim. Captain,
Alcibiades, your Heart's in the Field now.

Alc. My Heart is ever at your Service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a Breakfaſt of Enemies, than a Dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no Meat like 'em, I could wiſh my Friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe Flatterers were thine Enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have that Happineſs, my Lord, that you would once uſe our Hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our Zeals, we ſhould think our ſelves for ever Perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good Friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you: How had you been my Friends elſe? Why have you that charitable Title from thouſands? Did not you chiefly belong to my Heart? I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with Modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, think I, what need we have any Friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſs Creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: And wou'd moſt reſemble ſweet Inſtruments hung up in Caſes, that keep their Sounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: We are born to do Benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the Riches of our Friends? O what a precious Comfort 'tis to have ſo many like Brothers commanding one another's Fortunes! Oh Joy, e'en made away e'er't can be born; mine Eyes cannot hold Water, methinks: To forget their Faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucull. Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes,
And at that inſtant like a Babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho——I laugh to think that Babe a Baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies Moſt deſirous of Admittance.

Tim.

Tim. Ladies? What are their Wills?
Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord,
Which bears that Office to ſignifie their Pleaſures.
Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid *with a Mask of Ladies.*

Cu. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all that of his Bounties taſte: The five beſt Senſes acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to Gratulate thy plenteous Boſom. There taſte, touch, all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They only now come but to feaſt thine Eyes.
Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Muſick make their welcome.
Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how ample you are belov'd.
Apem. Hoyday!
What a ſweep of Vanity comes this way!
They Dance, they are mad Women.
Like Madneſs is the Glory of this Life,
As this Pomp ſhews to a little Oyl and Root.
We make our ſelves Fools, to diſport our ſelves,
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe Men,
Upon whoſe Age we void it up again,
With poiſonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their Graves
Of their Friends Gift?
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one Day ſtamp upon me: 'T'as been done,
Men ſhut their Doors againſt a ſetting Sun.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, *and to ſhew their Loves, each ſingle out an* Amazon, *and all Dance, Men with Women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the Hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our Pleaſures,
Much Grace, fair Ladies,
Set a fair Faſhion on our Entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively Luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own Device.
I am to thank you for it.
Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.
Apem. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle Banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet? There is no croſſing him in's humour, Elſe I ſhould tell him——well——i'faith I ſhould, When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, and he could: 'Tis pity Bounty has not Eyes behind, That Man might ne'er be wretched for his Mind.

Luc. Where be our Men?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

Lucul. Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends! I have one word to ſay to you: Look you, my good Lord, I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much, As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it, Kind my Lord.

Luc. I am ſo far already in your Gifts.

All. So are we all. [*Exe.* Lucius *and* Lucultus.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee. I prethee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, Out of his free Love, hath preſented to you Four Milk-white Horſes trapt in Silver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: Let the Preſents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What News?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that honourable Gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and h'as ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him;
And let them be received, not without fair Reward.

Flav. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great Gifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a Beggar his Heart is;
Being of no Power to make his Wiſhes good,
His Promiſes fly ſo beyond his State,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he now pays intereſt for't;
His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, e'er I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en Enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own Merits.
Here, my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks
I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O ha's the very Soul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no Man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my Friends affection with my own? I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral Viſitations
So kind to Heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,

Thou art a Soldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a Pitcht Field.

Alc. I defie Land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd———

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of Happineſs, Honour and Fortunes,
Keep with you, Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums?
I doubt whether their Legs be worth the Sums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of Dregs:
Methinks falſe Hearts ſhould never have ſound Legs.
Thus honeſt Fools lay out their wealth on Court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt Sin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon*, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy ſelf in Paper ſhortly. What need theſe Feaſts, Pomps, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better Muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So---Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then. I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee:
Oh that Mens Ears ſhould be
To Counſel deaf, but not to Flattery. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A publick Place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

AND late five thouſand: To *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former Sum,
Which make it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging Waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteal but a Beggar's Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold.
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty more
Better than he; why give my Horſe to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
An able Horſe. No Porter at his Gate,
But rather one that ſmiles and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his State in ſafety, *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your Pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your Cloak, and haſte you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for my Monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, with———
Commend me to your Maſter———and the Cap
Plays in the right Hand---thus: But tell him, Sirrah,
My uſes cry to me; I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmite my Credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my Back, to heal his Finger.
Immediate are my Needs, and my Relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate Aſpect,
A Viſage of demand: For I do fear
When every Feather ſticks in his own Wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix: Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.
Sen. I go, Sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.
Cap. I will, Sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

Fla. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done?——he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from Hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good even, *Varro*; what, you come for Mony?
Var. Is't not your Buſineſs too?
Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore?*
Iſid. It is ſo.
Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.
Var. I fear it.
Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, *and his Train.*

Tim. So ſoon as Dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades.* With me, what's your will?

[*They Preſent their Bills.*

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Cap. Of *Athens* here: My Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off,
To the Succeſſion of new Days, this Month:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble Parts, you'll ſuit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prethee but repair to me next Morning.
Cap. Nay, good my Lord——
Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good Friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s Servant, my good Lord——
Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prays your ſpeedy payment——
Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my Maſter's wants——
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix Weeks, and paſt——
Iſid. Your Steward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſly to your Lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath: [*To the Lords.*
I do beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Exe. Lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly. Come hither, pray you
How goes the World that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of Debt, broken Bonds,
And the Detention of long ſince due Debts,
Againſt my Honour?
Fla. Pleaſe you, Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this Buſineſs:
Your Importunacy ceaſe, 'till after Dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my Friends; ſee them well entertain'd.
Stew. Pray draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus *and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.
Ver. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.
Iſid. A plague upon him, Dog.
Var. How doſt, Fool?
Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy Shadow?
Var. I ſpeak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.
Iſid. There's the Fool hangs on your Back already.
Apem. No, thou ſtandſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.
Cap. Where's the Fool now?
Apem. He laſt ask'd the Queſtion. Poor Rogues and Uſurers Men, Bawds between Gold and Want.
All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem.

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool:
How does your Mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on Water to scald such Chicken as you are. Would we could see you at *Corinth.*

Apem. Good! Gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Master's Page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? What do you in this wise company?
How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would I had a Rod in my Mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prethee, *Apemantus*, read me the Superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little Learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a Bastard, and thou'lt die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish, a Dog's death.
Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou out-run'st Grace.
Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I———
As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers Men?

All. Ay; Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer but has a Fool to his Servant. My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool; when Men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away

away merrily; but they enter my Maſter's Houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-maſter, and a Knave, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. What is a Whore-maſter, Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good Cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; ſometime 't appears like a Lord, ſometimes like a Lawyer, ſometime like a Philoſopher, with two Stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all Shapes that Man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe Man;
As much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother,
And Woman; ſometime the Philoſopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near,
I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, e'er this time,
Had you not fully laid my State before me?
That I might ſo have rated my Expence,
As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance ſome ſingle Vantages you took,
When my Indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs made you Miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelf.

Fla. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling Preſent, you have bid me

Return

Return ſo much, I have ſhook my Head, and wept;
Yea againſt th' Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your Hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight Checks, when I have
Prompted you in the Ebb of your Eſtate,
And your great flow of Debts; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a time,
The greateſt of your having, lacks a half,
To pay your preſent Debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly ſtop the Mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To *Lacedemon* did my Land extend.

Fla. O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true?

Fla. If you ſuſpect my Husbandry or Falſhood,
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,
When all our Offices have been oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken Spilth of Wine; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minſtrelſie,
I have retir'd me to a waſteful Cock,
And ſet mine Eyes at flow.

Tim. Prethee no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal Bits have Slaves and Peaſants
This Night englutted! who is not *Timon*'s?
What Heart, Head, Sword, Force, Means, but is Lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt won, Faſt loſt; one Cloud of Winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come ſermon me no further.
No villanous Bounty yet hath paſt my Heart;

Unwiſely

Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep, canſt thou the Conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack Friends? Secure thy Heart,
If I would broach the Veſſels of my Love,
And try the Arguments of Hearts, by borrowing,
Men and Mens Fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Stew. Aſſurance bleſs your Thoughts.

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them Bleſſings: For by theſe
Shall I try Friends. You ſhall perceive
How you miſtake my Fortunes:
I am wealthy in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaminius, Servilius?*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally.
You to Lord *Lucius*—— to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honour to Day——you to *Sempronius*——commend me to their Loves, and I am proud, ſay, that my Occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of Mony; let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* Humb——

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the States beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th' inſtant
A thouſand Talents to me.

Fla. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the moſt general way,
To them to uſe your Signet and your Name,
But they do ſhake their Heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Fla. They anſwer in a joint and corporate Voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry——You are Honourable——
But yet they could have wiſht——they know not——
Something hath been amiſs——a noble Nature
May catch a Wench——would all were well——'tis pity——
And ſo intending other ſerious Matters,

After

After diſtaſtful Looks, and theſe hard Fractions,
With certain half Caps, and cold moving Nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prethee Man, look cheerly. Theſe old Fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their Blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it grows again toward Earth,
Is faſhion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*——prethee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his Father, by whoſe Death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great Eſtate; when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of Friends,
I clear'd him with five Talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With thoſe five Talents; that had, giv't theſe Fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think;
That *Timon*'s Fortunes 'mong his Friends can ſink.

Stew. I would I could not think it;
That thought is bounties Foe:
Being free it ſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The City.*

Flaminius *waiting to ſpeak with* Lucullus *from his Maſter: Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I Have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon*'s Men? A Gift I warrant.---- Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Baſon and Ewre to Night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and Maſter.

Flam. His Health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his Health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty Box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to ſupply; who having great and inſtant Occaſion to uſe fifty Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent Aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la——Nothing doubting, ſays he? Alas, good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a Houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to Supper to him on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs; and yet he would embrace no Counſel, take no warning by my coming; every Man hath his Fault, and Honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the Wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your Pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt Spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good part's in thee; get you gone, Sirrah. Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (although thou comeſt to me) and this is no time to lend Mony, eſpecially upon bare Friendſhip without Security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſawſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the World ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the Mony away.*

Lucul.

Lucul. Ha? Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the Number that may scald thee:
Let molten Coin be thy Damnation,
Thou Disease of a Friend, and not himself:
Has Friendship such a faint and milky Heart,
It turns in less than two Nights? O you Gods!
I feel my Master's Passion. This Slave unto his Honour
Has my Lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and come to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to Poison?
O may Diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to Death, let not that part of Nature,
Which my Lord paid for, be of any Power,
To expel Sickness, but prolong his Hour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good Friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but Strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common Rumours, now Lord *Timon*'s happy Hours are done and past, and his Estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: He cannot want for Mony.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago, one of his Men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange Case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable Man? There was very little Honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small Kindnesses from him, as Mony, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have ſweat to ſee his Honour.——My honour'd Lord---- *(To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent——

Luc. Ha! What hath he ſent? I am ſo much endeared to that Lord; he's ever ſending: How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent Occaſion now, my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord.
If his Occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my Soul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the Day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do---(the more Beaſt I ſay)---I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe Gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the Wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt Afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own Words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*.
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the World's Soul;
And juſt of the ſame Piece
Is every Flatterers ſport: Who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame Diſh? For in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lord's Father,
And kept his Credit with his Purſe:
Supported his Eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s Mony
Has paid his Men their Wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s Silver treads upon his Lip;
And yet, Oh ſee the monſtrouſneſs of Man!
When he looks out in an ungrateful Shape,
He does deny him (in reſpect of this)
What charitable Men afford to Beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his Bounties over me,
To mark me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble Mind, Illuſtrious Virtue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my Wealth into Donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his Heart: But I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence.
For Policy ſits above Conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum——
'Bove all others?——
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from Priſon. All the 2
Owe their Eſtates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and all are found baſe Metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? Have they deny'd him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? Three! Hum——
It ſhews but little Love or Judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends, like Phyſicians,

That

That thriv'd, give him over. Muſt I take th' Cure upon me?
H'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my Place, I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For, in my Conſcience, I was the firſt Man
That e'er received Gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th' reſt, and 'mongſt Lords I be thought a Fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the Sum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my Mind's ſake:
I'd ſuch a Courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint Reply this Anſwer join;
Who bates mine Honour, ſhall not know my Coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! Your Lordſhip's a goodly Villain. The Devil knew not what he did, when he made Man Politick; he croſſed himſelf by't: And I cannot think, but in the end the Villanies of Man will ſet him clear. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul? Takes virtuous Copies to be wicked: Like thoſe that under hot, ardent Zeal, would ſet whole Realms on Fire; of ſuch a nature is, his politick Love.

This was my Lord's beſt hope, now all are fled,
Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards,
Many a bounteous Year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his Wealth, muſt keep his Houſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other Servants of* Timon's *Creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met, good Morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*
Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*
Hor. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and I think one Buſineſs does command us all. For mine is Mony.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo*'s too.

Phi. Good Day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good Brother.
What do you think the Hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Ay, but the Days are wax'd ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider that a prodigal courſe
Is like the Sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timon*'s Purſe; that is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you t' obſerve a ſtrange Event:
Your Lord ſends now for Mony?

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon*'s Gift,
For which I wait for Mony.

Hor. It is againſt my Heart.

Luc. Mark how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord ſhould wear rich Jewels
And ſend for Mony for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this Charge, the Gods can witneſs:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s Wealth,
And now Ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Five thouſand, mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' Sum,
Your Maſter's Confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon*'s Men.

Luc.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a Word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip; pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a Cloak muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir———

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my Friend?

Tit. We wait for certain Mony here, Sir.

Flav. If Mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your Sums and Bills,
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lord's Meat?
Then they would ſmile, and fawn upon his Debts,
And take down th'Intereſt into their glutt'nous Maws.
You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly:
Believ't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve Knaves. [*Exit* Flavius.

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter what———he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no Houſe to put his Head in? Such may rail againſt great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Serv. If I might beſeech you, Gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from't. For take't of my Soul, my Lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent: His comfortable temper has forſook him, he's much out of Health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their Chambers, are not ſick:
And it be ſo far beyond his Health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his Debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.
Serv. Good Gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for an Anſwer,
Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help——my Lord! my Lord.

Enter Timon *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my Doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my Houſe
Be my retentive Enemy? My Goal?
The Place which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all Mankind, ſhew me an Iron Heart?
Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*
Tit. My Lord, here's my Bill.
Luc. Here's mine.
Var. And mine, my Lord.
Cap. And ours, my Lord.
Phi. All our Bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em——cleave me to the Girdle.
Luc. Alas, my Lord.
Tim. Cut out my Heart in Sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my Blood.
Luc. Five thouſand Crowns, my Lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.
What yours?——and yours?
Var. My Lord——
Cap. My Lord——
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.
[*Exit* Timon.
Hor. Faith, I perceive our Maſters may throw their Caps at their Mony, theſe Debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a mad Man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my Breath from me, the Slaves. Creditors!——Devils.
Flav. My dear Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo----
Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim.

Tim. I'll have it ſo——M Steward!
Flav. Here, my Lord.
Tim. So fitly!——Go, bid all my Friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus* and *Sempronius*. All——
I'll once more Feaſt the Raſcals.
Flav. O my Lord! you only ſpeak from your diſtracted Soul; there's not ſo much left as to furniſh out a moderate Table.
Tim. Be it not in thy Care:
Go, I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: My Cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The City.*

Enter three Senators at one Door, Alcibiades *meeting them, with Attendants.*

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my Voice to't, the Fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing emboldens Sin ſo much as Mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Honour, Health and Compaſſion to the Senate.
1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.
Alc. I am an humble Suitor to your Virtues,
For Pity is the Virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes Time and Fortune to lye heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot Blood
Hath ſtept into the Law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a Man, ſetting his Fate aſide, of comely Virtues,
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault;
Nor did he ſoil the Fact with Cowardiſe,
But with a noble Fury, and fair Spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to Death,
He did oppoſe his Foe;
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted Paſſion
He did behave his Anger e'er 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:
Your Words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the World
When Sects and Factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that Man can breath,
And make his Wrongs his out-ſides,
To wear them like his Rayment, carelcſly,
And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his Heart,
To bring it into Danger.
If Wrongs be Evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis to hazard Life for ill.

Alc. My Lord!———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs Sins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me;
If I ſpeak like a Captain.
Why do fond Men expoſe themſelves to Battel,
And not endure all Threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the Aſs, more Captain than the Lion? The Fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiſer than the Judge,
If Wiſdom be in ſuffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are Great, be pitifully Good:
Who cannot condemn Raſhneſs in cold Blood?
To kill, I grant, is Sin's extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy 'tis moſt Juſt.
To be in Anger, is Impiety:
But who is Man, that is not Angry?
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breath in vain.

Alc. In vain?
His Service done at *Lacedæmon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a ſufficient Briber for his Life.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say my Lords, h'as done fair Service,
And slain in Fight many of your Enemies:
How full of Valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous Wounds?

2 *Ser.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn Rioter; he has a Sin
That often drowns him, and takes his Valour Prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly Fury
He has been known to commit Outrages,
And cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His Days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd in War.
My Lords, if not for any Parts in him,
Though his right Arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none; yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your Reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honours to you,
Upon his good returns.
If by this Crime he owes the Law his Life,
Why let the War receive it in valiant Gore;
For Law is strict, and War is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more,
On height of our Displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own Blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your Remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!——

Alc. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common Grace.
My Wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our Anger?
'Tis in few Words, but spacious in effect.
We banish thee for ever.

Alc.

Alc. Baniſh me! baniſh your Dotage, baniſh Uſury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If after two Days ſhine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And, not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be Executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in Bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Mony, and let out
Their Coin upon large Intereſt; I my ſelf,
Rich only in large Hurts. —— All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſom that the uſuring Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Baniſhment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a Cauſe worthy for Spleen and Fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented Troops, and lay for Hearts:
'Tis Honour with moſt Lands to be at odds,
Soldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs as Gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the Day to you, Sir,

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other Day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my Thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral Friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near Occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in Debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my Excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my Proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that Grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every Man here's ſo. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand Pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand Pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir —— here he comes.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my Heart, Gentlemen both —— and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, Than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, ſuch Summer-Birds are Men. Gentlemen, our Dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your Ears with the Muſick a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as o'th' Trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what Cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* My moſt honourable Lord, I'm e'en ſick of Shame, that when your Lordſhip t'other Day ſent to me, I was ſo Unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two Hours before ——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better Remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd Diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal Chear, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if Mony and the Seaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? What's the News?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſht: Hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? How?

2 *Sen.* I pray you upon what?

Tim.

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble Feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old Man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? Will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo ——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each Man to his Stool, with that Spur as he would to the Lip of his Miſtreſs: Your Diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a City Feaſt of it, to let the Meat cool, e'er we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, Sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankfulneſs. For your own Gifts, make your ſelves prais'd: But reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each Man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meat be beloved, more than the Man that gives it. Let no Aſſembly of twenty, be without a Score of Villains. If there ſit twelve Women at the Table, let a Dozen of them be as they are —— The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, *together with the common lag of People, what is amiſs in them, you Gods, make ſutable for Deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends —— as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover Dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his Lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feaſt never behold,
You Knot of Mouth Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm Water
Is your Perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt,
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with Flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your Faces
Your reaking Villany. Live loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Courteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-Friends, Time-flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves, Vapors, and Minute Jacks
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Malady
Cruſt you quite o'er. What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyſick firſt —— thou too —— and thou ——

[*Throwing the Diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay,

Stay, I will lend thee Mony, borrow none.
What! what all in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burn Houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, Man, and all Humanity. [*Exit.*

Enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the Quality of Lord *Timon*'s Fury?

3 *Sen.* Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?

4 *Sen.* I have loſt my Gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but Humour ſways him. He gave me a Jewel th'other Day, and now he has beat it out of my Hat.
Did you ſee my Jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my Cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my Gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my Bones.

4 *Sen.* One Day he gives us Diamonds, next Day Stones.
[*Exeunt Senators.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Without the Walls of* Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. LEt me look back upon thee. O thou Wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves, dive in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens*. Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads to general Filths.
Convert o'th' inſtant green Virginity,
Do't in your Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your truſters Throats. Bound Servants, ſteal;
Large-handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,

And

And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Master's Bed;
Thy Mistress is o'th' Brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it beat out his Brains. Piety and Fear,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding Contraries.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to Men,
Your potent and infectious Fevers, heap
On *Athens* ripe for stroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth,
That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* Bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie: Breath infect Breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerly Poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But Nakedness, thou detestable Town.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th'unkindest Beast much kinder than Mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that Wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his Hate may grow,
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Timon's *House.*

Enter Flavius *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Hear you, Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my Fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the Righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a House broke!
So Noble a Master fain! all gone! and not

One

One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm,
And go along with him.

2 *Ser.* As we do turn our Backs
From our Companion, thrown into his Grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slink all away, leave their falſe Vows with him
Like empty Purſes pick'd. And his poor ſelf
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his Diſeaſe, of all ſhun'd Poverty,
Walks like Contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken Implements of a ruin'd Houſe.

3 *Ser.* Yet do our Hearts wear *Timon*'s Livery,
That ſee I by our Faces; we are Fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in Sorrow; Leak'd is our Bark,
And we, poor Mates, ſtand on the dying Deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muſt all part
Into this Sea of Air.

Flav. Good Fellows all,
The lateſt of my Wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be Fellows. Let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a Knell unto our Maſter's Fortunes,
We have ſeen better Days. Let each take ſome;
Nay put out all your Hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in Sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them Mony, they Embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*

Oh the fierce Wretchedneſs that Glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from Wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Miſery and Contempt?
Who would be ſo mock'd with Glory, as to live
But in a Dream of Friendſhip?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted like his varniſh'd Friends:
Poor honeſt Lord! brought low by his own Heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual Blood,
When Man's worſt Sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For Bounty that makes Gods, does ſtill mar Men.
My deareſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes

Are

Are made thy chief Afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in a Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor has he to supply his Life,
Or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever serve his Mind, with my best will,
Whilst I have Gold, I'll be his Steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Earth
Rotten Humidity: Below thy Sister's Orb
Infect the Air. Twin'd Brothers of one Womb,
Whose Procreation, Residence, and Birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several Fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature,
To whom all Sores lay Siege, can bear great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,
The Senator shall bear Contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar native Honour.
It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares? who dares,
In purity of Manhood, stand upright,
And say, this Man's a Flatterer? If one be,
So are they all, for every grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The learned Pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool. All's Obloquy:
There's nothing level in our cursed Natures
But direct Villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of Men.
His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,
Destruction phang Mankind, Earth yield me Roots,
[*Digging the Earth.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his Pallate
With thy most operant Poison. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you clear Heavens. Thus much of this will make

Black

Black, White; Fowl, Fair; Wrong, Right;
Base, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, Valiant.
Ha, you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why, this
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads.
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions, bless th'accurs'd,
Make the hoar Leprosie ador'd, place Thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-House, and ulcerous Sores,
Would cast the gorge at; this embalms and spices
To th' *April* day again. Come, damn'd Earth,
Thou common Whore of Mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. [*March afar off.*
Ha! a Drum? Th'art quick,
But yet I'll bury thee —— Thou'lt go (strong Thief)
When gouty Keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades *with Drum and Fife in warlike manner, and* Phrinia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A Beast, as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy Heart
For shewing me again the Eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy Name? is Man so hateful to thee,
That art thy self a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a Dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drum,
With Man's Blood paint the ground, Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what should War be? This fell Whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction than thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin look.

Phri. Thy Lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own Lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting Light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what Friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my Opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon?*

Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a Man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a Man.

Alc. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had Proſperity.

Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* Minion, whom the World Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra?*

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a Whore ſtill, they love thee not that uſe thee, give them Diſeaſes, leaving with thee their Luſt. Make uſe of thy ſalt Hours, ſeaſon the Slaves for Tubs and Baths, bring down Roſe-cheek'd Youth to the Fubfaſt, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee, Monſter.

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his Wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great Deeds, when neighbour States,
But for thy Sword and Fortune, trod upon them---

Tim. I prithee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon.*

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble? I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is ſome Gold for thee.

Tim.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap.
Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*
Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a planetary Plague, whome *Jove*
Will, o'er ſome high-vic'd City, hang his poiſon
In the ſick Air: let not thy Sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her Habit only, that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword; for thoſe Milk-Paps
That through the window Barn bore at Mens Eyes,
Are not within the Leaf of Pity writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fools exhauſt their Mercy;
Think it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the Throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt Objects,
Put Armour on thine Ears, and on thine Eyes,
Whoſe proof, nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Soldiers.
Make large Confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf. Speak not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou Gold yet? I'll take the Gold thou giveſt me, not all thy Counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, Heav'ns Curſe upon thee.
Both. Give us ſome Gold, good *Timon*, haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſwear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up, you Sluts,
Your Aprons mountant, you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly Agues

Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
I'll truſt to your Conditions, be Whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious Breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe Fire predominate his Smoak,
And be no Turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix Months
Be quite contrary. And thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with burthens of the Dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wear them, betray with them; whore ſtill.
Paint 'till a Horſe may mire upon your Face;
A Pox of Wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold —— what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow Bones of Man, ſtrike their ſharp Shins,
And mar Mens ſpurring. Crack the Lawyer's Voice,
That he may never more falſe Title plead,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of Fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: Down with the Noſe,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald,
Smells from the general Weal. Make curl'd Pate Ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd Braggarts of the War
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The ſource of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you Damn others, and let this Damn you,
And Ditches grave you all.

Both. More counſel with more Mony, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore, more Miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*; farewel *Timon*: if I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Al.

Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being ſick of Man's Unkindneſs
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe Womb unmeaſurable, and infinite Breaſt
Teems and feeds all; whoſe ſelf ſame mettle
Whereof thy proud Child, arrogant Man, is puſt,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and Eyeleſs venom'd Worm,
With all the abhorred Births below criſp Heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning Fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all the Human Sons do's hate,
From forth thy plenteous Boſom, one poor Root.
Enſear thy Fertile, and Conceptious Womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful Man.
Go great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves and Bears,
Teem with new Monſters, whom thy upward Face
Hath to the marbled Manſion all above
Never preſented. O, a Root —— dear Thanks:
Dry up thy Marrows, Veins, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingrateful Man with Liquoriſh Draughts
And Morſels unctious, greaſes his pure Mind,
That from it all Conſiderations ſlips ——

Enter Apemantus.

More Man? Plague, Plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a Dog
Whom I would imitate; Conſumption catch thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy ſprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and theſe looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeaſed Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy Knee,
And let his very Breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy Cap; praiſe his moſt vicious Strain,
And call it excellent; thou waſt told thus:

Thou gav'ſt thine Ears, like Tapſters, that bid welcome,
To Knaves, and all Approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn Raſcal, hadſt thou Wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my ſelf.

Apem. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf
A Mad-man ſo long, now a Fool: What think'ſt
That the bleak Air, thy boiſterous Chamberlain,
Will put thy Shirt on warm? Will theſe moiſt Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy Heels,
And Skip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold Brook
Candied with Ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's Surfeit? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreekful Heaven, whoſe bare unhouſed Trunks,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer Nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find ——

Tim. A Fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt Miſery.

Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a Knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold Habit on
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be again,
Wert thou not Beggar; willing Miſery
Out-lives incertain Pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never Compleat;
The other, at high wiſh, beſt ſtate Contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched Being,
Worſe than the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim.

Tim. Not by his Breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortune's tender Arm
With Favour never claſpt; but bred a Dog.
Hadſt thou like us from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
Through ſweet Degrees that this brief World affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive Drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Luſt, and never learn'd
The icy Precepts of Reſpect, but followed
The Sugared Game before thee. But my ſelf,
Who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Mouths, the Tongues, the Eyes, the Hearts of Men,
At Duty more than I could frame Employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one Winters bruſh
Fall'n from their Boughs, and left me open bare,
For every Storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen.
Thy Nature did commence in Sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt Curſe; thy Father, that poor Rag,
Muſt be thy Subject; who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome She-Beggar, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence! be gone ——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of Men,
Thou hadſt been a Knave and Flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the Wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this,
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here I will mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend my Company, take away thy ſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is by botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind; if thou wilt, Tell them there I have Gold, look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt: For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt a Nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'ſt thou a Days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where my Stomach finds Meat, or rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would Poiſon were obedient, and knew my Mind.

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy Diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curioſity; in thy Rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a Medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What Man did'ſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his Means?

Tim. Who without thoſe Means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. My ſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome Means to keep a Dog.

Apem. What things in the World canſt thou neareſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but Men, Men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the World *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy Power?

Apem. Give it the Beaſts, to be rid of the Men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of Men, and remain a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Apem. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain

t'attain to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee; if thou wert the Fox, the Lyon would ſuſpect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Aſs; if thou wert the Aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'ſt but as a Breakfaſt to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy Life for thy Dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, Pride and Wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the Conqueſt of thy Fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the Horſe; wert thou a Horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeized by the Leopard; wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lyon, and the ſpots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy Life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy Defence abſence. What Beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a Beaſt; and what a Beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy Loſs in Tranſformation.

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me thou might'ſt
Have hit upon it here.
The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become
A Foreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How has the Aſs broke the Wall, that thou art out of the City.

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter——
The Plague of Company light upon thee;
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog
Than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough
To ſpit upon.

Apem. A Plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to Curſe.

Tim. All Villains

That

That do ſtand by thee, are pure.
Apem. There is no Leproſie
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.
Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee;
But I ſhould infect my Hands.
Apem. I would my Tongue
Could rot them off.
Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangy Dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwound to ſee thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldſt burſt.
Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a Stone by thee.
Apem. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue! Rogue! Rogue!
I am ſick of this falſe World, and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy Grave;
Lye where the Light Foam of the Sea may beat
Thy Grave-ſtone daily; make thine Epitaph,
That Death in me, at others Lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet King-Killer, and dear Divorce
'Twixt natural Son and Sire; thou bright defiler
Of *Hymens* pureſt Bed, thou valiant *Mars*,
Thou ever, young, freſh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe Bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated Snow,
That lies on *Dians* Lap. Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs; that ſpeak'ſt with every Tongue
To every purpoſe; O thou touch of Hearts,
Think thy ſlave Man Rebels, and by thy Virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that Beaſts
May have the World in Empire.
Apem. Would 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. I'll ſay th'haſt Gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?

Apem

Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy Back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy Misery.
Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.
Apem. Mo things like Men——
Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. [*Exit* Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his Remainder: The meer want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.
2 *Band.* It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.
3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?
2 *Band.* True; for he bears it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1 *Band.* Is not this he?
All. Where?
2 *Band.* 'Tis his Description.
3 *Band.* He; I know him.
All. Save thee, *Timon.*
Tim. Now Thieves.
All. Soldiers, not Thives.
Tim. Both too, and Womens Sons.
All. We are not Thieves, but Men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots;
Within this Mile break forth an hundred Springs;
The Oaks bear Mast, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each Bush,
Lays her full Mess before you. Want? why want?
1 *Band.* We cannot live on Grass, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.
Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eat Men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Thieves profest; that you work not
In holier Shapes; for there is boundless Theft

In

In limited Profeſſions. Raſcal Thieves,
Here's Gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle Blood o'th Grape,
'Till the high Feaver ſeeth your Blood to Froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſician,
His Antidotes are Poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villainy do, ſince you proteſt to do't,
Like Workmen, I'll Example you with Thievery:
The Sun's a Thief, and with his great Attraction
Robs the vaſt Sea. The Moon's an Arrant Thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a Thief, whoſe liquid Surge reſolves
The Moon into Salt Tears. The Earth's a Thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
From gen'ral Excrement: Each things a Thief.
The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough Power
Has uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold; Cut Throats;
All that you meet are Thieves: To *Athens* go,
Break open Shops, nothing can you Steal
But Thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs, for this I give you,
And Gold confound you howſoe'er: *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Band.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of Mankind, that he thus adviſes us, not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.

1 *Band.* Let us firſt ſee Peace in *Athens*, there is no time ſo miſerable but a Man may be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Woods and* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Flavius *to* Timon.

Flav. O H you Gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous Man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
And wonder of good Deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing upon the Earth, than Friends,
Who can bring noblest Minds to basest Ends?
How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
When Man was wisht to love his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do.
H'as caught me in his Eye, I will present my honest Grief
Unto him; and, as my Lord, still serve him with my Life.
My dearest Master.

Tim. Away: What art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all Men.
Then if thou grunt'st th' art a Man,
I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor Servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest Man about me, I, all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meat to Villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer Grief
For his undone Lord, than mine Eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I love thee
Because thou art a Woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty Mankind; whose Eyes do never give,
But through Lust and Laughter. Pity's Sleeping;
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Flav.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my Grief, and whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy Face: Surely, this Man
Was born of Woman.
Forgive my general, and exceptleſs raſhneſs
You perpetual ſober Gods. I do proclaim
One honeſt Man; Miſtake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all Mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelf: But all ſave thee,
I fell with Curſes.
Methinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another Service.
For many ſo arrive at ſecond Maſters,
Upon their firſt Lord's Neck. But tell me true,
For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
Is't not a uſuring Kindneſs, and as rich Men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe Breaſt
Doubt and Suſpect, alas, are plac'd too late,
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes where an Eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heav'n knows, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched Mind,
Care of your Food and Living: And believe it,
My moſt honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one Wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelf.
Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt Man,
Here take; the Gods out of my miſery,
Have ſent thee Treaſure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd; thou ſhalt build from Men:

Hate

Hate all, Curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht Fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
E'er thou relieve the Beggar. Give to Dogs
What thou deny'ſt to Men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be Men like blaſted Woods
And may Diſeaſes lick up their falſe Bloods,
And ſo farewel, and thrive.
Flav. O let me ſtay and comfort you my Maſter.
Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes,
Stay not; Fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne'er ſee thou Man, and let me ne'er ſee thee. [*Exeunt,*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.
Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's ſo full of Gold?
Pain. Certain.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewiſe enrich'd
Poor ſtragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Sum.
Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has been but a try for his Friends.
Pain. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palm in *Athens* again,
And flouriſh with the higheſt.
Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our Loves
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in us,
And is very likely to load our purpoſes
With what they travail for,
If it be a juſt and true Report, that goes
Of his having.
Poet. What have you now
To preſent unto him?
Pain. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: Only I will promiſe him
An excellent Piece.

Poet.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.
Pain. Good as the beſt,
Promiſing is the very Air o'th' Time;
It opens the Eyes of Expectation.
Performance is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of People,
The deed of Saying is quite out of uſe.
To promiſe, is moſt Courtly and Faſhionable;
Performance is a kind of Will or Teſtament,
Which argues a great Sickneſs in his Judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon *from his Cave.*

Tim. Excellent Workman,
Thou canſt not paint a Man ſo bad
As is thy ſelf.
Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I have provided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf;
A Satyr againſt the ſoftneſs of Proſperity,
With a Diſcovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow Youth and Opulency.
Tim. Muſt thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work?
Wilt thou whip thine own Faults in other Men?
Do ſo, I have Gold for thee.
Poet. Nay let's ſeek him.
Then do we Sin againſt our own Eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Pain. True:
When the Day ſerves before black corner'd Night;
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. I'll meet you at the turn:
What a God's Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, than where Swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Bark, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worſhip, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon.*
Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt Men?
Poet. Sir, Having often of your Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fain off,
Whoſe thankleſs Natures, Oh abhorred Spirits!
Not all the Whips of Heaven are large enough——
What! to you!
Whoſe Star-like Nobleneſs gave Life and Influence
To their whole Being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of Words.
Tim. Let it go,
Naked Men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.
Pain. He, and my ſelf,
Have travell'd in the great Shower of your Gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you are honeſt Men.
Pain. We are hither come
To offer you our Service.
Tim. Moſt honeſt Men!
Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water? no.
Both. What we can do,
We'll do, to do you Service.
Tim. Y'are honeſt Men;
You've heard that I have Gold,
I am ſure you have, ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt Men.
Pain. So it is ſaid, my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honeſt Man; thou draw'ſt a Counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens,* thou'rt indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay. And for thy Fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even Natural in thine Art.

But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd Friends,
I muſt needs ſay you have a little Fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beſeeeh your Honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but truſts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep him in your Boſom, yet remain aſſur'd
That he's a made-up Villain.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you,
I love you well, I'll give you Gold,
Rid me theſe Villains from your Companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in the draught,
Confound them by ſome Courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.
Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this;
But two in Company:
Each Man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him Company:
If where thou art, two Villains ſhall not be,
Come not near him. If thou would'ſt not reſide
But where one Villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye Slaves:
You have work for me; there's Payment, thence,
You are an Alchymiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcal Dogs. [*Beating and driving 'em out.*

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,

That

That nothing but himſelf, which looks like Man,
Is friendly with him.
1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*
2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas Time and Griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer Hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former Days,
The former Man may make him; bring us to him
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his Cave:
Peace and Content be here, *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to Friends: Th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt reverend Senate greet thee;
Speak to them, Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true Word a Bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Cauterizing to the root o'th' Tongue.
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon.*
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon.*
1 *Sen.* The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*
Tim. I thank them,
And would ſend them back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 *Sen.* O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*, who have thought
On ſpecial Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.
2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general groſs,
Which now the publick Body, which doth ſeldom
Play the Recanter, feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s Aid, hath Sence withal
Of it's own fall, reſtraining Aid to *Timon*,

And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed render,
Together with a Recompence more fruitful
Than their Offence can weigh down by the Dram,
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of Love and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what Wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the Figures of their Love,
Even to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of Tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart, and a Woman's Eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe Comforts, worthy Senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with Thanks,
Allowed with abſolute Power, and thy good Name
Live with Authority; ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild,
Who like a Boar too ſavage, doth root up
His Country's Peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the Walls of *Athens.*

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*——

Tim. Well Sir, I will; therefore I will Sir, thus-----
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving our Holy Virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd War;
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeaks it,
In pity of our Aged, and our Youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worſt; for their Knives care not,
While you have Throats to anſwer. For my ſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my Love, before
The reverend'ſt Throat in *Athens.* So I leave you
To the Protection of the proſperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be ſeen to Morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of Health and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill,
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough.

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Brute doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe Words become your Lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter into our Ears like great Triumphers
In their applauding Gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their Griefs,
Their fears of Hoſtile Strokes, their Aches, Loſſes,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throws
That Nature's fragile Veſſel doth ſuſtain
In Life's uncertain Voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them,
I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* Wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop Affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither e'er my Tree hath felt the Ax,
And hang himſelf. I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall
Find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his Everlaſting Manſion
Upon the beached Verge of the ſalt Flood,
Which once a Day with his emboſſed Froth
The turbulent Surge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my Grave-ſtone be your Oracle:

Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
What is amiſs, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves only be Mens Works, and Death their Gain,
Sun, hide thy Beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign.
[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His Diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dead peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his Files
As full as they report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his Expedition promiſes preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Meſ. I met a Courier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like Friends. This Man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s Cave,
With Letters of Intreaty, which imported
His Fellowſhip i'th' cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the Air with Duſt: In, and prepare,
Ours is the Fall I fear, our Foes the Snare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all Deſcription this ſhould be the Place.
Who's here? Speak ho.——No anſwer?——What is this?——
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his Span,
Some Beaſt read this; there does not live a Man.
Dead ſure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb?
I cannot read; the Character I'll take with Wax;
Our Captain hath in every Figure skill,
An aged Interpreter, tho' young in Days:

Before

Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe Fall the mark of his Ambition is. [*Exit*

SCENE II. *The Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his Powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious Town,
Our terrible approach.
[*Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious Meaſure, making your Wills
The ſcope of Juſtice. 'Till now my ſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your Power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt Arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of it ſelf, no more: Now breathleſs wrong,
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his Wind
With fear and horrid flight.
1 *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy firſt Griefs were but a meer Conceit,
E'er thou hadſt Power, or we had cauſe to fear,
We ſent to thee, to give thy Rages Balm,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.
2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our City's Love
By humble Meſſage, and by promis'd Means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of War.
1 *Sen.* Theſe Walls of ours
Were not erected by their Hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your Grief: Nor are they ſuch
That theſe great Towers, Trophies, and Schools ſhould fall
For private Faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the Motives that you firſt went out,
Shame, that they wanted Cunning in exceſs,
Hath broke their Hearts. March, Noble Lord,

Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By Decimation and a tithed Death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take,
On thoſe that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands,
Are not inherited. Then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy Ranks, but leave without thy Rage,
Spare thy *Athenian* Cradle, and thoſe Kin
With thoſe that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' Infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy Smile,
Than hew to't with thy Sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy Foot
Againſt our rampir'd Gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle Heart before,
To ſay thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy Glove,
Or any token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the Wars as thy Redreſs,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town, 'till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Deſcend, and open your uncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for Reproof,
Fall and no more; and to atone your Fears
With my more noble Meaning, not a Man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the Stream
Of regular Juſtice in your City's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied by your publick Laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your Words.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Graveſtone, this Inſculpture, which
With Wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poor Ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the Epitaph.*]

Here lyes a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my Name: A Plague conſume you Caitiffs left.
Here lye I Timon, *who all living Men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy Gate.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter Spirits:
Tho' thou abhorred'ſt in us our human Griefs,
Scorn'dſt our Brains flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low Grave; on Faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will uſe the Olive with my Sword;
Make War breed Peace; make Peace ſtint War, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our Drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

P.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JUlius Cæſar.
Octavius Cæſar.
M. Antony.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caska,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius,
Murellus,
} *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Artimedorus, *a Sooth-ſayer.*

Meſſala,
Titinius,
} *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Cinna, *the Poet.*
Lucius, *Servant to* Brutus.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three firſt Acts and beginning of the Fourth in* Rome, *for the remainder of the Fourth near* Sardis, *for the Fifth in the Fields of* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; Home you idle Creatures, get you home;
Is this a Holy-day? What, know you not,
Being Mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring Day, without the Sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You Sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you say would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad Soals.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy Fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou? *Cob.*

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's Matters, nor Woman's Matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes; when they are in great Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to Day?
Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my self into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce? —— What Conquest brings (he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you Stones, you worse than senseless Things!
O you hard Hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome*!
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal Shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his Banks
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
Made in his Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best Attire?
And do you now cull out an Holy-day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*'s Blood?
Be gone ——
Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this Fault
Assemble all the poor Men of your sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* Bank, and weep your Tears
Into the Channel, 'till the lowest Stream
Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all. [*Exeunt* Commoners.

See

See where their baſeſt Mettle be not mov'd,
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their Guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I; Diſrobe the Images,
If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.
Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s Trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing Feathers pluckt from *Cæſar*'s Wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary Pitch,
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of Men,
And keep us all in ſervile Fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, *a Soothſayer*; *after them* Murellus *and* Flavius.

Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Cask. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here, my Lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his Courſe. —— *Antonio.*
Ant. Cæſar, my Lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonio.*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,
The Barren touched in this holy Chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril Curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Ha! Who calls?
Cask. Bid every Noiſe be ſtill; Peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue, ſhriller than all the Muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What Man is that?

Bru.

Bru. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his Face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon *Cæsar*.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.
Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Pass.
[*Exeunt.* *Manent* Brutus *and* Cassius.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the Course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you do.
Bru. I am not Gamesom; I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your Desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a Hand
Over your Friends, that love you.
Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some Soil, perhaps, to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
Among which Number *Cassius* be you one,
Nor construe any further my Neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other Men.
Cas. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your Passion,
By Means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your Face?
Bru. No *Cassius*; for the Eye sees not it self,
But by Reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your Eye,

That

That you might see your Shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best Respect in *Rome*,
Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoak,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Bru. Into what Dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*?
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I, your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*;
Were I a common Laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protestor; if you know
That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*

Bru. What means this Shouting? I do fear, the People
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well;
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general Good,
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that Virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward Favour;
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other Men
Think of this Life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a Thing as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty Day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his Shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow; so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversie.
But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the Waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cryed —— Give me some drink, *Titinius*——
As a sick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A Man of such a feeble Temper should
So get the Start of the majestick World,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general Shout?
I do believe, that these Applauses are
For some new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow World

Like

Like a *Coloſſus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our ſelves diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſome times are Maſters of their Fates:
The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in our ſelves, that we are Underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*. What ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a Name;
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well,
Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walks incompaſt but one Man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only Man.
O! you and I have heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter: For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with Love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay
I will with Patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high Thing
'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himſelf a Son of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard Conditions, as this Time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak Words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of Fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will, after his ſowre Faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo: But look you, *Caſſius,*
The angry ſpot doth blow on *Cæſar*'s Brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery Eyes
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in Conference with ſome Senators.
Caſ. Caska will tell us what the Matter is.
Cæſ. Antonio.
Ant. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Let me have Men about me that are Fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and ſuch as ſleep a-Nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much; ſuch Men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were liable to fear,
I do not know the Man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius.* He reads much,
He is a great Obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no Muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such Men as he, be never at Hearts eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar.*

Come

Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to Day,
That *Cæsar* looks ſo ſad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his Hand, thus, and then the People fell a Shouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond Noiſe for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice; what was the laſt Cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt Neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why, *Antony.*

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska.*

Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of theſe Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the Rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt Hands, and threw up their ſweaty Night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking Breath, becauſe *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæsar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Caſ. But ſoft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* ſwoon?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the Falling-Sickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honeſt *Caska*; we have the Falling-Sickneſs.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell down; if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut; and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to think it was his Infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alas, good Soul —— and forgave him with all their Hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away.

Cask. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Caſ. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their Heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to Silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to Morrow?

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Cask.

Cask. Do so: Farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettel, when he went to School.

Caſ. So is he now, in Execution
Of any bold or noble Enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy Form:
This Rudeneſs is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives Men ſtomach to digeſt his Words
With better Appetites.

Bru. And ſo it is: For this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo: 'till then, think of the World.
[*Exit* Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: Yet I ſee
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd, therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me. I will this Night,
In ſeveral Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska *with his Sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. Good Even, *Caska*; brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:

But never 'till to Night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a Tempeſt dropping Fire.
Either there is a Civil Strife in Heav'n,
Or elſe the World, too ſawcy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend Deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common Slave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of Fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha' not ſince put up my Sword,
Againſt the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghaſtly Women,
Transformed with their fear, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,
Houting and ſhrieking. When theſe Prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not Men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But Men may conſtrue things after their Faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Cask. He doth: For he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good Night then, *Caska*; this diſturbed Sky
Is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?

Cask. A *Roman.*

Caſ. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cask. Your Ear is good. *Caſſius*, what Night is this?

Caſ. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt Men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heav'ns menace ſo?

Caſ.

Caſ. Thoſe that have known the Earth ſo full of Faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my Boſom to the Thunder-ſtone;
And when the croſs blue Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breaſt of Heav'n, I did preſent my ſelf,
Even in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Heav'ns?
It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful Heralds, to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, *Caska*; and thoſe ſparks of Life
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true Cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate;
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That Heav'n hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I, *Caska*, name to thee a Man,
Moſt like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol;
A Man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange Eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſ. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our Yoke and Sufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Cask.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators, to morrow,
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every Place, save here in *Italy*.
Cask. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks Power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Cask. So can I:
So every Bondman in his own Hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.
Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lion, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome?*
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But, oh Grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing Bondman: Then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a Man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Griefs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.
Cas. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,

To

To under-go, with me, an Enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous Consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch; for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir, or walking in the Streets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*
Cas. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful Night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.
Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Cassius*! If you could but win the noble *Brutus*
To our Party———
Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: All this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theater.

[*Exit* Cinna.

Come *Caska*, you and I will, yet, e'er Day,
See *Brutus* at his House; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Man entire,
Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cask.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples Hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Virtue, and to Worthiness,
Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and e'er Day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius!* ho!——
I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give gues how near to Day——*Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his Death: And for my part,
I know no personal Cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
How that might change his Nature, there's the Question.
It is the bright Day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him——that——
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatness, is; when it disjoins
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd,
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common Proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face;
But when he once attains the upmost Round,

He

He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees
By which he did ascend: So *Cæsar* may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to Bed.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day:
Is not to Morrow, Boy, the first of *March?*

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,
Give so much light; that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:*
Shall Rome,——*speak, strike, redress.*
Brutus, *thou sleep'st: Awake.*
Such Instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome,——Thus must I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* stand under one Man's awe? What, *Rome?*
My Ancestors did from the Streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress——Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full Petition at the Hand of *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen Days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar,*

I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Instruments,
Are then in Council; and the state of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluck'd about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by Day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good Morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here
But honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius.*

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus.*

Bru.

Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This *Caska*; this, *Cinna*;
And this *Metellus Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpoſe themſelves,
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?
Caſ. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: Doth not the Day break here?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſs that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Seaſon of the Year.
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your Hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our Reſolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the Time's abuſe,
If theſe be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-ſighted Tyranny range on,
'Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women; then, Countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own Cauſe
To prick us to redreſs? What other Bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honeſty to Honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Prieſts, and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad Cauſes, ſwear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive Mettle of our Spirits,

To

To think, that or our Cauſe, or our Performance,
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral Baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any Promiſe, that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Cask. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his Silver Hairs
Will purchaſe us a good Opinion,
And buy Mens Voices, to commend our Deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his Judgment rul'd our Hands;
Our Youths, and Wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.
Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other Men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no Man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar*?
Caſ. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our Courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs;
Like wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caſſius*:
We all ſtand up againſt the Spirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of Men, there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s Spirits,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! but, alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And, gentle Friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,

Not

Not hew him as a Carkaſs fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common Eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s Arm,
When *Cæſar*'s Head is off.

Caſ. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæſar*——

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To Sports, to Wildneſs, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Caſ. The Clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to Day, or no:
For he is Superſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this Night,
And the perſuaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæſar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The Morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelves; but all remember,
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Conſtancy;
And ſo good Morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius*! faſt aſleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the Hony-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,
Which buſie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your Health thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my Bed: And yeſternight at Supper
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your Arms a-croſs:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your Hand
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that Impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withal,

Hoping

Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of Grief.

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good *Portia*, go to Bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right and Vertue of my Place,
I ought to know of: And upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half;
Why you are heavy, and what Men, to Night,
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self,
But as it were in sort, or Limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, Comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad Heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,
And, by and by, thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will construe to thee,
All the Characters of my sad Brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble Tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my Sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru.

Bru. A picce of work, that will make ſick Men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: But it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. [*Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar *in his Night-Gown.*

Cæſ. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at Peace to Night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her Sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho; they murder *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Cæſ. Go, bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Succeſs.
Ser. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your Houſe to Day.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my Back: When they ſhall ſee
The Face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.
Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A Lioneſs hath whelped in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizzled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of Battel hurried in the Air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the Streets.

O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: For these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen,
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to Day.
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart,
If he should stay at home to Day for fear:
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two Lions litter'd in one Day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to Day; call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to Day:
Let me, upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good Morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to Day:
Cannot is falſe, and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to Day; tell them ſo, *Decius.*
Cal. Say he is ſick.
Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* ſend a Lie?
Have I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth?
Decius, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæsar*, let me know ſome Cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæs. The Cauſe is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my Wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt Night ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their Hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to Day.
Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted,
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving Blood, and that Great Men ſhall preſs
For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cogniſance.
This, by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is ſignified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar.*
If you ſhall ſend them Word you will not come,
Their Minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar*'s Wife ſhall meet with better Dreams:

If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear Love,
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calphurnia*!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good Morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.
What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good Morrow, *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good Morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!
I have an hour's talk in store for you,
Remember that you call on me to Day,
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will; and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine with me,
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Artimedorus *reading a Paper.*

Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Cassius, *come not near* Caska, *have an Eye to* Cinna, *trust not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against* Cæsar. *If thou beest not Immortal, look about thee: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
E'er I can tell thee what thou should'st do there——
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue;
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel!——
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling Rumour like a Fray,

And

And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own House, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.
Good Morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow:
The Throng that follows *Cæsar* at the Heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit.*

Por. I must go in——— Aye me! how weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*!
The Heav'ns speed thee in thine Enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Capitol.*

Flouriſh. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, *and* Popilius.

Caſ. THE Ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. Ay, *Caſar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Caſar*: Read this Schedule.
Dec. *Trebonius* doth deſire you to o'er-read,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble Suit.
Art. O *Caſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a Suit
That touches *Caſar* nearer. Read it, great *Caſar*.
Caſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Caſar*, read it inſtantly.
Caſ. What, is the Fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Caſ. What, urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wiſh your Enterprize to Day may thrive.
Caſ. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena*?
Caſ. He wiſh'd to Day our Enterprize might thrive:
I fear our Purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to *Caſar*; mark him.
Caſ. *Caska*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known,
Caſſius or *Caſar* never ſhall turn back,
For I will ſlay my ſelf.
Bru. *Caſſius* be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our Purpoſes.
For look he ſmiles, and *Caſar* doth not change.
Caſ. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And preſently prefer his Suit to *Caſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caska*, you're the firſt that rears your Hand.

Caſ.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat, [*Kneeling.*
An humble Heart.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These Couchings, and these lowly Curtsies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think, that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel Fawning.
Thy Brother by Decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Bru. I kiss thy Hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.
Cæs. What *Brutus!* ——.
Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, Pardon;
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting Quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament;
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World. 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his Rank,

Unshak'd

Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar* ——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæsar* ——

Cæs. Do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cask. Speak Hands for me. [*They stab* Cæsar.

Cæs. *Et tu Brute* —— Then fall *Cæsar.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead ——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets ——

Cas. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still, Ambition's Debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar*'s
Should chance ——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good Cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius.*

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People
Rushing on us, should do your Age some Mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd,
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day,

Bru. Fates, we will know your Pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit.
So are we *Cæsar*'s Friends, that have abridg'd

His

His time of fearing Death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar*'s Blood,
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash —— How many Ages hence
[*Dipping their Swords in* Cæsar's *Blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Basis lyes along,
No worthier than the Dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, what shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every Man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels
With the most bold, and the best Hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a Friend of *Antony*'s.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Master bid me Kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [*Kneeling.*
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal and Loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in Death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony.*

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my Honour

Depart

Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*;
Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? —— Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I my self, there is no Hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s Deaths Hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords, made rich
With the most noble Blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfil your Pleasure. Live a thousand Years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die:
No Place will please me so, no mean of Death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your Death of us;
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our Hands, and this our present Act,
You see we do; yet see you but our Hands,
And this, the bleeding Business they have done.
Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As Fire drives out Fire, so Pity, Pity,
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Antony*,
Our Arms in strength of Malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.

Cas. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Man's,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd

The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the Cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
Let each Man render me his bloody Hand;
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand;
Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Casca*, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*;
Gentlemen all —— alas, what shall I say,
My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true;
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most Noble! in the presence of thy Coarse?
Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius* --- here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *Lethe*.
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye?

Cas. *Mark Antony* ——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your Hands, but was indeed

Sway'd

Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle.
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.
Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.
Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you —— [*Aside.*
You know not what you do; do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he 'will utter?
Bru. By your Pardon,
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar*'s Death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies;
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæsar*'s Body;
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our Permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood!
Over thy Wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their ruby Lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;
Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the Hands of War:
All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,
And *Cæsar*'s Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth
With Carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of Mouth ——
O *Cæsar*! [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching, for mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lyes to Night within seven Leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of Safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this Coarse
Into the Market-place: There shall I try

In

In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody Men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your Hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæsar's *Body.*

SCENE II. *The* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and goes into the Pulpit; and* Cassius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends. *Cassius*, go you into the other Street,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsar*'s Death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.
[*Exit* Cassius *with some of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be Patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my Cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsar*'s, to them I say, That *Brutus* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; but as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him

have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. —— I pause for a Reply ——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; not his Offences enforc'd, for which he suffered Death.

Enter Mark Antony, *with* Cæsar's *Body*.

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who though he had no hand in his Death, shall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my Death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live, live.

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with Triumph home unto his House.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his House
With Shouts and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen ——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, Ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s Glories, which *Mark Antony*,
By our Permission, is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, Ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*'s sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus?*
3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*'s sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best speak no harm of *Brutus* here,
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.
Ant. You gentle *Romans* ——
All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The Evil that Men do lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with the Bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,
So are they all, all honourable Men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
But *Brutus* says, He was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff:
Yet *Brutus* says, He was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* says, He was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable Man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon——Bear with me,
My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much Reaſon in his Sayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in (his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Soul! his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But Yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World; now lyes he there,
And none ſo poor to do him Reverence.
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are Honourable Men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the Dead, to wrong my ſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch Honourable Men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will,
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read,
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his ſacred Blood;
Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their Iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I muſt not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:

And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should —— O what would come of it?
4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar*'s Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the Honourable Men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*----I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were Traitors —— Honourable Men!
All. The Will! the Testament!
2 *Pleb.* They were Villains, Murderers; the Will! read the Will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will;
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*
2 *Pleb.* Descend.
3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A Ring, stand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony* —— most noble *Antony*!
Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.
All. Stand back —— room —— bear back ——
Ant. If you have Tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent.
That Day he overcame the *Nervii* ——
Look! in this place, ran *Cassius*'s Dagger through----
See what a Rent the envious *Casca* made ——
Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stab'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away,
Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* followed it ——
As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd,
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s Angel.
Judge, O you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest Cut of all;
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors Arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty Heart;
And in his Mantle muffling up his Face,
Even at the Base of *Pompey*'s Statue,
Which all the while ran Blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of Pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar*'s Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O Noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful Day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge!
About —— seek —— burn —— fire —— kill —— slay!
Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen ——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him ——

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable;
What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to speak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,

Action

Action nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stir Mens Blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the House of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what,
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your Loves?
Alas you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true----the Will----let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s Seal.
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several Man, seventy five Drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most Noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his Death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever; common Pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traitors Houses.
Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch Fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the Body.*

Ant.

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief thou art a foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now, Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s House.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to Night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie;
I have no will to wander forth of Doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your Name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchellor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say——I am a Batchellor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are Fools that Marry; you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s Funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your Dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cin.

Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna.*

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a Conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad Verſes, tear him for his bad Verſes.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; Come Brands ho, Firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s Houſe, and ſome to *Caska*'s, ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the* Plebeians.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THeſe many then ſhall die, their Names are prickt.

Oct. Your Brother too muſt die; conſent you, (*Lepidus*?

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* ſhall not live,
Who is your Siſter's Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot, I damn him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s Houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: Is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black Sentence and Proſcription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more Days than you;
And though we lay theſe Honours on this Man,

To

To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous Loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the Aſs bears Gold;
To groan and ſweat under the Buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way,
And having brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty Aſs, to ſhake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your Will;
But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on,
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit;
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other Men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things—*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers; we muſt ſtraight make Head.
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, and our beſt Means ſtretcht out,
And let us preſently go ſit in Council,
How covert Matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and Soldiers*: Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!

Bru.

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Master, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*,——
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith;
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle,
[*Low March within.*
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?
Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.
Enter Cassius *and Soldiers.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!

Cas.

Caſ. Moſt Noble Brother! you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother?
Caſ. *Brutus*, this ſober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——
Bru. *Caſſius*, be content,
Speak your Griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Caſ. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this Ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, 'till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our Door. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the Man, was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice Offence ſhould bear his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To ſell, and mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeſervers.
Caſ. Ay, an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this Corruption,
And Chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his Head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!——
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Juſtice ſake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did ſtab,

And

And not for Juſtice? What, ſhall one of Us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt Man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers, ſhall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your ſelf,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your ſelf
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius*.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf——
Have mind upon your Health---Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight Man.

Caſ. Is't poſſible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way, and room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a mad Man ſtares?

Caſ. O ye Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this! Ay more. Fret 'till your proud Heart break,
Go ſhew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty Humour? By the Gods
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For from this Day forth,
I'll uſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?——

Bru. You ſay, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of Noblemen.

Caſ. You wrong me every way---You wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.

Did

Did I say better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!——

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him!——

Bru. For your Life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your Threats.
For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain Sums of Gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no Mony by vile means,
By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's, than to wring
From the hard Hands of Peasants, their vile trash
By any Indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not——He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back——*Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart,
A Friend should bear his Friend's Infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Cas. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Bru. A Flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas.

Caſ. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the World;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults obſerv'd,
Set in a Note-Book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes! There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt. —— Within, a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine, richer than Gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*, for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope,
Do what you will, Diſhonour ſhall be Humour.
O, *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief and Blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my Heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh Humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius, *and a Poet.*

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals? what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two such Men should be,
For I have seen more Years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha---how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; saucy Fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his Time;
What should the Wars do with these jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many Griefs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. No Man bears Sorrow better---*Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*!——

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching Loss!
Upon what Sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And Grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd Fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [*Drinks.*

Cas.

Caſ. My Heart is thirſty for that noble Pledge,
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the Wine o'er-ſwell the Cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*'s Love.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper here,
And call in queſtion our Neceſſities.

Caſ. *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſ. My ſelf have Letters of the ſelf-ſame tenure.

Bru. With what Addition?

Meſ. That by Proſcription, and Bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy Senators, that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caſ. *Cicero* one?———

Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that Order of Proſcription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, *Meſſala*.

Meſ. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.

Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in yours?

Meſ. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Meſ. Then like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia*---we muſt die, *Meſſala*,
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Meſ. Even ſo great Men, great Loſſes ſhould endure.

Caſ. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your Reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.
Bru. Good Reasons must of force give place to better.
The People 'twixt *Philippi*, and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good Brother ——
Bru. Under your Pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends;
Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every Day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.
Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest;
There is no more to say.
Cas. No more; good Night; ——
Early to Morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my Gown; farewel, good *Messala*,
Good Night, *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good Night, and good Repose.

Cas. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill beginning of the Night,
Never came such Division 'tween our Souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius *with the Gown*.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good Night, my Lord.

Bru. Good Night, good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good Night, Lord *Brutus*!

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my Men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varro and *Claudius*.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my Tent, and sleep,
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On Business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your Pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lye down, good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so;
I put in the Pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,

I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a Song.*

This is a sleepy Tune——O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good Night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.
Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes,
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Well——then I shall see thee again——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then;
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,
Ill Spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his Instrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius,* that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my Lord.
Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*, Fellow!
Thou! awake.
Var. My Lord!
Clau. My Lord!
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?
Both. Did we, my Lord?
Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?
Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Fields of* Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octa. NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions;
It proves not ſo; their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their Boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other Places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking by this Face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have Courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;

Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battel softly on
Upon the left Hand of the even Field.
Oct. Upon the right Hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March. Drum. Enter* Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army.*
Bru. They stand, and would have Parley.
Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of Battel?
Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.
Oct. Stir not until the Signal.
Bru. Words before Blows: is it so, Countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love Words better, as you do.
Bru. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s Heart,
Crying, Long live, hail *Cæsar.*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-less.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile Daggers
Hack one another in the sides of *Cæsar.*
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes, and fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bond-men, kissing *Cæsar*'s Feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæsar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank your self;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make us swet,
The proof of it will turn to redder Drops.
Behold, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When

When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæsar*'s three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Tirators.
Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors Hands,
Unless thou bringst them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young Man, thou couldst not dye more Honourable.
Cas. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour,
Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, Traitors, hurl we in your Teeth,
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.
[*Exit* Octavius, Antony, *and Army.*
Cas. Why now blow Wind, swell Billow, and swim Bark;
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.
Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*, —— hark a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Messala *stand forth.*
Luc. My Lord. [Brutus *speaks apart to* Lucilius.
Cas. *Messala.*
Mes. What says my General?
Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-Day; as this very Day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy Hand, *Messala*;
Be thou my Witness, that against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion; now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign,
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers Hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites,
Fly o'er our Heads, and downward look on us

As

As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Peril, very constantly.
Bru. Even so, *Lucilius.*
Cas. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to Day stand friendly; that we may
Lovers in Peace, lead on our Days to Age.
But since the Affairs of Men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together?
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death
Which he did give himself, I know not how;
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of Life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph,
Through the Streets of *Rome.*
Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not thou, Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
He bears too great a Mind. But this same Day
Must end that Work, that Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cassius*;
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus*;
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not; 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might know
The end of this Day's Buſineſs, e'er it come;
But it ſufficeth, that the Day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavio*'s Wing;
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly!
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, Noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceive the Fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou loveſt me,
Mount thou my Horſe, and hide thy Spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This Day I breathed firſt, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My Life is run his Compaſs. Sirrah, what News?

Pind.

Pind. above. O, my Lord!
Cas. What News?
Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Now *Titinius*! Now some Light —— O he lights too ——
He's ta'en —— [*Shout.*
And hark, they shout for Joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face!
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsar*'s Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills him.*
Pin. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take Note of him. [*Exit.*
Enter Titinius, *and* Messala.
Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Tit. These Tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lyes upon the Ground?
Tit. He lyes not like the Living. O my Heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to Night,

So

So in his red Blood *Cassius* Day is set;
The Son of *Rome* is set. Our Day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done;
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?
Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.
Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their Shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods——This is a *Roman*'s part,
[*Stabs himself.*
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lye?
Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius Face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [*Low Alarums.*

Cato.

Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius.*
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well;
It is impossible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his Body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Fluvius*, set our Battels on;
'Tis three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet e'er Night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your Heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.
Brutus my Country's Friend; know me for *Brutus.*
Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.
Sold. We must not; a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell thee News, here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this Man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.
Cli. Statillius shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——— [*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill my self.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*———
Dar. Shall I do such a Deed?
Cli. O *Dardanius!*
Dar. O *Clitus!*
Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*; look he meditates.
Cli. Now is that Noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Vol. What says my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi-Fields.*
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [*Low Alarum.*

It

It is more worthy, to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry 'till they puſh us. Good *Voluminus*,
Thou knoweſt that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword's Hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen;
My Heart doth Joy, that yet in all my Life,
I found no Man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have Glory by this loſing Day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue
Hath almoſt ended his Life's Hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly ——

Bru. Hence; I will follow;
I prethee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy Life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your Hand firſt. Fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* —— *Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a Will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the Army.*

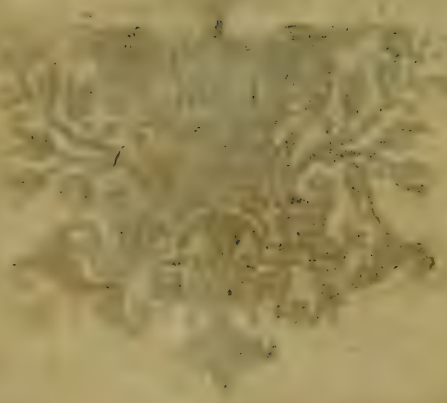
Octa. What Man is that?

Meſ. My Maſter's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf,
And no Man elſe hath Honour by his Death.

Luc.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.
Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.
Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato?*
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest Service to my Master.
Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all;
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the World; this was a Man.
Octa. According to his Virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to Night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy Day. [*Exeunt omnes.*



p. 2.

THE TRAGEDY OF *MACBETH.*

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUncan, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Seyward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Seyward *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate *and three other Witches*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

The SCENE *in the End of the Fourth Act lyes in* England, *through the reſt of the Play in* Scotland, *and chiefly at* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an open Heath.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *WITCH.*

HEN shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2 *Witch.* When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be e'er the ſet of Sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the Heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with *Macbeth,*
1 *Witch.* I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padocke calls---anon---- Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy Air.
[*They riſe from the Stage, and fly away.*

SCENE II. *A Palace.*

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his Plight, of the Revolt
The neweſt State.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainſt my Captivity; Hail, hail, brave Friend!
Say to the King, the Knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it ſtood;
As two ſpent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The mercileſs *Macdonnel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the Weſtern Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak;
For brave *Macbeth*, well he deſerves that Name,
Diſdaining Fortune, with his brandiſht Steel,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody Execution,
Like Valours Minion, carv'd out his Paſſage,
'Till he fac'd the Slave;
Which never ſhook Hands, nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Couſin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his Reflection,
Shipwracking Storms and direful Thunders breaking;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their Heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord ſurveying Vantage,
With furbiſht Arms and new Supplies of Men,
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmaid not this our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles;
Or the Hare the Lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled Stroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,

I cannot tell ———
But I am faint, my Gashes cry for help ———
King. So well thy Words become thee, as thy Wounds,
They smack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.
Enter Rosse *and* Angus.
Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse.*
Len. What haste looks through his Eyes?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People Cold.
Norway himself, with terrible Numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal Conflict,
'Till that *Bellona*'s Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with Self-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,
Curbing his lavish Spirit: And to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.
King. Great Happiness.
Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the *Norway*'s King,
Craves Composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his Men,
'Tis he disbursed, at St. *Colmes*-hill,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.
King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom Interest. Go, pronounce his present Death,
And with his former Title, greet *Macbeth.*
Rosse. I'll see it done.
King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, Sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing Swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht;
Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do ——— I'll do ——— and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a Wind,
1 *Witch.* Th'art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Shipman's Card.
I'll drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day,
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid;
He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.
1 *Witch.* Here, I have a Pilot's Thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A Drum, a Drum.
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sisters, Hand in Hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land.
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.
Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*
Macb. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? ---- What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,

And

And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy Finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips. —— You ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis*!

2 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor*!

3 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? i'th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble Partner,
You greet with preſent Grace, and great Prediction
Of noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he ſeems wrapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your Favours, nor your Hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So all hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo.*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s Death I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſperous Gentleman; and to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor.* Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence? or why,
Upon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch Prophetick Greeting?——
Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has;
And theſe are of them: Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb.

Macb. Into the Air : and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.
Would they had ſtaid.
Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about ?
Or have we eaten of the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner ?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Ban. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too ; went it not ſo ?
Ban. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words ; who's here ?

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy Succeſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal Venture in the Rebels Fight,
His Wonders and his Praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine or his; Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* Ranks,
Nothing afraid, of what thy ſelf didſt make,
Strange Images of Death; as thick as Hail
Came Poſt with Poſt, and every one did bear
Thy Praiſes in his Kingdom's great Defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our Royal Maſter, thanks,
Only to Herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor* ;
In which Addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane* !
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the Devil ſpeak true ?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives ;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrowed Robes ?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deſerves to loſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of *Norway*,
Or elſe did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Country's wrack, I know not :

But

But Treaſons Capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings? [*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Inſtruments of darkneſs tell us Truths,
Win us with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt Conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you. [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Macb. Two Truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen——
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good——If ill?
Why hath it given me earneſt of Succeſs,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good? Why do I yield to that Suggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Againſt the uſe of Nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle State of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will have me King, why chance may crown me [*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir.
Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the Hour runs thro' the rougheſt Day.

Ban.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.
Macb. Give me your Favour:
My dull Brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your Pains are regiſtred,
Where every Day I turn the Leaf to read them.
Let us toward the King; think upon [*To* Banquo.
What hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The *interim* having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free Hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. 'Till then enough:
Come, Friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor?*
Are not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſs pardon,
And ſet forth a deep Repentance.
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his Death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To find the Mind's Conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Mackbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt Couſin!
The Sin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt Wind of Recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,

That

That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment,
Might have been mine: Only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self.
Your Highness part is to receive our Duties;
And our Duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known,
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, *Thanes*,
And you, whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only.
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine
On all Deservers. From hence to *Envernes*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*!——that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your Fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires;
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant,
And in his Commendations I am fed;
It is a Banquet to me, let's after him,
Whoſe care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs Kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *An Apartment in* Mackbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Mackbeth *alone with a Letter:*

Lady. *They met me in the Day of Succeſs; and I have learn'd by the perfect'ſt Report, they have more in them, than mortal Knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves Air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all, hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which Title before, theſe wayward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that ſhalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*——and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I do fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milk of human Kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The Illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win.
Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*, that which cries,
Thus thou muſt do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chaſtiſe with the Valour of my Tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your Tidings?

Meſ.

Meſ. The King comes here to Night,
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for Preparation.
Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: Our *Thane* is coming,
One of my Fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for Breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his Meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great News. The Raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal Thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Cruelty; make thick my Blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell Purpoſe, nor keep Peace between
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Woman's Breaſts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-ever in your ſightleſs Subſtances,
You wait on Nature's Miſchief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt Smoak of Hell,
That my keen Knife ſee not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant Preſent, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To Morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O never,
Shall Sun that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men
May read ſtrange Matters to beguile the time.

Look

Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue; look like the innocent Flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This Night's great Buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights and Days to come,
Give ſolely ſovereign Sway and Maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter Favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Caſtle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant Seat; the Air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle Senſes.

Ban. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Martlet does approve,
By his lov'd Manſonry, that the Heav'n's breath,
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made this pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle:
Where they moſt breed, and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The Air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See! ſee, our honour'd Hoſteſs!
The Love that follows us, ſometime is our Trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid god-eyld us for your Pains,
And thank us for your Trouble.

Lady. All our Service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and ſingle Buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honours deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majeſty loads our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we reſt your Hermits.

King.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the Heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, ſharp as his Spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble Hoſteſs,
We are your Gueſt to Night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highneſs Pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your Hand;
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our Graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *An Apartment.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Diſhes and Service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly; if the Aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſs; that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all —— Here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time ——
We'ld jump the Life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill have Judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'ingredience of our poiſon'd Chalice
To our own Lips. He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,
Strong both againſt the Deed; then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the Door,
Not bear the Knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*,
Hath born his Faculty ſo meek; hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet tongu'd againſt
The deep Damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born Babe,
Striding the Blaſt, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd

Upon the ſightleſs Curriers of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every Eye,
That Tears ſhall drown the Wind. I have no Spur
To prick the ſides of my Intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it ſelf,
Enter Lady.
And falls on th'other ——————
How now? What News?
Lady. He has almoſt ſup'd; why have you left the Chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of People,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt Gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to look ſo green and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine own Eſteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.
Macb. Prethee, Peace:
I dare do all that may become a Man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady. What Beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a Man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the Man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me ----
I would, while it was ſmiling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſs Gums,

And

And dasht the Brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail? ———
Lady. We fail!
But screw your Courage to the sticking Place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Wassel, so convince,
That Memory, the warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the receipt of Reason
A Limbeck only; when in swinish sleep,
Their drenched Natures lye as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What, not put upon
His spungy Officers? Who shall bear the Guilt
Of our great Quell!
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with Blood those sleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griefs and Clamour roar,
Upon his Death?
Macb. I am setled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat,
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Hall.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance, *with a Torch before him.*

Ban. HOw goes the Night, Boy?
Fle. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.
Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir,
Ban. Hold, take my Sword; there's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out. —— Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Powers
Restrain in me the cursed Thoughts, that Nature
Gives way to in repose.
Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a Torch.*
Give me my Sword: Who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed,
He hath been in unusual Pleasure.
And sent forth a great Largess to your Officers,
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the Name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it up in measureless Content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our Will became the Servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shew'd some Truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve
We would spend it some Words upon that Business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind Leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my Consent, when 'tis,
It shall make Honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Bosom Franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good Repose the while.
Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit* Banquo.
Macb. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my Drink is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come let me clutch thee ——

I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill!
Art thou not, fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? Or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the Heat-oppreſſed Brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form, as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine Eyes are made the Fools o'th' other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt ——— I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing ----
It is the bloody Buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked Dreams abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s Offerings, and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf,
Whoſe howl's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſides, towards his Deſign
Moves like a Ghoſt. Thou ſour and firm-ſet Earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very Stones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent Horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. Whilſt I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of Deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A Bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quencht them, hath given me Fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the Owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal Bell-Man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good Night ---- he is about it ----
The Doors are open; and the ſurfeited Grooms
Do mock their Charge with Snores, I have drugg'd their Poſſets,

That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? What ho? ——

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the Attempt, and not the Deed
Confounds us ---- Hark! --- I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't --- My Husband!

Macb. I have done the deed —— Didſt not thou hear a Noiſe?

Lady. I heard the Owl ſcream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! —— who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh Thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd Murther,
That they did wake each other; I ſtood, and heard them;
But they did ſay their Prayers, and addreſt them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe Hangman's Hands,
Liſtning their Fear; I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my Throat.

Lady. Theſe Deeds muſt not be thought, after theſe ways;
So, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more;
Macbeth does murther ſleep, the innocent ſleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of each day's Life, ſore Labours Bath,

Balm

Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,
Chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.

Lady. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the Houſe ;
Glamis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more ; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more.

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd ? Why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble Strength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things ; go, get ſome Water,
And waſh this filthy Witneſs from your Hand.
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place ?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy Grooms with Blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid, to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe !
Give me the Daggers ; the ſleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures ; 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their Guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking ? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every Noiſe appalls me ?
What Hands are here ? Hah ! they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s Ocean was this Blood
Clean from my Hand ? No, this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour ; but I ſhame
To wear a Heart ſo white. [*Knock.*
I hear a Knocking at the South Entry ;
Retire we to our Chamber ;
A little Water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then ? Your Conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.
Hark, more Knocking. [*Knock.*
Get on your Night-Gown, leſt occaſion call us,

And ſhew us to be Watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, [*Knock.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking;
I would thou could'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a Knocking indeed: If a Man were Porter of Hell-Gate, he ſhould have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelf on th'expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock, Who's there in th' other Devils Name? Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could ſwear in both the Scales, againſt either Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: Oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *Engliſh* Taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* Hoſe: Come in, Taylor, here you may roaſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that go the Primroſe way to th' everlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, Friend, e'er you went to bed,
That you do lye ſo late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond Cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the Deſire, but it takes away the Performance. Therefore much Drink may be ſaid to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand

ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in Concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the Lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lie laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very Throat on me; but I requited him for his Lie, and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my Legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good Morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good Morrow both.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoſt ſlipt the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſick's pain;
This is the Door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited Service. [*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint ſo.

Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down. And, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'th' Air; ſtrange ſcreams of Death,
And Propheſying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire Combuſtions, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some ſay the Earth was Feaverous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot para'lel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ——

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-piece,
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o'th' Buildings

Macb. What is't you ſay? the Life?———

Len. Mean you his Majeſty?———

Macb. Approach the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: Awake! awake!———
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.

Macd. Ring the Alarum-Bell.---Murther! and Treaſon!---
Banquo, and *Donalbaine! Malcolme!* awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, Death's Counterfeit,
And look on Death it ſelf———up, up, and ſee
The great Doom's Image! *Malcome! Banquo!*
As from your Graves riſe up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell———

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Buſineſs?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to Parley,
The Sleepers of the Houſe? Speak, ſpeak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak;
The Repetition in a Woman's Ear,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our Royal Maſter's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our Houſe?———

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear *Duff*, I prithee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: For from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortality;
All is but Toys; Renown and Grace is dead;
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter

Enter Malcolme, *and* Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know't;
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is ſtopt; the very Source of it is ſtopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with Blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No Man's Life was to be truſted with them.

Macd. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them———

Macb. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No Man.
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver Skin, lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruins waſtful entrance; there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a Heart to love, and in that Heart,
Courage, to make's Love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,
That moſt may claim this Argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure: let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of Work,
To know it further. Fears and Scruples ſhake us:

In

In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous Malice.

Macb. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe Man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated Fortune,
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens Smiles; the near in Blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to Horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf, when there's no Mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roſſe, *with an Old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heavens, as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten his bloody Stage: By th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night ſtrangles the travelling Lamp;
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of Place,
Was by a mouſing Owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s Horſes,
A thing moſt ſtrange and certain!
Beauteous and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in Nature, broke their Stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make War with Mankind.
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo;
To th' amazement of mine Eyes, that look'd upon't.
Enter Macduff.
Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir, now?
Macd. Why ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas the Day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are ſtoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the Deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill;
Thriftleſs Ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own lives means; then 'tis moſt like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s Body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmeſhill*,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, Couſin, I'll to *Fife*.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee, things well done there; adieu.
Leſt our old Robes ſit eaſier than our new.
Roſſe. Farewel, Father.
Old M. God's beniſon go with you, Sir, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. THOU haſt it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: Yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the Verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Gueſt.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To Night we hold a ſolemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban. Lay your Highneſs's
Command upon me, to the which, my Duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good Advice,
Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous,
In this Day's Council; but we'll take to Morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper. Go not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feaſt.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing

Their

Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange Invention, but of that to Morrow,
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horſe:
Adieu, 'till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of Foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their Backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every Man be maſter of his Time,
'Till ſeven at Night, to make Society
The ſweeter welcome: We will keep our ſelf
'Till Supper time alone: While then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend thoſe Men [*To a Servant.*
Our pleaſure?
Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace Gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Servant.*
To be thus, is nothing,
But to be ſafely thus: Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wiſdom that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe Being I do fear: And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Mark Anthony's was by *Cæſar*; he chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then Prophet like,
They hail'd him Father to a line of Kings:
Upon my Head, they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine ſucceeding: If't be ſo,
For *Banquo*'s Iſſue have I fil'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancors in the Veſſel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine Eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,

To

To make them Kings, the Seeds of *Banquo* Kings!
Rather than ſo, come Fate into the Liſt,
And Champion me to th' utterance———
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and ſtay there 'till we call.
[*Exit Servant.*
Was it not Yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Macb. Well then,
Now you have conſider'd of my Speeches? know
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf, this I made good to you,
In our laſt Conference, paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in Hand, how croſt, the Inſtruments,
Who wrought with them: And all things elſe that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo Goſpell'd
To pray for this good Man, and for his Iſſue,
Whoſe heavy Hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur.* We are Men, my Liege.
Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for Men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-Keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd? whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,

That

That writes them all alike: and ſo of Men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of Manhood, ſay it;
And I will put the buſineſs in your Boſoms,
Whoſe Execution takes your Enemy off;
Grapples you to the Heart, and love of us,
Who wear our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Have ſo incens'd that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every Minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of Life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common Eye,
For ſundry weighty Reaſons.

2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our Lives——

Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this Hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearneſs; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work;

Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within,
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to Night. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the Worlds suffer,
E'er we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the Mind to lie
In restless ecstasie. *Duncan* is in his Grave;
After Life's fitful Fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor Steel nor Poison,
Malice Domestick, Foreign Levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

Gentle,

Gentle, my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged Looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Gueſts to Night.
Macb. So ſhall I, Love, and ſo I pray be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our Honours
In theſe ſo flattering ſtreams,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.
Lady. But in them, Nature's Copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable,
Then be thou jocund: e'er the Bat hath flown
His Cloyſter'd flight, e'er to black *Hecat*'s Summons
The ſhard-born Beetle, with his drowſie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, ſealing Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible Hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to th' Rooky Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So prithee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *A Park, the Caſtle at a Diſtance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
Th West yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
Now spurs the lateſt Traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.
2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1 *Mur.* His Horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a Mile: but he does usually,
So all Men do, from hence to th' Palace Gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A Light, a Light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to Night.
[*They fall upon* Banquo *and kill him; in the scuffle* Fleance *escapes.*
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
Ban. O, Treachery!
Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge. O Slave! [*Dies.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the Light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost
Best half of our Affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room of State.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Rosse, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Our self will mingle with Society, And

And play the humble Hoſt :
Our Hoſteſs keeps her State, but in the beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.
For my Heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.
Enter firſt Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts thanks,
Both ſides are even : here I'll ſit i'th' mid'ſt,
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Meaſure
The Tableround. There's Blood upon thy Face. [*To the Mur.*
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt o'th' Cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou did'ſt it,
Thou art the Non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had elſe been perfect ;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the caſing Air :
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?——
Mur. Ay, my good Lord : ſafe in a Ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his Head ;
The leaſt a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that
There the grown Serpent lyes, the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,
No Teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear our ſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer; the Feaſt is ſold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making:
'Tis given with welcome; to feed were beſt at home;
From thence, the Sawce to Meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
The Ghoſt of Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth*'s place.*
Macb. Sweet Remembrancer !
Now good Digeſtion wait on Appetite, And

And Health on both.

Len. May't pleaſe your Highneſs, ſit.

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour, roof'd,
Were the grac'd Perſon of our *Banquo* preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for Unkindneſs,
Than pity for Miſchance.

Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſs
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The Table's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary Locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſs is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat,
The fit is momentary, upon a Thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man? [*To* Macbeth.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. O, proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flaws and ſtarts,
Impoſtors to true fear, would well become
A Woman's ſtory at a Winter's Fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelf! ——
Why do you make ſuch Faces? when all's done
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Prithee ſee there:
Behold! look! loe! how ſay you! [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.
If Charnel-Houſes, and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our Monuments

Shall

Shall be the Maws of Kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in Folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady. Fie for ſhame.

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed e'er now, i'th' olde time
E'er humane Statue purg'd the gentle Weal;
Ay, and ſince too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the Ear: the times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the Man would die,
And there an end; But now they riſe again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,
And puſh us from our Stools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy Friends,
I have a ſtrange Infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, Love and Health to all,
Then I'll ſit down: Give me ſome Wine, fill full——
[*As he is drinking, the Ghoſt riſes again juſt before him*
I drink to th' general joy of the whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs,
Would he were here; to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my ſight, let the Earth hide thee;
Thy Bones are marrowleſs; thy Blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe Eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of Cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoi'ls the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcan* Tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow,

Unreal Mock'ry hence. Why ſo,——be gone——
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a Man again: pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the Mirth, broke the good Meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange,
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, Good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good-night, and better Health
Attend his Majeſty.
Lady. A kind Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have Blood they ſay; Blood will have Blood:
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to ſpeak;
Augures, that underſtood Relations, have
By Maggot-Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt Man of Blood. What is the Night?
Lady. Almoſt at odds with Morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his Perſon,
At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them, but in his Houſe
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to Morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good;
All Cauſes ſhall give way, I am in Blood
Spent in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in Head, that will to Hand,
Which muſt be acted, e'er they may be ſcann'd

Lady.

Lady. You lack the Seaſon of all Natures, Sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to Sleep; My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate Fear, that wants hard uſe:
We are yet but young indeed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1. *Wit.* Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angerly?
Hec. Have I not reaſon, Beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affairs of Death;
And I the Miſtreſs of your Charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightful, and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; Get you gon,
And at the Pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtiny;
Your Veſſels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beſide;
I am for th' Air: this Night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, and a fatal End.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought e'er Noon,
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificial Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their Illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn Fate, ſcorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wiſdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortal's chiefeſt Enemy. [*Muſick, and a Song.*

Hark,

Hark, I am call'd; my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.
1 *Wit.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be
Back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lenox, *and another Lord.*

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled; Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of Drink, and Thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any Heart alive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I ſay,
He has born all things well, and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s Sons under the Key,
(As, and't pleaſe Heav'n he ſhall not,) they ſhall find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleance*.
But Peace; for from broad words, and cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the Tyrant's Feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*,
From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Live in the *Engliſh* Court, and are receiv'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the Malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*,

That

That by the help of theſe, with him above
To ratifie the Work, we may again
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights;
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody Knives;
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy Meſſenger turns me his Back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Anſwer.

Len. And that well might,
Adviſe him to a caution, t'hold what diſtance
His Wiſdom can provide. Some Holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His Meſſage e'er he come, that a ſwift Bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering Country,
Under a Hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll ſend my Prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Wit.* THrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 *Wit.* Thrice, and once the Hedges Pig whin'd.

3 *Wit.* Harpier crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Wit.* Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd Entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral Ingredients as for the Preparation of their Charm.*

Toad, that under cold Stone,
Days and Nights, has thirty one;
Sweltred Venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed Pot.

All.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2 *Wit.* Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog;
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog;
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlet's Wing:
For a Charm of powerful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
3 *Wit.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd ſalt Sea Shark;
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of Blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s Lips;
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2 *Wit.* Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Wit.* By the pricking of my Thumbs,

Some-

Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks,

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a Name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
How e'er you come to know it, anſwer me.
Though you untie the Winds, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches; though the yeſty Waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up;
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders Heads;
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their Heads to their Foundations; though the Treaſure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till deſtruction ſicken; anſwer me,
To what I ask you.

1 *Wit.* Speak.

2 *Wit.* Demand.

3 *Wit.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Wit.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our Mouths,
Or from our Maſters.

Macb. Call 'em: Let me ſee 'em.

1 *Wit.* Pour in Sowes Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's ſweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and Office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed Head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power——

1 *Wit.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his Speech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*--
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*---diſmiſs me——Enough. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, Thanks.
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——.

1 *Wit.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Appa-

Apparition of a bloody Child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The power of Man; for none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Then live *Macduff:* What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance, double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lyes;
And ſleep in ſpight of Thunder. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soveraignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not to't.

App. Be Lion metled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* Wood, to high *Dunſinane* Hill,
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the Foreſt, bid the Tree
Unfix his Earth-bound Root? Sweet Boadments! good!
Rebellious dead, riſe never 'till the Wood
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Cuſtom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s Iſſue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The Cauldron ſinks into the Ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinks that Cauldron? and what noiſe is this? [*Hoboys.*

1 *Wit.* Shew!

2 *Wit.* Shew!

3 *Wit.* Shew!

All.

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like Shadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a Glaſs in his Hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*; Down!
Thy Crown do's ſear mine Eye-Balls. And thy Hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt——
A third, is like the former——filthy Hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?——A fourth?——Start Eye!
What, will the Line ſtretch out to th' crack of Doom?——
Another yet?——A ſeventh!——I'll ſee no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a Glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight! Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this ſo?

1 *Wit.* Ay Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheer we up his Sprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our Delights.
I'll charm the Air to give a ſound,
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our Duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The Witches dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?---Let this pernicious hour,
Stand ay accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Siſters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did hear
The galloping of Horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England.*

Macb.

Macb. Fled to *England?*
Len. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread Exploits;
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtling of my Heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my Hand. And even now
To Crown my Thoughts with Acts, be it thought and done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize,
Seize upon *Fife*; give to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls,
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was Madneſs; when our Actions do not,
Our Fears do make us Traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his Wiſdom, or his Fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his Wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the natural Touch; for the poor Wren,
The moſt diminutive of Birds, will fight,
Her young Ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owl:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deareſt Coz,
I pray you School your ſelf; but for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' Seaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors,

And

And do not know our ſelves: When we hold Rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before, my pretty Couſin,
Bleſſing upon you.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a Fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my Diſgrace, and your Diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, with Worms and Flies?

Son. With what I get, and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor Bird!
Thoud'ſt never fear the Net, nor Line,
The Pit-fall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, Mother?
Poor Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a Husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit,
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honeſt Men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools; for there are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat the honeſt Men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Gold help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: If you would not, it were a good Sign, that I ſhould quickly have a new Father.

L. Macd. Poor Pratler, how thou talk'ſt.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your State of Honour I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely Man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little Ones;
To fright you thus, methinks I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your Perſon. Heav'n preſerve you,
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly World; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous Folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly Defence,
To ſay I had done no harm?——What are theſe Faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-eard Villain.

Mur. What you Egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of Treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you. [*Exit, crying Murther.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The King of* England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate Shade, and there
Weep our ſad Boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal Sword; and like good Men,
Beſtride our downfal Birth-dome: Each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new Sorrows
Strike Heaven on the Face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole Name bliſters our Tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: You have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. But I ſhall crave your Pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foul would bear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace muſt ſtill look ſo,
Macd. I have loſt my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you Wife and Children?
Thoſe precious Motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of Love,
Without leave taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealouſies, be your Diſhonours,
But mine own Safeties: You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title is afraid. Fare thee well, Lord,
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the Tyrant's Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more Vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In Evils, to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, smoaking of every Sin
That has a Name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my Will. Better *Macbeth,*
Than such an one to reign.

Macd.

Macd. Boundleſs Intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny; It hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: You may
Convey your Pleaſures in a ſpacious Plenty,
And yet ſeem cold. The time you may ſo Hoodwink,
We have willing Dames enough, there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands;
Deſire his Jewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the Good and Loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious Root
Than Summer-ſeeming Luſt; and it hath been
The Sword of our ſlain Kings: Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Foyſons to fill up your Will
Of your mere Own. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none, the King-becoming Graces,
As Juſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſs,
Bounty, Perſeverance, Mercy, Lowlineſs,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the Diviſion of each ſeveral Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal Peace, confound
All unity on Earth.

Macd. O *Scotland! Scotland!*———

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome Days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his Breed? thy Royal Father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every Day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. O my Breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Passion
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devillish *Macbeth*,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his Power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in Truth than Life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my self; what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct.

Doct. Ay Sir; there are a Crew of wretched Souls
That ſtay his Cure; their Malady convinces
The great Aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heav'n given his Hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in *England*,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits Heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely viſited People,
All ſwoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the Eye,
The mere deſpair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with Holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction; with this ſtrange Virtue,
He hath a Heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here.

Mal. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, the means that makes us Strangers.

Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Roſſe. Alas poor Country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent Sorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſie: the Dead-man's Knell,
Is there ſcarce ask'd, for who; and good Mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e'er they ſicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the neweſt Grief?

R. That of an hours Age doth hiss the Speaker,
It seems a new one.
L. How does my Wife?
R. Why, well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your Speech: how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my belief witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your Eye in *Scotland*
Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand Men,
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desart air,
Where hearing should not catch them.
Macd. What? concern they
The general Cause? or is it a Fee-grief
Due to some single Breast?
Rosse. No Mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your Ears despise my Tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the Quarry of these murther'd Deer,

To

To add the Death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!
What Man ne'er pull your Hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too! ——
Roſſe. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my Wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? O Hell Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a Man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo; but I muſt alſo feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their Souls: Heav'n reſt them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your Sword, let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the Heart, enrage it.
Macd. O I could play the Woman with mine Eyes,
And Braggart with my Tongue. But gentle Heav'ns,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my ſelf,
Within my Sword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Heav'n forgive him too.
Mal. This time goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Inſtruments: Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Anti-chamber in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the Field, I have ſeen her riſe from her Bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Cloſet, take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry Agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my Speech. [*Enter Lady* Macbeth *with a Taper.* Lo you! here ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and upon my Life faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her Eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady.

Lady. Out damned ſpot; out I ſay —— One; Two; why then 'tis time to do't —— Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, Fie, a Soldier, and afraid? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our Power to account —— yet who would have thought the old Man to have had ſo much Blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife*, had a Wife; where is ſhe now? What will theſe Hands ne'er be clean? —— No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to;
You have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of Blood ſtill: all the Perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little Hand.
Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The Heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a Heart in my Boſome, for Dignity of the whole Body.

Doct. Well, well, well ——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This Diſeaſe is beyond my Practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their Beds.

Lady. Waſh your Hands, put on your Night-Gown, look not ſo Pale —— I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's Grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To Bed, to Bed; there's knocking at the Gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your Hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to Bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural Troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf Pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets;
More needs ſhe the Divine than the Phyſician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And

And ſtill keep Eyes upon her; ſo good Night.
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.
Gent. Good Night, Good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field with a Wood at Diſtance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The *Engliſh* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: For their dear cauſes
Excite the mortified Man.
Ang. Near *Birnam* Wood
Shall we meet them, that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his Brother?
Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward*'s Son,
And many unruff Youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.
Ment. What does the Tyrant?
Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay he's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd Cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feel
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upraid his faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giant's Robe
Upon a Dwarfiſh Thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him do's condemn
It ſelf for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weal,

And

And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Caſtle.*

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the Boy, *Malcolme?*
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Conſequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, *Macbeth*, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* Epicures,
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-Look?
Ser. There are ten thouſand——
Macb. Geeſe, Villain?
Ser. Soldiers, Sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy Face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soul, thoſe Linnen Cheeks of thine
Are Counſellours to fear. What Soldiers, Whay-face?
Ser. The *Engliſh* Force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy Face hence----*Seyton!* ----I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold——*Seyton*, I ſay! —— this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: My way of Life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,
And that which ſhould accompany old Age,
As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
I muſt not look to have: But in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud but deep, Mouth-honour breath,
Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my Bones my Fleſh is hackt.
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more Horſes, skir the Country round,
Hang thoſe that ſtand in fear. Give me mine Armour.
Now do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her from that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a Mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raiſe out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuft Boſome of that perillous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.

Macb. Throw Phyſick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, Send out —— Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me ——
Come, Sir, diſpatch —— If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my Land, find her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay ——
What Rubarb, Senna, or what Purgative Drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence: Hear'ſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; Your Royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
'Till *Birnam* Foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Couſin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Seyw. What Wood is this before us?
Ment. The Wood of *Birnam.*
Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the Revolt,
And none ſerve with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe Hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Set our beſt Cenſures
Before the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious Soldierſhip.
Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V. *The Caſtle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with Drums and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: Our Caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:

Were

Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, Beard to Beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Fears:
The time has been, my Senſes would have cool'd
To hear a Night-ſhriek, and my Fell of Hair
Would at a diſmal Treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As Life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdays have lighted Fools
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy Tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My Gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay, Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my Watch upon the Hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and Slave. [*Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next Tree ſhalt thou hang alive
'Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be ſooth,

I care not if thou do'ſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till *Birnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunſinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out;
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th' eſtate o' th' World were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At leaſt we'll die with Harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your Leavy Screens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right Noble Son,
Lead our firſt Battel. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do
According to our order.
Seyw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrant's power to Night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood and Death. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy Name?
Macb. Thoul't be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter Name
Than any is in Hell.
Macb. My Name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Seyw. The Devil himſelf could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine Ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou lieſt, thou abhorred Tyrant, with my
Sword I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*Fight, and Young* Seyward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of Woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by Man that's of a Woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy Face,
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme *and* Seyward.

Seyw. This way, my Lord, the Caſtle's gently rendered:
The Tyrant's People, on both ſides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* Fool, and die
On mine own Sword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My Voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb.

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I bear a charmed Life, which muſt not yield
To one of Woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mother's Womb
Untimely rip'd.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of Man:
And be theſe Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe,
That keep the word of promiſe to our Ear,
And break it to our Hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer-Monſters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s Feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles Curſe.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my Body,
I throw my Warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough,
[*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarums.*

Enter fighting, and Macbeth *is ſlain.*

Retreat and Flouriſh. *Enter with Drum and Colours,* Malcolme, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Seyw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble Son.
Roſſe. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldier's Debt,
He only liv'd but 'till he was a Man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,

But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the Field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. Ay, on the Front.

Seyw. Why then, God's Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff *with* Macbeth's *Head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' Uſurper's Curſed Head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their Minds:
Whoſe Voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail King of *Scotland.*

All. Hail, King of *Scotland.* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an Honour nam'd: What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelf and violent hands,
Took off her Life; This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in Meaſure, Time and Place:
So Thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to ſee us Crown'd at *Scone.*

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

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HAMLET,

PRINCE

OF

DENMARK.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLaudius, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.

Voltimand,
Cornelius,
Roſeneraus,
Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*

Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,
Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*

Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *ELSINOOR.*

HAM-

HAMLET,

PRINCE of

DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: Stand and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck Twelve, get thee to Bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am ſick at Heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good Night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus,* the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good Night.
Mar. O, farewel, honeſt Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good Night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.
Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome, good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to Night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our Phantaſie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your Ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two Nights have ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt Night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's Weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The Bell then beating one ——
Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Enter the Ghoſt.
Look where it comes again.
Ber. In the ſame figure like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio*.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.
Hor. Moſt like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Queſtion it, *Horatio*.
Hor. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In

In which, the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak; speak: I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than Phantasie?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy self,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Pole-axe on the Ice. -
'Tis strange ——
Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same Hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This boads some strange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toils the subject of the Land:
And why such daily cast of Brazen Cannon
And foreign Mart for Implements of War:
Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose sore Task
Does not divide the Sunday from the Week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I,
At least the Whisper goes so, Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the combat. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,

(For

(For ſo this ſide of our known World eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a ſeal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his Life, all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved Mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a Liſt of Landleſs Reſolutes,
For Food and Dyet; to ſome enterprize
That hath a Stomach in't: which is no other,
And it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by ſtrong Hand
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our Preparations,
The ſource of this our Watch, and the chief head
Of this Poſt-haſte, and Romage in the Land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort that this portentous Figure
Comes armed through our Watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is the Queſtion of theſe Wars.

Hor. A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye.
In the moſt high and flouriſhing State of *Rome*,
A little e'er the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The Graves ſtood Tenantleſs, and the ſheeted Dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,
Stars ſhon with Trains of Fire, Dews of Blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the Sun, and the moiſt Star,
Upon whoſe Influence *Neptune*'s Empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to Doom's-day with Eclipſe;
And even the like Precurſe of fierce Events,
As Harbingers preceding ſtill the Fates,
And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
Have Heav'n and Earth together demonſtrated
Unto our Climatures and Country-men.

Enter

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, Illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of Voice,
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which happily fore-knowing may avoid, Oh ſpeak!——
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy Life
Extorted Treaſure in the womb of Earth, [*Cock Crows.*
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in Death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak——Stop it, *Marcellus*——

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Ber. 'Tis here——

Hor. 'Tis here——

Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of Violence;
For it is as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all Night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit dares walk abroad,
The Nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But

But look, the Morn in Ruſſet-Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eaſtern Hill,
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeen to Night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this Morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Queen, Ophelia, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death,
The Memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auſpicious, and one dropping Eye,
With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along, for all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear Brother's death,
Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Colleagued with this Dream of his Advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:

Thus

Thus much the Buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his Nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further Gate herein. In that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects; and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonal Power
Of Treaty with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your Duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our Duty.

King. We doubt in nothing, heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now *Laertes*, what's the News with you?
You told us of ſome Suit. What is't, *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your Voice. What wouldſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more native to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumental to the Mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
To ſhew my Duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that Duty done,
My Thoughts and Wiſhes bend again towards *France*,
And bow them to your gracious Leave and Pardon.

King. Have you your Father's leave? what ſays *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourſome Petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow Leave; and at laſt
Upon his Will I ſeal'd my hard Conſent;
I do beſeech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy Will.
But now, my Couſin *Hamlet*, and my Son———

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighty colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled Lids,
Seek for thy noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that live muſt die,
Paſſing through Nature to Eternity.
Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? Nay, it is; I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak, good Mother,
Nor cuſtomary Suits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy Suſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Viſage,
Together with all Forms, Moods, ſhews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow:
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your Nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning Duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Surviver bound
In filial Obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious Stubbornneſs. 'Tis unmanly Grief,
It ſhews a Will moſt incorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common,
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh Oppoſition,
Take it to Hear't? Fie! 'Tis a fault to Heav'n,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theam
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt Coarſe, 'till he that died to Day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to Earth

This

This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
As of a Father: For let the World take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſs Nobility of Love,
Than that which deareſt Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to School to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our Deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers, *Hamlet*;
I prithee ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply,
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to Day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rowſe, the Heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too ſolid Fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a Dew;
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelf ſlaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uſes of this World.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed; things rank, and groſs in Nature
Poſſeſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this;
But two Months dead; nay, not ſo much; not two,——
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Viſit her Face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth!
Muſt I remember?----why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month?——
Let me not think on't----Frailty, thy Name is Woman:

A little Month!——or e'er thoſe Shooes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why ſhe, even ſhe,——
O Heav'n! A Beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a Month!——
E'er yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous Tears
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled Eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous Sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my Heart, for I muſt hold my Tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well,
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelf.

Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that Name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus!——

Mar. My good Lord——

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*

Hor. A truant Diſpoſition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine Ear that Violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know you are no Truant;
But what is your Affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep e'er you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow Student;
I think it was to ſee my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio:* The Funeral bak'd Meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt Foe in Heav'n,
E'er I had ever ſeen that Day, *Horatio.*

My

My Father,----methinks I ſee my Father.
Hor. O where, my Lord?
Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I ſhould not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! Who?———
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father!
Hor. Seaſon your Admiration for a while
With an attent Ear; 'till I may deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heav'n's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two Nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the Night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn March
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized Eyes,
Within his Truncheon's length; whilſt they, be-ſtill'd
Almoſt to Jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe Hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its Head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to Motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then, the Morning Cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,

And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honourable Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our Duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the Watch to Night?
Both. We do, my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his Face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his Eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, I have ſeen it in his Life,
A Sable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to Night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Father's Perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' Hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight;
Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to Night,
Give it an Underſtanding, but no Tongue;
I will requite your Loves: ſo, fare ye well:
Upon the Platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.* *Ham.*

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: Farewel.
My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play; would the Night were come;
'Till then ſit ſtill, my Soul; foul Deeds will riſe,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them to Mens Eyes. [*Exit.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My Neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And Siſter, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant; do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Blood,
A Violet in the youth of primy Nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' ſweet, not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute; no more.

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature creſcent does not grow alone,
In Thews and Bulk; but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the Mind and Soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foil nor cautel doth beſmerch
The virtue of his Fear: But you muſt fear
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued Perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for, on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your Wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh that loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent Ear you liſt his Songs,
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſte Treaſure open
To his unmaſtered importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Siſter,

And keep within the rear of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The chaſteſt Maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her Beauty to the Moon:
Virtue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The Canker galls the infant of the Spring,
Too oft before the Buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effect of this good Leſſon keep,
As Watchmen to my Heart: But good my Brother,
Do not as ſome ungracious Paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to Heav'n;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſs Libertine,
Himſelf, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double Bleſſing is a double Grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame,
The Wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your Sail,
And you are ſtaid for there. My Bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy Memory,
See thou Character. Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd Thought his Act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The Friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of Steel:
But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a Quarrel: But being in
Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every Man thine Ear; but few thy Voice.
Take each Man's cenſure; but reſerve thy Judgment.
Coſtly thy Habit as thy Purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,

And they in *France* of the beſt Rank and Station,
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both it ſelf and Friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any Man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your Servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought;
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your Audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo it is put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behooves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you, give me up the Truth?

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green Girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous Circumſtance.
Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your ſelf a Baby,
That you have ta'en his Tenders for true pay.
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelf more dearly;
Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given Countenance to his Speech, my Lord,
With almoſt all the Vows of Heaven.

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Gives the Tongue vows; theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their Promiſe, as it is a making,
You muſt not take for Fire. For this time, Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence,
Set your Entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to Parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
Not of the Eye, which their Inveſtments ſhew,
But meer Implorators of unholy Suits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I ſhall obey my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has ſtruck.

Hor. I heard it not: Then it draws near the Seaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike Muſick within.*
What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to Night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwaggering upſpring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor.

Hor. Is it a Cuſtom?
Ham. Ay marry is't:
But to my Mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a Cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
Enter Ghoſt.
Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable, -
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: Oh! oh! anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd Bones hearſed in Death,
Have burſt their Cearments? why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarſe again in compleat Steel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous? and we Fools of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our Diſpoſition,
With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire,
To you alone.
Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It wafts you to a more removed Ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my Life at a Pins fee;
And for my Soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf.
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Summit of the Cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible Form,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: Go on, I'll follow thee----
Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your Hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My Fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artery in this Body,
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me, Gentlemen---[*Breaking from them.*
By Heav'n I'll make a Ghoſt of him that letts me———
I ſay away —— go on —— I'll follow thee———
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with Imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after; to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.
Ham. Alas poor Ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to Revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy Father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to faſt in Fires;
'Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Priſon-houſe;

I

I could a Tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to ſtand an end
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
But this eternal Blazon muſt not be
To ears of Fleſh and Blood; liſt *Hamlet*! oh liſt!
If thou diſt ever thy dear Father love ———
Ham. Oh Heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I with Wings as ſwift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love
May ſweep to my Revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat Weed
That rots it ſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s Wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
It's given out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged Proceſs of my Death
Rankly abus'd: But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Father's Life,
Now wears his Crown.
Ham. O my Prophetick Soul; mine Uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt,
With Witchcraft of his Wits, and traiterous Gifts,
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the Power
So to ſeduce! won to his ſhameful Luſt
The Will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe Love was of that Dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whoſe natural Gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine! But Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdneſs court it in a Shape of Heaven;

So

So luſt, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will ſate it ſelf in a Celeſtial Bed, and prey on Garbage.
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the Morning's Air ——
Brief let me be; ſleeping within mine Orchard,
My Cuſtom always in the Afternoon,
Upon my ſecure Hour thy Uncle ſtole
With Juice of curſed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine Ears did pour
The leprous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Eagre droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: So did it mine
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the Bloſſoms of my Sin,
Unhouzzled, diſappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my Account
With all my imperfections on my Head.
Oh horrible! Oh horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt Nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark*, be
A Couch for Luxury, and damned Inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul contrive
Againſt thy Mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to thoſe Thorns that in her Boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire.
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet!* remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you Hoſt of Heaven! Oh Earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh fie! hold my Heart ——
And you my Sinews, grow not inſtant Old;
But bear me ſtiffly up; remember thee ——

Ay,

Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while Memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe; remember thee? ——
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All ſaws of Books, all Forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
Unmixt with baſer Matter. Yes, yes, by Heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious Woman!
Oh Villain, Villain, ſmiling damned Villain!
My Tables, my Tables ---- meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a Villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So Uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; adieu, adieu, remember me: I have ſworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*

Hor. Heav'n ſecure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my Noble Lord?

Hor. What News, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How ſay you then, would Heart of Man once [think it?
But you'll be ſecret? ——

Both. Ay, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave. [Grave

Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are in the right;
And ſo without more Circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake Hands, and part;
You as your Buſineſs and Deſires ſhall point you,
For every Man has Buſineſs and Deſire, Such

Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling Words, my Lord,
Ham. I'm ſorry they offended you, heartily;
Yes Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no Offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much Offence too. Touching this Viſion here ---
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter't as you may. And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to Night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my Sword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*
Ham. Ah, ha Boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? Art thou there truepenny? Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge. Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe my Oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my Sword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then we'll ſhift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen.
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword.
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my Sword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Well ſaid, old Mole, can'ſt work i'th' Ground ſo faſt?
A worthy Pioneer, once more remove, good Friend.
Hor. Oh Day and Night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a Stranger bid it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,

Than

Than are dreamt of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo help you Mercy,
How ſtrange or odd ſo e'er I bear my ſelf,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an Antick diſpoſition on,
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With Arms encumbred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful Phraſe;
As well---- we know---- or, we could, and if we would----
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak---- or, there be and if there might----
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to do,
So Grace and Mercy at your moſt need help you,
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit; ſo, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a Man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t'expreſs his Love and Friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your Fingers on your Lips I pray.
The time is out of Joint; Oh curſed Spight,
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

Pol. GIve him his Mony, and thoſe Notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo.*
Before you viſit him, make you Inquiry.
Of his Behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What

What Company, what Expence, and finding
By this encompaſsment and drift of Queſtion,
That they do know my Son; come you more near,
Then your particular Demands will touch it,
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant Knowledge of him,
As thus ---- I know his Father and his Friends,
And in part him ---- Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?
Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.
Pol. And in part him ---- but you may ſay ---- not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo ——— and there put on him
What Forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt known
To Youth and Liberty.
Rey. As Gaming, my Lord———
Pol. Ay, or Drinking, Fencing, Swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing —— You may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the Charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breath his Faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the Taints of Liberty;
The Flaſh and out-break of a fiery Mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed Blood
Of general Aſſault.
Rey. But, my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of Warrant.
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converſe; him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate Crimes,
The youth you breath of, Guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this Conſequence;
Good Sir, or ſo, or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of Man and Country.

Rey.

Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, do's he this?
He do's ——— what was I about to say?
I was about to say nothing; where did I leave? ----
Rey. At closes in the Consequence:
At Friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Pol. At closes in the Consequence ——— Ay marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's Rowse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a House of Sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth —— See you now;
Your bait of Falshood, takes this Carp of Truth;
And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,
With Windlaces, and with assays of Byas,
By Indirections find Directions out:
So by my former Lecture and Advice
Shall you my Son; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my Lord ———
Pol. Observe his Inclination in your self.
Rey. I shall, my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Musick.
Rey. Well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel.
How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted.
Pol. With what, in the Name of Heav'n?
Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ancle,
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitcous in Purport,
As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
To speak of Horrors; he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy Love?

Ophi

Oph. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt.
Then goes he to the length of all his Arm;
And with his other Hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my Face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh, ſo hideous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his Eyes,
For out adoors he went without their help,
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King,
This is the very Extaſie of Love,
Whoſe violent Property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the Will to deſperate Undertakings,
As oft as any Paſſion under Heaven,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you given him any hard Words of late?
Oph. No, my good Lord; but as you did command
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry that with better Speed and Judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but beſhrew my Jealouſie;
It ſeems it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack Diſcretion. Come, go we to the King.
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe, might move
More Grief to hide, than hate to utter Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſeneraus, Guildenſtern, *Lords and other Attendants.*

King. Welcome dear *Roſeneraus* and *Guildenſtern*,
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet*'s Transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward Man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his Father's Death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young Days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his Youth, and Humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court,
Some little time, ſo by your Companies,
To draw him on to Pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may glean,
If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two Men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receive ſuch Thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the Sovereign Power you have of us,
Put your dread Pleaſures, more into Command
Than to Entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our Service freely at your Feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, *Roſenerans*, and gentle *Guildenſtern*,

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſeneraus*;
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit

My too much changed Son. Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heav'ns make our Preſence and our Practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the Father of good News.
Pol. Have I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my Duty, as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or elſe this Brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s Lunacy.
King. O ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' Ambaſſadors,
My News ſhall be the News to that great Feaſt.
King. Thy ſelf do Grace to them, and bring them in. [*Ex.* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your Son's Diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His Father's Death, and our o'er-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome, good Friends!
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a Preparation 'gainſt the *Polak*:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs. Whereat grieved,
That ſo his Sickneſs, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely born in Hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th'aſſay of Arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with Joy,
Gives him three thouſand Crowns in annual Fee,

And

And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So levied as before, againſt the *Polak*:
With an intreaty herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your Dominions for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of Safety and Allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well:
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this Buſineſs.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-look'd labour.
Go to your reſt, at Night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. [*Exit Ambaſ.*

Pol. This Buſineſs is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what Duty is,
Why Day is Day, Night, Night, and Time is Time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, ſince Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tediouſneſs the Limbs and outward Flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble Son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.

Queen. More Matter, with leſs Art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear I uſe no Art at all;
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity, it is true; a fooliſh Figure,
But farewel it; for I will uſe no Art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the Cauſe of this Effect,
Or rather ſay, the Cauſe of this Defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus---Perpend---
I have a Daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

He opens a Letter, and reads.

To the Celeſtial, and my Soul's Idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vile Phraſe, beautified is a vile

Phraſe; but you ſhall hear——*Theſe to her excellent white Boſom, theſe*——

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the Stars are Fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
But never Doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe Numbers; I have not Art to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter ſhew'd me:
And more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine Ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a Man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen his hot Love on the Wing,
As I perceived it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the Desk or Table-book,
Or given my Heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love, with idle ſight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This muſt not be; And then, I Precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my Advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſs, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſs,
Thence to a Lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King.

King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes
He walks four hours together, here
In the Lobby.
Queen. So he has indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the Encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keep a Farm and Carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor Wretch comes (Reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well; y'are a Fishmonger?
Pol. Not I, my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.
Pol. Honest, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this World goes, is to be
One pick'd out of two thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my Lord.
Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
Being a good kissing Carrion———
Have you a Daughter?
Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a Bleſſing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my Daughter——yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger; he is far gone, far gone; and truly in my Youth, I ſuffered much extremity for Love; very near this. I'll ſpeak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the Matter you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: For the Satyrical Slave ſays here, that old Men have gray Beards; that their Faces are wrinkled; their Eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum Tree Gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of Wit, together with weak Hams. All which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not Honeſty to have it thus ſet down: For you your ſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's Method in't: Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Air:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often Madneſs hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanity could not
So proſperouſly be deliver'd of. I will leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my Daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my Life, my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old Fools.

Pol. You go to ſeek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter

Enter Roſeneraus *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good Friends! How doſt thou *Guildenſtern?* Oh, *Roſeneraus*, good Lads! How do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soals of her Shooe?

Roſ. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her Favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true; ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the News?

Roſ. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown Honeſt.

Ham. Then is Dooms-day near; but your News is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deſerved at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guild. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Roſ. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: To me it is a Priſon.

Roſ. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your Mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad Dreams.

Guild. Which Dreams indeed are Ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious, is meerly the ſhadow of a Dream.

Ham. A Dream it ſelf is but a Shadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold Ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars Bodies, and our Monarchs, and out-ſtretcht Heroes, the Beggars Shadows; ſhall we to th' Court? for, by my fey, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my Servants: For, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt Man, I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of Friendſhip. What make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord, no other Occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear Friends, my Thanks are too dear a half-penny; were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free Viſitation? Come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guild. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the Purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of Confeſſion in your looks, which your Modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our Fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preſerved Love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſ. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an Eye of you: If you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my Anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen, moult no Feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of Exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my Diſpoſition, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, ſeems to me a ſteril Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging, this Majeſtical Roof, fretted with

golden

golden Fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent Congregation of Vapours. What a piece of Work is a Man! How Noble in Reaſon! how infinite in Faculty! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an Angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, tho' by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch Stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have Tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his Foyle and Target; the Lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous Man ſhall end his part in Peace; the Clown ſhall make thoſe Laugh, whoſe Lungs are tickl'd ath' ſere; and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely; or the blank Verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take Delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their reſidence both in Reputation and Profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the ſame Eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yaſes, that cry out on the top of Queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the Faſhion, and ſo be-rattle the common Stages (ſo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Gooſe Quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer than they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelves to common Players, as it is like moſt, if their Means are no better, their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own Succeſſion.

Roſ. Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the Nation holds it no Sin, to tarre them to controverſie. There was for a while, no Mony bid for Argument, unleſs the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange, for mine Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his Picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than Natural, if Philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your Hands, come; the appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: When the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing Clouts.

Roſ. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham.

Ham. I will Propheſie, he comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* Morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you,
When *Roſcius* was an Actor in *Rome* ———

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honour ———

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Aſs ———

Pol. The beſt Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtoral, Paſtorical-Comical-Hiſtorical-Paſtoral, Tragical-Hiſtorical, Tragical-Comical-Hiſtorical-Paſtoral, Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. Theſe are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephta*, Judge of *Iſrael*, what a Treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more,
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot ———— and then you know, it came to paſs, as moſt like it was; the firſt row of the Rubrick will ſhew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome good Friends. Oh! my old Friend! Thy Face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Com'ſt thou to Beard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Miſtreſs? Berlady your Lordſhip is nearer Heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the Altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your Voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like *French* Faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have

a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a Taſte of your Quality; come, a paſſionate Speech.

1 *Play.* What Speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a Speech once, but it was never acted; or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviar* to the General; but it was, as I received it, and others, whoſe Judgment in ſuch Matters, cryed in the top of mine, an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet down with as much modeſty, as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no Sallets in the Lines, to make the Matter ſavoury; nor no Matter in the Phraſe, that might indite the Author of Affectation, but call'd it an honeſt Method. One chief Speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s Slaughter. If it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee —— The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo ——— it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Arms
Black as his purpoſe, did the Night reſemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe,
Hath now his dread and black Complexion ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmal; Head to Foot
Now is he total Geules; horridly Trickt
With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Bak'd and impaſted, with the parching Streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned Light
To the vile Murthers. Roaſted in a Wrath and Fire,
And thus o'erſized with coagulate Gore,
With Eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good Diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking too ſhort at *Greeks*. His antick Sword,
Rebellious to his Arm, lyes where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel his Blow, with flaming Top

Stoops

Stoops to his Baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priſoner *Pyrrhus* Ear. For lo, his Sword,
Which was declining on the milky Head
Of Reverend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' Air to ſtick;
So as a Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter,
Did Nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome Storm,
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orb below
As huſh as Death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pawſe,
A rowſed Vengeance ſets him new a work,
And never did the *Cyclops* Hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armours, forg'd for proof Eterne,
With leſs Remorſe than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune! all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her Power:
Break all the Spokes and Fellies from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' Barbers with your Beard. Prethee ſay on; he's for a Jigg, or a tale of Bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the Mobled Queen?

Ham. The Mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; Mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the Flame
With Biſſon Rheum; a Clout about that Head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teamed Loyns,
A Blanket in th'alarum of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with Tongue in Venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortune's State, would Treaſon have pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs;
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not all)

Would

Would have made Milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,
And Paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears in's Eyes. Pray you no more,

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtracts, and brief Chronicles of the time. After your Death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their Deſert.

Ham. Gods bodikins Man, better. Uſe every Man after his Deſert, and who ſhould ſcape whipping; uſe them after your own Honour and Dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: We'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old Friend, can you play the Murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow Night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen Lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you 'till Night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my Lord, [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay ſo, good b'w'ye: Now I am alone.
O what a Rogue and Peaſant Slave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Paſſion,
Could force his Soul ſo to his whole Conceit,
That from her working, all his Viſage warm'd;
Tears in his Eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Forms, to his Conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*

That

That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for Paſſion
That I have? he would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy metled Raſcal, peak
Like *John-a-deames*, unpregnant of my Cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whoſe Property, and moſt dear Life,
A damn'd Defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face?
Tweaks me by th'Noſe, gives me the lye i'th' Throat,
As deep as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why ſhould I take it? for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon Liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or e'er this,
I ſhould have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slave's Offal. Bloody, bawdy Villain!
Remorſeleſs, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindleſs Villain!
Oh Vengeance!
Why what an Aſs am I? I ſure, this is moſt brave,
That I, the Son of the dear Murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heav'n and Hell,
Muſt, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
And fall a curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion ---- Fye upon't! Foh! About my Brain.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been ſtruck ſo to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no Tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous Organ. I'll have theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the Murther of my Father,
Before mine Uncle. I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the Quick; if he but blench,
I know my Courſe. The Spirit that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath Power
T'aſſume a pleaſing Shape, yea, and perhaps

Out of my Weakneſs, and my Melancholy,
As he is very Potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have Grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſeneraus, Guildenſtern *and Lords.*

King. AND can you by no drift of Circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his Days of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs he feels himſelf diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſs keeps aloof:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of Queſtion, but of our Demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This Night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the Matter.

King. With all my Heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further Edge, and drive his Purpoſe on
To theſe Delights.

Roſ.

Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my ſelf, lawful eſpials,
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeen
We may of their Encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his Love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for your part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs. So ſhall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves: Read on this Book,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſuger o'er
The Devil himſelf.

King. Oh 'tis too true;
How ſmart a laſh that Speech doth give my Conſcience?
The Harlot's Cheek beautied with plaſtring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my Deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether, 'tis nobler in the Mind, to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of Troubles,
And by oppoſing end them. To dye, to ſleep
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The Heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That Fleſh is Heir to; 'tis a Conſummation

Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die to Sleep———
To Sleep, perchance to Dream; ay, there's the rub----
For in that ſleep of Death, what Dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal Coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd Love, the Laws delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the Unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear
To grunt and ſweat under a weary Life,
But that the dread of ſomething after Death,
The undiſcover'd Country, from whoſe Born
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the native Hue of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er, with the pale caſt of Thought;
And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
With this regard their Currents turn away,
And loſe the name of Action. Soft you now, [*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy Oraiſons
Be all my Sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honour for this many a Day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well———

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them Words of ſo ſweet Breath compos'd,
As made the things more Rich: That perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble Mind
Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph.

Oph. My Lord———

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, your Honeſty ſhould admit no Diſcourſe to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce than with Honeſty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of Beauty, will ſooner transform Honeſty from what it is, to a Bawd, than the force of Honeſty can tranſlate Beauty into his likeneſs. This was ſometimes a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For Virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old Stock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more Offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in Imagination, to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch Fellows as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us———Go thy ways to a Nunnery———Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the Fool no where but in's own Houſe. Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you ſweet Heav'ns.

Ham. If thou doſt Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny----Get thee to a Nunnery, Go----farewel----Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe Men know well enough, what Monſters you make of them----To a Nunnery go----and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. O heav'nly Powers! reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prattling too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your ſelf another: You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and Nick-name

God's Creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall live, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'er-thrown!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars! Eye, Tongue, Sword,
Th' expectancy and Roſe of the fair State,
The glaſs of Faſhion, and the mould of Form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down.
I am of Ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Hony of his Muſick Vows:
Now ſee that Noble and moſt Sovereign Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bells jangled out of Tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown Youth,
Blaſted with Extaſie. Oh woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd Form a little,
Was not like Madneſs. There's ſomething in his Soul,
O'er which his Melancholy ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome Danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick Determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable Objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſettled matter in his Heart;
Whereon his Brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe
The Origin and Commencement of this Grief
Sprung from neglected Love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his Griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the Ear

Of

Of all their Conference. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great Ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Crier had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Air too much with your Hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very Torrent, Tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, the whirl-wind of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. O it offends me to the Soul, to ſee a robuſtous Periwig-pated Fellow, tear a Paſſion to Tatters, to very Rags, to ſplit the Ears of the Groundlings: Who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb Shews, and Noiſe: I could have ſuch a Fellow whipt for o'er doing Termagant; it out-*Herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action; with this ſpecial obſervance; that you o'er-ſtop not the Modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo overdone, is from the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to nature; to ſhew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the time, his Form and Preſſure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve: The cenſure of which one, muſt in your Allowance o'er-ſway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or *Norman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's Journey-men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them. For

there be of them, that will of themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered; that's Villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uſes it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſeneraus, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord?
Will the King hear this piece of Work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio*?

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art e'en as juſt a Man
As e'er my Converſation coap'd withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord———

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue haſt, but thy good Spirits
To feed and cloath thee. Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied Tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where thrift may follow feigning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Miſtreſs of her Choice,
And could of Men diſtinguiſh, her Election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A Man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal Thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Judgment are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that Man,
That is not Paſſion's Slave, and I will wear him
In my Heart's Core: Ay, in my Heart of Heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to Night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my Father's Death.

I prethee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
Obſerve mine Uncle: If his occulted guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my Imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s Stith. Give him heedful note,
For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face,
And after we will both our Judgments join,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteal ought the whilſt this Play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſeneraus, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords Attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a Flouriſh.*

Ham. They are coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a Place.

King. How fares my Couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the Camelion's Diſh: I eat the Air, promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this Anſwer, *Hamlet*, theſe Words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine, now, my Lord. You plaid once i'th' Univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo Capital a Calf there. Be the Players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your Lap? [*Lying down at* Ophelia's *Feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country Matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a Maid's Legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only Jig-maker; what should a Man do, but be merry, For look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father dy'd within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables. Oh Heav'ns! dye two Months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope, a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a Year: But by'r-lady he must build Churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse; whose Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play. The dumb Shew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels; and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his Head upon her Neck. Lays him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours Poison in the King's Ears, and Exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead Body is carried away: The Poisoner woes the Queen with Gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his Love.

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that means Mischief.

Oph. Belike this Shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellows: The Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this Shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any Shew that you'll shew him. Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Enter

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your Clemency;
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poſie of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's love.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Car gon round
Neptune's ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed Ground:
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed ſheen,
About the World have time, twelve thirties been,
Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from Cheer, and from your former State,
That I diſturſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt.
For Womens Fear and Love, hold quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity;
Now what my Love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my Love is fix'd, my Fear is ſo.

King. Faith I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too;
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind
For Husband ſhalt thou ———

Queen. Oh confound the reſt!
Such Love muſt needs be Treaſon in my Breaſt:
In ſecond Husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Queen. The inſtances that ſecond Marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the Slave to Memory,

Of

Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like Fruit unripe ſticks on the Tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget
To pay our ſelves, what to our ſelves is Debt:
What to our ſelves in Paſſion we propoſe,
The Paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe
The Violence of either Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where Joy moſt revels, Grief doth moſt lament;
Gref joys, Joy grieves on ſlender accident.
This World is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That even our Loves ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a Queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Love.
The great Man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a Friend;
And who in Want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Devices ſtill are overthrown,
Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed,
But die thy Thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heav'n Light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me Day and Night;
Each oppoſite that blanks the Face of Joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy,
But here, and hence, purſue me laſting Strife,
If once a Widow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while,
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious Day with ſleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain, [*Sleeps.*
And never come miſchance between us twain. [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen.

Queen. The Lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no Offence i'th' World.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouſe-trap; Marry how? Tropically. This Play is the Image of a Murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's Name, his Wife *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a Knaviſh piece of Work; but what o' that? Your Majeſty, and we that have free Souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd Jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love; If I could ſee the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my Edge.

Oph. Still worſe and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake Husbands.

Begin Murther. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time agreeing;
Confederate Seaſon, elſe no Creature ſeeing:
Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecate*'s Bane, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
The natural Magick, and dire property,
On wholſome Life, uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poiſon in his Ears.*

Ham. He poyſons him i'th' Garden for's Eſtate; his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the Love of *Gonzago*'s Wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe Fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol.

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me ſome Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deer go weep,
The Heart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep?
So runs the World away.
Would not this, Sir, and a Foreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my Fortunes turn *Turk* with me; with two Provincial Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir.

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here.
A very very Pajock.

Hor. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand Pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the Talk of the Poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſeneraus *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come ſome Muſick. Come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome Muſick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, Sir ———

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd ——

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with Choler.

Ham. Your Wiſdom ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich to ſignifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into far more Choler.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your Diſcourſe into ſome Frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my Affair.

Ham.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in moſt great affliction of Spirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this Courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom Anſwer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my Buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome Anſwer; my Wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch Anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command; or rather you ſay, my Mother ——— therefore no more but to the matter —— my Mother, you ſay ———

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your Behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequel at the Heels of this Mother-admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her Cloſet e'er you go to Bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your Cauſe of Diſtemper? You do freely bar the Door of your own Liberty, if you deny your Griefs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himſelf, for your Succeſſion in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but while the Graſs grows, the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorders, let me ſet one. To withdraw with you —— why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild.

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying; govern theſe Ventiges with your Finger and Thumb, give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſick.
Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the Heart of my Myſtery, you would ſound me from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſs, and there is much Muſick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape like a *Camel?*

Pol. By th' Maſs, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a *Wezel.*

Pol. It is back'd like a *Wezel.*

Ham. Or like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by; They fool me to the top of my Bent.
I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit.*

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends: [*Exe.*
'Tis now the very witching time of Night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it ſelf breaths out
Contagion to this World. Now could I drink hot Blood,
And do ſuch bitter Buſineſs as the Day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my Mother——

Oh

Oh Heart, loſe not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will ſpeak Daggers to her, but uſe none.
My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites;
How in my words ſomever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them Seals, never my Soul conſent. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Roſeneraus, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his Madneſs range. Therefore prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The Terms of our Eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelves provide;
Moſt holy and religious Fear it is,
To keep thoſe many Bodies ſafe, that live
And feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar Life is bound
With all the Strength and Armour of the Mind,
To keep it ſelf from noyance; but much more,
That Spirit, upon whoſe Spirit depends and reſts
The Lives of many; the ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but like a Gulf doth draw
What's near it, with it, it is a maſſy Wheel
Fixt on the Summit of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoaks, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous Ruin. Never alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this Fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mother's Cloſet;
Behind the Arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the Proceſs. I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.

And

And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear
The Speech of Vantage. Fare you well, my Liege,
I'll call upon you e'er you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh my Offence is rank, it ſmells to Heav'n;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't;
A Brother's Murther. Pray I cannot,
Though Inclination be as ſharp as Will:
My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent;
And like a Man to double Buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pawſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed Hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with Brother's Blood;
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet Heav'ns
To waſh it white as Snow? whereto ſerves Mercy?
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold Force,
To be fore-ſtalled e'er we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up,
My Fault is paſt. But oh, what Form of Prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murther,
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offences gilded Hand may ſhove by Juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the Law; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelves compell'd
Even to the Teeth and Fore-head of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched State! oh Boſom, black as Death!
Oh limed Soul, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd! Help Angels, make aſſay:

Bow

Bow ſtubborn Knees, and Heart with ſtrings of Steel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born Babe,
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't—— and ſo he goes to Heav'n,
And ſo am I reveng'd: that would be ſcann'd,——
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his ſole Son, do this ſame Villain ſend
To Heav'n——O this is Hire and Sallery, not Revenge.
He took my Father groſsly, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, as freſh as *May*,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knows, ſave Heav'n:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time
When he is drunk aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his Bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtays,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words, without thoughts, never to Heav'n go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the Matter?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.

Queen. Why how now, *Hamlet?*

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the Rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down, you ſhall not budge:
You go not 'till I ſet you up a Glaſs,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me? Help, help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help, help, help. [*Behind the Arras.*

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am ſlain. [*Kills* Polonius.

Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill'd a King?

Ham. Ay Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding Fool, farewel,
I took thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned Cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt Senſe.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an Act,
That blurs the Grace and bluſh of Modeſty,

Calls

Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the fair Fore-head of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there; makes Marriage vows
As falſe as Dicers Oaths. O ſuch a Deed,
As from the Body of contraction plucks
The very Soul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's Face doth glow,
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index?

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a Grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperion's Curles, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An Eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
A Station like the Herald *Mercury*
Now lighted on a Heav'n kiſſing Hill;
A Combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his Seal,
To give the World aſſurance of a Man.
This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd Ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome Brother. Have you Eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha! have you Eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for at your Age,
The hey-day in the Blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? What Devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at Hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
To flaming youth, let Virtue be as Wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelf as actively doth burn,
As Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine Eyes into my very Soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the nasty Sty.

Queen. Oh speak to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine Ears.
No more, sweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain!
A Slave, that is not twentieth part, the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelf, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your Wings [*Starting up.*
You Heavenly Guards! What would you, gracious figure?

Queen. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' importing acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step between her, and her fighting Soul,
Conceit in weakest Bodies, strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your Eye on vacancy,
And with the Corporal Air do hold discourse.
Forth at your Eyes, your Spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your Bedded Hairs, like life in Excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy Distemper
Sprinkle cool Patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!---- look you how pale he glares!

His

His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to Stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Leſt with this pitious action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why look you there! look how it ſteals away!
My Father in his habit, as he lived.
Look where he goes even now out at the Portal. [*Exit.*
Queen. This is the very Coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs Creation ecſtaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecſtaſie?
My Pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Muſick. It is not madneſs
That I have uttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Unction to your Soul,
That not you treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but skin and film the Ulcerous place,
Whilſt rank Corruption running all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to Heav'n,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And do not ſpread the Compoſt on the Weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue,
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times,
Virtue it ſelf, of Vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and wooe, for leave to do him good.
Queen Oh, *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my Heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good Night; but go not to mine Uncle's Bed,
Aſſume a Virtue, if you have it not.
That Monſter Cuſtom, who all Senſe doth eat
Of Habit's Devil, is Angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of Actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a Frock or Livery

That aptly is put on: refrain to Night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next Abſtinence, the next more eaſie;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature
And maſter the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous Potency. Once more, good Night;
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you. For this ſame Lord, [*Pointing to* Pol.
I do repent: but Heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo again, good Night.
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let the blunt King tempt you again to Bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your Neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecy,
Unpeg the Basket on the Houſes top,
Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own Neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life: I have no Life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This Man ſhall ſet me packing;
I'll lug the Guts into the Neighbour Room;
Mother, good Night. Indeed this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,

Who

Who was in Life a fooliſh prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good Night, Mother. [*Exeunt* Hamlet *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen.

King. THere's matters in theſe ſighs, theſe profound heaves;
You muſt tranſlate, 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your Son?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to Night?

King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the Seas, and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit
Behind the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old Man.

King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young Man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foul Diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, lets it feed
Even on the pith of Life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very Madneſs, like ſome Ore
Among a Mineral of Metals baſe,
Shews it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deed,
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance, and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſeneraus *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his Mother's Cloſet hath he dragg'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the Body
Into the Chappel. I pray you haſte in this. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Guild.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt Friends,
To let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My Soul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord *Hamlet!*

Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Roſeneraus *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication ſhould be made by the Son of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities; but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his Jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spunge you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh Speech ſleeps in a fooliſh Ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the Body;
How dangerous is it that this Man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted Multitude,
Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' Offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the Offence. To bear all ſmooth, and even,
This ſudden ſending him away, muſt ſeem
Deliberate pawſe: Diſeaſes deſperate grown,
By deſperate Appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſeneraus.

How now? what hath befal'n?

Roſ. Where the dead Body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your Pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain Convocation of Worms are e'en at him. Your Worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all Creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for Maggots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable Service, two Diſhes, but to one Table, that's the end.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſs through the gut of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In Heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf; but indeed, if you find him not this Month, you ſhall Noſe him as you go up the Stairs into the Lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery Quickness; therefore prepare thy self,
The Bark is ready, and the Wind at help,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come, for *England*. Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife; Man and Wife is one Flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for *England*. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to Night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' Affair; pray you make haste.
And *England*, if my Love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great Power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our Sovereign Process, which imports at full,
By Letters conjuring to that effect,
The present Death of *Hamlet*. Do it *England*,
For like the Hectick in my Blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my Haps, my Joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Fortinbras *with an Army.*

For. Go, Captain, from me to the *Danish* King,
Tell him that by his License, *Fortinbras*
Claims the Conveyance of a promis'd March

Over

Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendevouz;
If that his Majeſty would ought with us,
We ſhall expreſs our Duty in his Eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras.

Enter Hamlet, Roſeneraus, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe Powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome Frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak, and with no Addition,
We go to gain a little patch of Ground
That hath in it no profit but the Name,
To pay five Duckets, five I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker Rate, ſhould it be ſold in Fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.

Capt. Nay, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand Souls, and twenty thouſand Duckets
Will not debate the Queſtion of this Straw;
This is th' impoſthume of much Wealth and Peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you ſtraight, go a little before. [*Exe.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull Revenge? What is a Man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a Beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large Diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reaſon
ToRuſt in us unus'd; now whether it be
Beſtial Oblivion, or ſome craven Scruple

Of

Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward: I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't; examples groſs as Earth exhort me,
Witneſs this Army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe Spirit with divine Ambition puft
Makes Mouths at the inviſible Event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
Even for an Egg-ſhell. Rightly to be great
Is not to ſtir without great Argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a Straw,
When Honour's at the Stake. How ſtand I then,
That have a Father kill'd, a Mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my Reaſon and my Blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my Shame I ſee
The eminent Death of twenty thouſand Men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of Fame
Go to their Graves like Beds, fight for a Plot
Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O from this time forth,
My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

SCENE III. *A Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and Attendants.*

Queen. I will not ſpeak with her.

Hor. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Hor. She ſpeaks much of her Father; ſays ſhe hears
There's tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats her Heart,
Spurns enviouſly at Straws, ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half Senſe: Her Speech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The Hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
And both the words up fit to their own Thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,

Indeed

Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may
Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds. [ſtrow
Let her come in.
To my ſick Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,
Each toy ſeems Prologue to ſome great amiſs,
So full of artleſs Jealouſie is Guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark*?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true Love know, from another one?*
By his cockle Hat and Staff, and his ſandal Shoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet Lady; what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his Head a Graſs-green Turf, at his Heels a Stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia.*———

Oph. Pray you mark.
White his Shrowd as the Mountain-Snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded with ſweet Flowers:*
Which bewept to the Grave did not go,
With True-love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owl was a Baker's Daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:
To morrow is St. Valentine's *Day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his Cloths, and dupt the Chamber-door;
Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed la? without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.
By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, an fie for ſhame,

Young

Young Men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hadst not come to my Bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good Counsel. Come, my Coach; goodnight, Ladies; goodnight, sweet Ladies; goodnight, goodnight.

[*Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good Watch, I pray you;
Oh this is the Poison of deep Grief, it springs
All from her Father's death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies,
But in Battalions. First, her Father slain,
Next your Son gone, and he most violent Author
Of his own just Remove; the People muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their Thoughts and Whispers,
For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger mugger to inter him; poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her self, and her fair Judgment,
Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in Clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his Ear
With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death;
Where in necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our Persons to arraign
In Ear and Ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
Gives me superfluous Death. [*A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. Alack, what Noise is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the Door.
What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord,
The Ocean, over peering of his List,

Eats

Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous Head,
O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, chuſe we *Laertes* for our King.
Caps, Hands, and Tongues, applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.
Queen. How chearfully on the falſe Trail they cry,
Oh this is Counter, you falſe *Daniſh* Dogs. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The Doors are broke.
Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you; Keep the Door.
O thou vile King, give me my Father.
Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of Blood that calms, proclaims me Baſtard:
Crys Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſte unſmitched Brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the Cauſe, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks ſo Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our Perſon:
There's ſuch Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why art thou thus incenſt? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak Man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with
To Hell Allegiance; Vows to the blackeſt Devil;
Conſcience and Grace, to the profoundeſt Pit;
I dare Damnation; to this point I ſtand,

That

That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes!*
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear Father's death, if 'tis not writ in your Revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my Blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's death,
And am most sensible in Grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As Day does to your Eye.

[*A Noise within. Let her come in.*

Enter Ophelia, *fantastically dress't with Straws and Flowers.*

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
O heat dry up my Brains, tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine Eye.
By Heav'n thy madness shall be paid by weight,
'Till our Scale turns the Beam. O Rose of *May!*
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia!*
O Heav'ns, is't possible, a young Maid's wits,
Should be as mortal as an old Man's Life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.*
Hey non nonev, nonev, hey nonev:
And on his Grave rains many a Tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing down a-down, and you call him a down-a. O how the Wheels become it? It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſter's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray Love remember; and there's Pancies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's Rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it Herb-Grace a *Sundays:* O you muſt wear your Rue with a difference. There's a Daſie, I would give you ſome Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his Soul.
And of all Chriſtian Souls, I pray God.
God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your Grief,
Or you deny me right: Go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,

And we ſhall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His means of Death, his obſcure Burial;
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his Bones;
No noble Rite, nor formal Oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heav'n to Earth;
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great Ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, *with an Attendant.*

Hor. What are they that would ſpeak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they ſay they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in;
I do not know from what part of the World
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your Name be *Horatio*; as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe Fellows ſome means to the King: They have Letters for him. E'er we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the inſtant they got clear of our Ship, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldſt fly Death. I have words to ſpeak in your Ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſeneraus *and* Guildenſtern *hold their*

courſe

courſe for England. *Of them I have as much to tell thee, Farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that thou may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your Conſcience my Acquitance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your Heart, for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he which hath your noble Father ſlain,
Purſued my Life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. O for two ſpecial Reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen, his Mother,
Lives almoſt by his Looks; and for my ſelf,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo conjunctive to my Life and Soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the general Gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows,
Too ſlightly Timbred for ſo loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driven into deſperate Terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her Perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that, you muſt not think
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,

That we can let our Beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love your ſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter Meſſenger.

How now? What News?

Meſ. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet.* This to your Majeſty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Meſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay, I ſaw them not: They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: Leave us. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To Morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall, firſt asking you Pardon thereunto, recount th' Occaſions of my ſudden, and more ſtrange return. Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back? Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s Character, naked, and in a Poſtſcript here he ſays alone: Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord, but let him come, It warms the very ſickneſs in my Heart, That I ſhall live and tell him to his Teeth; Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo?—— How otherwiſe?——will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo, you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own Peace: If he be now return'd, As checking at his Voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it; I will work him To an exploit now ripe in my Device, Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall: And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe, But even his Mother ſhall uncharge the practice, And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd, The rather if you could deviſe it ſo That I might be the Inſtrument.

King.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt Siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too, for Youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs Livery that it wears,
Than ſetled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
Importing Health and Graveneſs: Two Months ſince
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen my ſelf and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they ran well on Horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew into his Seat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
And he had been encorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave Beaſt; ſo far he paſt my Thought,
That I in forgery of Shapes and Tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my Life, *Lamound.*

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you, Sir. This Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do but wiſh and beg,
Your ſudden coming over to play with him;
Now out of this———

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time;
And that I see in Passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of Love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like Goodness still;
For Goodness growing to a Pleurisie,
Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a Spend-thrift-sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake,
To shew your self your Father's Son in deed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep close within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your Heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbaited, and in a pass of Practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for that purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point,

With

With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look'd through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this Project
Should have a Back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft——let me ſee——
We'll make a ſolemn Wager on your Cunnings,
That——when in your Motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd Tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how now, ſweet Queen?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's Heel,
So faſt they'll follow: Your Siſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow grows aſlant a Brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſie Stream:
There with fantaſtick Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daiſies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepherds give a groſſer name to,
But our cold Maids do dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet Weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down the weedy Trophies, and her ſelf,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her Cloaths ſpread wide,
And Meremaid-like, a while they bear her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old Tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a Creature Native, and deduced
Unto that element: But long it could not be,
'Till that her Garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: But yet
It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The Woman will be out: Adieu, my Lord,
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to do to calm his Rage?
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Church.*

Enter two Clowns, with Spades and Mattocks.

1 *Clown.* IS she to be buried in Christian Burial, that wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches. It is an Act to do, and to perform; argal she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you Goodman *Delver.*

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the Water, good: here stands the Man, good: If the Man go to this Water, and drown himself; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the Water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 *Clown.* But is this Law?

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, Crowner's Queſt Law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of Chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity that great Folk ſhould have countenance in this World to drown or hang themſelves, more than other Chriſtians. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore Arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a Heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Arms? I'll put another Queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thouſand Tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallows is built ſtronger than the Church; Argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Ship-wright, or a Carpenter?——

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it; for your dull Aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this queſtion next, ſay a Grave-maker: the Houſes that he makes, laſt 'till Doom's-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoup of Liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He

He digs and Sings.

In Youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very ſweet,
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
As if I never had been ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the Knave jowles it to th' ground, as if it were *Cain*'s Jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Aſs o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones Horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en ſo: and now 'tis my Lady *Worm*'s, Chapleſs, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade, here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a ſhrowding ſheet!
O a Pit of Clay for to be made;
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his

his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he suffer this rude Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This Fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this Fellow: whose Grave's this, Sir?

Clown. Mine, Sir——

O a pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine, 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a Woman, Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of our Countier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clown

Clown. Of all the days i'th' Year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his Wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him, there the Men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with loſing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark.* I have been Sexton here, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth e'er he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he dye, (as we have many pocky Coarſes now adays, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his Hide is tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore Decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad Fellow's it was;
Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A Peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Rheniſh on my Head once. This ſame Scull, Sir, this ſame Scull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s Scull, the King's Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite Jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath

born

born me on his back a thouſand times: And how abhorred my imagination is now, my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe Lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop fall'n? Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; Make her laugh at that. Prithee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o'this faſhion it'th' Earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, Puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the noble Duſt of *Alexander*, 'till e find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expel the Winter's flaw.
But ſoft! but ſoft! aſide——here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a Coffin, with Lords and Prieſts Attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed Rights? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with deſperate hand
Fore-do it's own Life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth: Mark——

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Her Obſequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd,
'Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable Prayer,
Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee, churliſh Prieſt,
A Miniſtring Angel ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets, to thee ſweet, farewell,
I hop'd thou woul'dſt have been my *Hamlet*'s Wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet Maid,
And not t'have ſtrew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O terrible wooer!
Fall tentimes treble woes on that curs'd head,
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the Earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms:
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring Stars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*

Laer. The Devil take thy Soul, [*Grappling with him.*

Ham.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well,
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat——
Sir, though I am not ſpleenative and raſh,
Yet have I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſs fear. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder——
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet——
Gen. Good my Lord be quiet. [*The Attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon his Theme,
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my Son! what Theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand Brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my Sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God forbear him.
Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy ſelf?
Woo't drink up *Eſile*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'ſt thou come hither to whine;
To out-face me with leaping into her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, 'till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
King. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt Nights Speech
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch over your Son, This

This Grave ſhall have a living Monument:
An Hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Hall.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it, my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutineers in the Bilboes; raſhly,
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) let us know
Our Indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our dear Plots do pall; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain.
Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My Sea-Gown ſcarft about me, in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making ſo bold,
My Fears forgetting Manners, to unſeal
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
Oh Royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſon,
Importing *Denmark*'s Health, and *England*'s too,
With hoo, ſuch Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My Head ſhould be ſtruck off.
Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?
Hor. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,

They

They had begun the Play. I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much,
How to forget that learning; But, Sir, now
It did me Yeoman's ſervice; wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland wear,
And ſtand a Comma 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was Heav'n ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Model of that *Daniſh* Seal:
I folded the Writ up in form of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' Impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The Changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſeneraus*, go to't.

Ham. Why Man, they did make love to this employment,
They are not near my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect Conſcience,
To quit him with his arm? And is't not to be damn'd,

To let this Canker of our Nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine, and a Man's Life's no more
Than to ſay one: But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf;
For by the Image of my cauſe I ſee
The Pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But ſure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towring Paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the King's Meſſe; 'tis a Chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spirit; put your Bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the Head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very ſultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how: but, my Lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Oſr. Nay in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr

Oſr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his Weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their Aſſigns, as Girdle, Hangers, or ſo: Three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then; but on, ſix *Barbary* Horſes, againſt ſix *French* Swords, their Aſſigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French*; but againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath laid on twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the Oppoſition of your Perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I redeliver you e'en ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his Head.

Ham. He did ſo with his Dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he and nine more of the ſame Beavy that I know the droſſie Age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty Collection,

which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed Opinions; and do but blow them to their Trials, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this Wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual Practice; I shall win at the odds; but thou wouldest not think how all's here about my Heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all; since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and Lords, with other Attendants with Foils, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this Hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a Gentleman.
This Presence knows, and you must needs have heard
How I am punish'd with sore distraction.
What I have done

That

That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* Never *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And when he's not himſelf, do's wrong *Laertes;*
Then *Hamlet* do's it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His madneſs. If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine Arrow o'er the Houſe,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am ſatisfi'd in Nature,
Whoſe Motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder Maſters of known honour,
I have a Voice, and preſident of peace
To keep my Name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play,
Gives us the Foils: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes,* in mine ignorance,
Your skill ſhall like a Star i'th' brighteſt Night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this Hand.

King. Give the Foils, young *Oſrick.*
Couſin *Hamlet,* you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well;
These Foils have all a length? [*Prepare to Play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the Cup an Union ſhall he throw
Richer than that, which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeak,
The Trupets to the Canoneer without,
The Canons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'n to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.
Laer. Come on, Sir. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well—— again——
King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.
[*Trumpet ſound, Shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
Come——another hit——what ſay you? [*They Play again.*
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.
King. Our Son ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam——
King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd Cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy Face.
Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King.

King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my Conſcience. [*Aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third. *Laertes*, you but dally,
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet, *then in ſcuffling they change Rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a Woodcock to my Sprindge, *Oſrick*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No Medicine in the World can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it ſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again; thy Mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?
Follow my Mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd.

It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee,
I am dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this Act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is ſtrict in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you,
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an Antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a Man, give me the Cup,
Let go, by Heav'n I'll hav't.
Oh, good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy Heart,
Abſent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harſh World draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To th' Ambaſſadors of *England* gives this Warlike Volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my Spirit,
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.
But I do propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying Voice,
So tell him with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited.——The reſt is ſilence, O, O, O. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble Heart; good Night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt.
Why do's the Drum come hither?

Enter

Enter Fortinbras *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſador, with Drum, Colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is the ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on Havock. Oh proud death!
What Feaſt is toward in thine eternal Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhoot,
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our Affairs from *England* come too late,
The Ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him his Command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſeneraus* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you:
He never gave Command'ment for their Death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*
Are here arriv'd: Give order that theſe Bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing World,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters,
Of Deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on the Inventors Heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have ſome rights of Memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe Voice will draw no more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even whiles Mens minds are wild, leſt more miſchance

On

On plots, and errors happen.

Fort. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and for his paſſage,
The Soldiers Muſick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the Body: Such a ſight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the Soldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt Marching: after which, a Peal of Ordnance are ſhot off.*

p. 2467.

KING LEAR.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Gloſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Gloſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Gloſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Steward to Gonerill.

Gonerill,
Regan,
Cordelia,
} *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE lyes in *Britain.*

KING

KING *LEAR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Kent, Gloſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: But now in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young Fellow's Mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a Son for her Cradle, e'er ſhe had a Husband for her Bed. Do you ſmell a Fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the Iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo.

Glo. But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, ſome Year elder than this; who, yet is no dearer in my Account, though this Knave came ſomewhat ſawcily to the World before he was ſent for: Yet was his Mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

Baſt. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*;
Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Baſt. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine Years, and away he ſhall again. The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Laer. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Glo. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, that we have divided
Into three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our Age,
Confering them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward Death. Our Son of *Cornwall*,
And you our no leſs loving Son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our Daughters ſeveral Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Rivals in our younger Daughter's Love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, my Daughters,
Since now we will diveſt us both of Rule,
Intereſt of Terrority, Cares of State,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt;
That we, our largeſt bounty may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than Eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No leſs than Life, with Grace, Health, Beauty, Honour:

As

As much as Child e'er lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.
Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeak? Love, and be ſilent.
Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowy Foreſts, and with Champions rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albany*'s Iſſues
Be this perpetual. What ſays our ſecond Daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, Wife of *Cornwall?*
Reg. I am made of that ſelf-metal as my Siſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of love:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſs
My ſelf an Enemy to all other Joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs love.
Cor. Then, poor *Cordelia!*
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my Love's
More ponderous than my Tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom,
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill.* Now our Joy,
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The Vines of *France*, and Milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be intereſt: What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opulent than your Siſters? ſpeak.
Cor. Nothing, my Lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeak again.
Cord. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My Heart into my Mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my Bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your Fortunes.
Cor. Good, my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I return thoſe Duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you. Why

Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose Hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my Love with him, half my Care, and Duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.
Lear. But goes thy Heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, the Truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radiance of the Sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the Night,
By all the Operations of the Orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal Care,
Propinquity and property of Blood,
And as a Stranger to my Heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The Barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his Generation, Messes
To gorge his Appetite, shall to my Bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege———
Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the Dragon and his Wrath;
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind Nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!—[*To* Cor.
So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
Her Father's Heart from her; call *France*; who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*——*Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let Pride, which she calls Plainness, marry her:
I do invest you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large Effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be-sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn, only we shall retain
The Name, and all th' addition to a King; the Sway,
Revenue, Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This Coronet part between you. *Kent.*

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as a King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
And as my Patron, thought on in my Prayers ——
Lear. The Bow is bent and drawn, make from the Shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my Heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad; what wouldſt thou do, old Man?
Think'ſt thou that Duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When Power to Flattery bows?
To plainneſs Honour's bound,
When Majeſty falls to Folly; reſerve thy State,
And in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs; anſwer my Life, my Judgment,
Thy youngeſt Daughter do's not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reverb no hollowneſs.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy Life no more.
Kent. My Life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine Enemies, ne'er fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being Motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight!
Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true Blank of thine Eye.
Lear. Now by *Apollo* ——
Kent. Now by *Apollo*; King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vain.
Lear. O Vaſſal! Miſcreant!---[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſician, and thy Fee beſtow
Upon the foul Diſeaſe, revoke the Gift,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my Throat,
I'll tell thee thou doſt evil.
Lear. Hear me Recreant, on thine Allegiance hear me;
That thou haſt ſought to make us break our Vows,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd Pride,
To come betwixt our Sentence and our Power,
Which, nor our Nature, nor our Place can bear,
Our Potency made good, take thy Reward.
Five days we do allot thee for Proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the World,

And on the ſixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if the tenth Day following,
Thy baniſht Trunk be found in our Dominions,
The Moment is thy Death, away. By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King, ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and Baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, Maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large Speeches may your Deeds approve,
That good Effects may ſpring from Words of Love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old Courſe in a Country new. [*Exit.*

Enter Gloſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs toward you, who, with this King,
Hath rivall'd for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dowre with her,
Or ceaſe your Queſt of Love?

Bur. Moſt Royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us we held her ſo,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming Subſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no Anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our Curſe, and ſtranger'd with our Oath,
Take leave, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, Royal Sir,
Election makes not up in ſuch Conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by the Power that made me,
I tell you all her Wealth. For you, great King,
I would not from your Love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you

T'a-

T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who even but now, was your beſt Object,
The Argument of your Praiſe, balm of your Age,
The beſt, the deareſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of Favour; ſure her Offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural Degree,
As Monſtrous is; or your fore-voucht affection
Could not fall into Taint; which to believe of her
Muſt be a Faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
If for I want that glib and oily Art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte Action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and Favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting Eye, and ſuch a Tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou hadſt
Not been born, than not t'have pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſs in Nature,
Which often leaves the Hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Love's not Love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloof from th'intire Point, will you have her?
She is her ſelf a Dowry.
Bur. Royal King,
Give but that Portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the Hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing —— I have Sworn, I am firm.
Bur. I am ſorry then you have ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt loſe a Husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpect and fortunes are his Love,
I ſhall not be his Wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poor,
Moſt choice forſaken, and moſt lov'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy Virtues here I ſeize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſs Daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundy*. [*Flouriſh.* [*Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farewel to your Siſters.
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
To your profeſſed Boſoms I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a betttr place,
So farewel to you both.
Reg. Preſcribe not us our Duty.
Gon. Let your Study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes Alms; you have Obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers Faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come, my fair *Cordelia*. [*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I have to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both,
I think our Father will go hence to Night.

Reg.

Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you; next Month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of Changes his Age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath been little; he always lov'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poor Judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too too groſly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his Age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look from his Age, to receive not alone the Imperfections of long engraffed Condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick Years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s Baniſhment.

Gon. There is further Complement of leave taking, between *France* and him; pray you let us ſit together, if our Father carry Authority with ſuch Diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his Will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' Heat. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Baſtard *with a Letter.*

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſs, to thy Law
My Services are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the Plague of Cuſtom, and permit
The curioſity of Nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve, or fourteen Moonſhines,
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true
As honeſt Madam's Iſſue? why brand they us
With Baſe? with Baſeneſs? Baſtardy? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature, take
More Compoſition, and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull ſtale tired Bed,
Go to th' creating a whole Tribe of Fops
Got 'tween a ſleep, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your Land,
Our Father's Love is to the Baſtard *Edmund*,

As to th'legitimate; fine Word —— legitimate ——
Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall to th'legitimate —— I grow, I proſper;
Now Gods, ſtand up for Baſtards,

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. *Kent* baniſh'd thus! and *France* in Choler parted!
And the King gone to Night! Preſcrib'd his Power,
Confin'd to Exhibition! All this gone
Upon the Gad! —— *Edmund*, how now? what News?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none. [*Putting up the Letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that Letter?

Baſt. I know no News, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible Diſpatch of it into your Pocket? the quality of nothing, hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my Brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it;
The Contents, as in part I underſtand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my Brother's Juſtification, he wrote this but as an Eſſay, or taſte of my Virtue.

Glo. *reads.*] *This Policy, and Reverence of Age, makes the World bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our Fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond Bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged Tyranny, which ſways, not as it hath Power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our Father would ſleep 'till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother.* Edgar. Hum!--- Conſpiracy! —— Sleep 'till I wake him ——— you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue ——— my Son *Edgar!* had he a Hand to write this! A Heart and a Brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Baſt.

Baſt. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the Caſement of my Cloſet.

Glo. You know the Character to be your Brother's?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baſt. It is his Hand, my Lord; I hope this Heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this Buſineſs?

Baſt. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that Sons at perfect Age, and Father's declin'd, the Father ſhould be as Ward to the Son, and the Son manage his Revenue.

Glo. O Villain, Villain! his very Opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villain! unnatural, deteſted, bruitiſh Villain! worſe than bruitiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable Villain! where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your Indignation againſt my Brother, 'till you can derive from him better Teſtimony of his Intent, you ſhould run a certain Courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his Purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your Honour, and ſhake in pieces the Heart of his Obedience. I dare pawn down my Life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my Affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of Danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer this, and by an Auricular Aſſurance have your Satisfaction, and that without any further delay, than this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a Monſter. *Edmund*, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the Buſineſs after your own Wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently; convey the Buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us; though the Wiſdom of Nature can reaſon it

thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent Effects. Love cools, Friendſhip falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Palaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Son and Father. This Villain of mine comes under the Prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from biaſs of Nature, there's Father againſt Child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous Diſorders follow us diſquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully ——and the Noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange, [*Exit.*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the World, that when we are ſick in Fortune, often the Surfeits of our own Behaviour, we make guilty of our Diſaſters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars; as if we were Villains on neceſſity, Fools by Heav'nly Compulſion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Spherical Predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd Obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable Evaſion of Whor-maſter-Man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Star; My Father compounded with my Mother under the Dragon's Tail, and my Nativity was under *Urſa major*, ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been that I am, had the Maidenlieſt Star in the Firmament twinkled on my Baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat! —— he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy; my Cue is villanous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam* ——— O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe Diviſions! Fa, Sol, La, Me ———

Edg. How now, Brother *Edmund*, what ſerious Contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking, Brother, of a Prediction I read this other Day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the Effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily.

When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The Night gone by.

Baſt.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Baſt. Parted you in good Terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by Word, nor Countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethink your ſelf wherein you have offended him: And at my entreaty forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the Miſchief of your Perſon, it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my fear; I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his Rage goes ſlower: And as I ſay, retire with me to my Lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak: Pray you go, there's my Key: If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother!

Baſt. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt Man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard; but faintly; nothing like the Image and Horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Baſt. I do ſerve you in this Buſineſs:
A credulous Father, and a Brother noble,
Whoſe Nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh Honeſty
My Practices ride eaſie: I ſee the Buſineſs.
Let me, if not by Birth, have Lands by Wit,
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit*

SCENE II. *The Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril, *and Steward.*

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his Fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By Day and Night, he wrongs me; every Hour
He flaſhes into one groſs Crime, or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us

On every Trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him, ſay I am Sick,
If you come ſlack of former Services,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary Negligence you pleaſe,
You and your Fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe Mind and mine I know in that are one.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder Looks among you: What grows of it no matter, adviſe your Fellows ſo, I'll write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe: Prepare for Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. If but as well I other Accents borrow,
And can my Speech diſuſe, my good intent
May carry thro' it ſelf to that full Iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of Labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for Dinner, go get it ready: How now, what art thou?

Kent. A Man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? What wouldſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt, to love him that is honeſt, to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little, to fear Judgment, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no Fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted Fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a Subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What wouldſt thou?

Kent.

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, Fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your Countenance, which I would fain call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What Services canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt Counſels, ride, run, marr a curious Tale in telling it, and deliver a plain Meſſage bluntly: That which ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a Woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have Years on my Back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after Dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, Dinner,----where's my Knave? my Fool? go you and call my Fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you——— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole back: Where's my Fool? Ho!----I think the World's aſleep, how now? where's that Mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the Slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwered in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my Judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious Affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general Dependents, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſaiſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken;

miſtaken; for my Duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of my own Conception, I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous Curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my Fool? I have not ſeen him this two Days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into *France*, Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you call hither my Fool; O you Sir, come you hither, Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's Father.

Lear. My Lady's Father? my Lord's Knave, you whorſon Dog, you Slave, you Cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy Looks with me, you Raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtrucken, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his Heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, Fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away, I'll teach you Differences: Away, away, if you will meaſure your Lubbers length again, tarry; but away, go to; have you Wiſdom, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly Knave I thank thee, there's earneſt of thy Service.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb. [*Giving his Cap.*

Lear. How now my pretty Knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my Boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of Favour; nay, and thou canſt not ſmile as the Wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly, there take my Coxcomb; why, this Fellow has baniſh'd

baniſh'd two on's Daughter, and did the third a Bleſſing againſt his Will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my Coxcomb. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombs, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why, my Boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my Coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a Dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whip'd out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by th' Fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a Speech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, Nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt:
Leave thy Drink and thy Whore,
And keep in Door,
And thou ſhalt have more,
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then it is like the Breath of an unfee'd Lawyer, you give me nothing for't, can you make no uſe of nothing, Nuncle?

Lear. Why no, Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, ſo much the Rent of his Land comes to, he will not believe a Fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my Boy, between a bitter Fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an Egg, and I'll give thee two Crowns.

Lear. What two Crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the Egg i'th' middle, and eat up the Meat, the two Crowns of the Egg: When tho

clove[u]ſt

cloveſt thy Crown i'th' middle, and gav'ſt away both parts; thou bor'ſt thine Aſs on thy Back o'er the Dirt; thou hadſt little Wit in thy bald Crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: If I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs Grace in a Year, [Singing.
For Wiſemen are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their Wits to wear,
Their Manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it Nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the Rod, and put'ſt down thine own Breeches, then they

For ſudden Joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for Sorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo peep.
And go the Fools among.

Prithee Nuncle keep a School-Maſter that can teach thy Fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy Daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for Lying, and ſometimes I am whipt, for holding my Peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nuncle; thou haſt pared thy Wit o' both ſides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty Fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a Figure; I am better than thou art now, I am a Fool, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my Tongue, ſo your Face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, Mum, he that keeps nor Cruſt, nor Crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.

That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this, your all-licenc'd Fool,

But

But other of your insolent Retinue
Do hourly Carp and Quarrel, breaking forth
In rank, and not to be endured Riots, Sir.
I had thought by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful
By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your Allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape Censure, nor the Redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholsome weal,
Might in their working do you that Offence,
Which else were Shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it had its Head bit off by its young; so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good Wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These Dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the Cart draws the Horse? Whoop Jug I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his Eyes?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied——Ha! waking!——'Tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. *Lear*'s Shadow.

Lear. Your Name, fair Gentlewoman!-----

Gon. This Admiration, Sir, is much o'th' savour
Of other your new Pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
You, as you are Old and Reverend, should be Wise.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their Manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and Lust
Make it more like a Tavern or a Brothel,
Than a grac'd Palace. The Shame it self doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd,

By

By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs;
A little to diſquantity your Train;
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch Men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themſelves, and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and Devils!
Saddle my Horſes, call my Train together———
Degenerate Baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a Daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my People, and your diſorder'd Rabble make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents———
Is it your will; ſpeak, Sir? Prepare my Horſes---- [*To* Alb.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-monſter.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient,

Lear. Deteſted Kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Goneril.
My Train are Men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of Duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
The worſhips of their Names. O moſt ſmall Fault!
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place; drew from my Heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear!*
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out. Go, go, my People.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord———
Hear Nature, hear, dear Goddeſs, hear?
Suſpend thy Purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this Creature fruitful:
Into her Womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of Increaſe,
And from her derogate Body, never ſpring
A Babe to honour her. If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live;

And

And be a thwart, diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her Brow of Youth,
With cadent Tears fret Chanels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's Pains and Benefits
To Laughter and Contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs Child. Away, away —— [*Exit.*

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of it;
But let his Diſpoſition have that Scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight? ——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee ---- Life and Death, I am aſham'd.
That thou haſt power to ſhake my Manhood thus,
That theſe hot Tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them ---- Blaſts and Fogs upon thee;
Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curſe
Pierce every Senſe about thee. Old fond Eyes,
Beweep her once again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you with the Waters that you loſe
To temper Clay. Ha! Let it be ſo ——
I have another Daughter,
Who I am ſure is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy Wolviſh Viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Exit* Lear *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great Love I bear you.

Gon. Pray you be content. What, *Oſwald*, ho!
You, Sir, more Knave than Fool, after your Maſter.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a Daughter,
Should ſure to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This Man hath had good Counſel, —— a hundred Knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe to let him keep
At point a hundred Knights; yes, that on every Dream,
Each buz, each Fancy, each Complaint, Diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their Powers,
And hold our lives in Mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may fear too fear; ——

Gon. Safer than truſt too far;
Let me ſtill take away the harms I far,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his Heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my Siſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him, and his hundred Knights
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs ——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald*?
What, have you writ that Letter to my Siſter?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome Company, and away to Horſe,
Inform her full of my particular Fear,
And thereto add ſuch Reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And haſten your return. No, no, my Lord,
[*Exit Steward.*
This milky Gentleneſs, and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet under Pardon
You are much more at Task for want of Wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful Mildneſs.

Alb. How far your Eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then ——

Alb. Well, well, the 'vent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman, and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your Letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a Man's Brains were in his Heels, wer't not in danger of Kibes?

Lear. Ay Boy.

Fool. Then I prethee be merry, thy Wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crab's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell, Boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a Crab do's to a Crab; canſt thou tell why ones Noſe ſtands i'th' middle on's Face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep ones Eyes of either ſide one's Noſe; that what a Man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his Shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail has a Houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's Head in, not to give it away to his Daughters, and leave his Horns without a Caſe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father! Be my Horſes ready?

Fool. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeven Stars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty Reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed; thou wouldſt make a good Fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce ------ Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my Fool, Nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhouldſt not have been Old, 'till thou hadſt been Wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet Heaven! keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are the Horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord,
Lear. Come, Boy.
Fool. She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Gloſter.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, *ſeverally.*

Baſt. SAVE thee, *Curan.*
Cur. And you, Sir, I have been
With your Father, and given him Notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs
Will be here with him this Night.
Baſt. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not; you have heard of the News abroad, I mean the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but Ear-kiſſing Arguments.
Baſt. Not I; pray you what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely Wars toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*
Baſt. The Duke be here to Night! the better, beſt,
This weaves it ſelf perforce into my Buſineſs.
My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy Queſtion
Which I muſt act; briefneſs, and Fortune work.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, deſcend, Brother, I ſay,
My Father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night-----
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall*?

He's

He's coming hither, now i'th' Night, i'th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him ; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany* ?
Adviſe your ſelf.
Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.
Baſt. I hear my Father coming, pardon me ——
In cunning, I muſt draw my Sword upon you ——
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf.
Now quit you well ——
Yield —— come before my Father —— light hoa, here,
Fly, Brother ---- Torches! --- ſo farewel ---- [*Exit* Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget Opinion
[*Wounds his Arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have ſeen Drunkards
Do more than this in Sport; Father! Father!
Siop, ſtop, no help ? ——
Enter Gloſter, *and Servants with Torches.*
Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the Villain ?
Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the Moon
To ſtand his auſpicious Miſtreſs.
Glo. But where is he ?
Baſt. Look, Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the Villain, *Edmund* ?
Baſt. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could ----
Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no means, what? ---
Baſt. Perſwade me to the Murther of your Lordſhip ;
But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainſt Parricides did all the Thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell Motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided Body, launcht mine Arm ;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed Spirits,
Bold in the Quarrels right, rouz'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the Noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far ;
Not in this Land ſhall he remain uncaught

And found; Diſpatch, the Noble Duke, my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to Night,
By his Authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our Thanks,
Bringing the murtherous Coward to the Stake:
He that conceals him, Death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt Speech
I threatned to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the Repoſal
Of any Truſt, Virtue, or Worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, by what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'd turn it all
To thy Suggeſtion, Plot, and damned Practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the World,
If they not thought the Profits of my Death
Were very pregnant and potential Spirits
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villain!
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Hark, the Duke's Trumpets! I know not why he comes----
All Ports I'll bar, the Villain ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides his Picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due Note of him; and of my Land,
Loyal and natural Boy, I'll work the Means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble Friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrangeneſs.

Reg. If it be true, all Vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old Heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Father's Godſon ſeek your Life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not Companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?

Glo.

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Baſt. Yes, Madam, he was of that Conſort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old Man's Death,
To have th'expence and waſte of Revenues;
I have this preſent Evening from my Siſter
Been well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my Houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your Father
A Child-like Office.
Baſt. It is my Duty, Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his Practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he purſued?
Glo. Ay, my good Lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe; as for you, *Edmund*,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth, this inſtant,
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Nature's of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.
Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir, truly, how ever elſe.
Glo. For him I thank your Grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you----
Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding dark-ey'd night?
Occaſions, noble *Gloſter*, of ſome Prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your Advice ——
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of Differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeveral Meſſengers
From hence attend Diſpatch. Our good old Friend
Lay Comforts to your Boſom, and beſtow
Your needful Counſel to our Buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.
Glo. I ſerve you, Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent, *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, Friend, art of this Houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our Horſes?

Kent. I'th' Mire.

Stew. Prithee if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Raſcal, an eater of broken Meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred pound, filthy Wooſted-ſtocking Knave, a Lilly-livered, Action-taking, whorſon Glaſs-gazing, Super-ſerviceable finical Rogue, one-Trunk-inheriting Slave; one that wouldſt be a Bawd in way of good Service, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pander, and the Son and Heir of a Mungril Bitch; one whom I will beat into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt Syllable of thy Addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two Days ſince I tript up thy Heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw you Rogue, for though it be Night, yet the Moon ſhines; I'll make a Sop o'th' Moonſhine of you, you whorſon Culleinly Barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you Raſcal; you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, againſt the Royalty of her Father; draw, you Rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your Shanks —— draw, you Raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! Murther! help! ——

Kent. Strike you Slave; ſtand, Rogue, ſtand you neat Slave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew.

Stew. Help ho! Murther, murther!———

Enter Baſtard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, *and Servants.*

Baſt. How now, what's the Matter? Part———

Kent. With you, goodman Boy, if you pleaſe, come, I'll fleſh ye, come on young Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Arms? what's the Matter here?

Corn. Keep Peace upon your Lives, he dies that ſtrikes again, what is the Matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your Valour, you cowardly Raſcal, Nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: A Tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange Fellow, a Tailor make a Man?

Kent. A Tailor, Sir? a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two Years o'th' Trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel?

Stew. The ancient Ruffian, Sir, whoſe Life I have ſpar'd at ſute of his gray beard———

Kent. Thou whorſon Zed! thou unneceſſary Letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted Villain into Mortar, and daub the Wall of a Jakes with him. Spare my gray Beard, you wag-tail!----

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly Knave, know you no Reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a Slave as this ſhould wear a Sword,
Who wears no Honeſty: Such ſmiling Rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy Cords a-twain,
Which art t'intrince, t'unlooſe: Smooth every Paſſion
That in the Natures of their Lords rebel,
Being Oil to Fire, Snow to their colder Moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their Halcyon beaks,
With every gale, and vary of their Maſters,
Knowing nought, like Dogs, but following:
A plague upon your Epileptick Viſage,

Smile

Smile you my Speeches, as I were a Fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plain,
I'll drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.
Corn. What art thou mad, old Fellow?
Glo. How fell you out, ſay that?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I, and ſuch a Knave.
Corn. Why doſt thou call him Knave? What is his Fault?
Kent. His Countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain,
I have ſeen better Faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any Shoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.
Corn. This is ſome Fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntleſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honeſt Mind, and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
And they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainneſs,
Harbour more Craft, and more corrupter Ends,
Then twenty filly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their Duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th'allowance of your great Aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radiant Fire,
Or flicking *Phœbus* front———
Corn. What mean'ſt by this?
Kent. To go out of my Dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much; I know, Sir, I am no Flatterer, he that beguil'd you in a plain Accent, was a plain Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.
Corn. What was th' Offence you gave him?
Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter, very lately,
To ſtrike at me upon his Miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his Diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,

And

And put upon him ſuch a deal of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelf-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead Exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards,
But *Ajax* is their Fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You ſtubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart,
We'll teach you.
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe Imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall do ſmall Reſpects, ſhew too bold Malice,
Againſt the Grace and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have Life and Honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till Noon.
Reg. 'Till Noon! 'till Night my Lord, and all Night too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's Dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.
Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*
Corn. This is a Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Colour,
Our Siſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter needs muſt take it ill,
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
To have him thus reſtrained.
Corn. I'll anſwer that. [Kent *is put in the Stocks.*
Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.
Corn. Come, my Lord, away. [*Exit.*
Glo. I am ſorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe Diſpoſition all the World well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtopt, I'll intreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not, Sir, I have watch'd and travel'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good Man's fortune may grow out at Heels;
Give you good Morrow.
Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*
Kent.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common Saw,
Thou out of Heav'ns Benediction com'ſt
To the warm Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beams I may
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees Miracles
But Miſery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
For this enormous State, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their Remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy Eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful Lodging. Fortune, good Night,
Smile once more, turn thy Wheel. [*He ſleeps.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I have heard my ſelf proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no Place
That guard, and moſt unuſual Vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerve my ſelf: And am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt Shape
That every penury in Contempt of Man,
Brought near to Beaſt: My Face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in knots,
And with preſented Nakedneſs out-face
The Winds, and perſecutions of the Sky.
The Country gives me proof and preſident
Of Bedlam Beggars, who with roaring Voices
Strike in their numm'd and mortified Arms,
Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Roſemary;
And with this horrible Object, from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheeps-coats, and Mills,
Sometimes with Lunatick Bans, ſometimes with Prayers,
Inforce their Charity: Poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my Meſſenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The Night before, there was no purpoſe in them

Of

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, Noble Maſter.

Lear. Ha, make'ſt thou this Shame thy Paſtime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears Crewel Garters; Horſes are ty'd by the Heads, Dogs and Bears by th' Neck, Monkeys by th' Loins, and Men by th' Legs; when a Man is over-luſty at Legs, then he wears wooden nether Stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear ay.

Lear. They durſt not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than Murther,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs Letters to them,
E'er I was riſen from the Place, that ſhewed
My Duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtreſs, Salutation;
Deliver'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on thoſe Contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtraight took Horſe,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leiſure of their Anſwer, gave me cold Looks,
And meeting here the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiv'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very Fellow which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſs,
Having more Man than Wit about me, I drew;

He

He rais'd the Houſe, with loud and coward cries,
Your Son and Daughter found this Treſpaſs worth
The Shame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild Geeſe fly that way
Fathers that wear Rags do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that bear Bags, ſhall ſee their Children kind.
Fortune, that arrant Whore, ne'er turns the Key to th' Poor.
But for all this thou ſhalt have as many dolours for thy dear
Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a Year,

Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwells up toward my Heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down thou climbing Sorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more Offence,
But what you ſpeak of.

Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a Number?

Fool. And thou hadſt been ſet i'th' Stocks for that Queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerv'd it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to School to an Ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i'th' Winter. All that follow their Noſes, are led by their Eyes, but blind Men; and there's not a Noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking---- Let go thy hold, when a great Wheel runs down a Hill, leſt it break thy Neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe Man gives thee better Counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but Knaves follow it, ſince a Fool gives it.
That, Sir, which ſerves and ſeeks for Gain,
And follows but for Form;
Will pack when it begins to Rain,
And leave thee in a Storm,
And I will tarry, the Fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe Man fly:
The Knave turns Fool that runs away,
The Fool no Knave perdy.

Enter Lear *and* Gloſter.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, Fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, Fool.

Lear.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they are ſick, they are weary?
They have travell'd all the Night? meer fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better Anſwer———
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is,
In his own courſe.
Lear. Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confuſion!---
Fiery? what quality? why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his Wife.
Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, Man?
Glo. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeak, Commands tends Service,
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!——
Fiery? the fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that———
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all Office,
Whereto our Health is bound, we are not our ſelves,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the Mind
To ſuffer with the Body; I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound Man. Death on my State; wherefore
Should he ſit here? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only, give me my Servant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's Wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now preſently---Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,
'Till it cry Sleep to Death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*
Lear. Oh me, my Heart! my riſing Heart! but down.
Fool. Cry to it, Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the Eels, when he put them i'th' Paſte alive, he knapt 'em o'th' Coxcombs with a Stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'twas his

his Brother, that in pure kindneſs to his Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good Morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace. [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.

Lear. Regan, I think you are, I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb,
Sepulchring an Adultereſs. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan,*
Thy Siſter's naught: Oh *Regan,* ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a Vulture here;
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality---Oh *Regan!*-----

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience, I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her Duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?-----

Reg. I cannot think my Siſter in the leaſt
Would fail her Obligation. If, Sir, perchance
She have reſtrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch Ground, and to ſuch wholeſom end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My Curſes on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your State
Better than you your ſelf; Therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the Houſe?
Dear Daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: On my Knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me Raiment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly Tricks:
Return you to my Siſter.

Lear. Never, *Regan*:
She hath abated me of half my Train;

Look'd

Look'd black upon me, ſtruck me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of Heav'n fall
On her ingrateful top: Strike her young bones,
You taking Airs, with Lameneſs.
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful Eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall, and bliſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; Her Eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my Pleaſures, to cut off my Train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Child-hood,
Effects of Courteſie; and Dues of Gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*
Lear. Who put my Man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſter's: This approves her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwells in the ſickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heav'ns!
If you do love old Men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send down and take my part.

Art not asham'd to look upon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the Hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough! Will you yet hold?
How came my Man i'th' Stocks?
Corn. I set him there, Sir: But his own Disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your Month,
You will return and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision,
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty Men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th' Air,
To be a Comerade with the Wolf and Owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch—— Return with her?
Why? The hot-bloody'd *France*, that Dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like Pension beg,
To keep base Life a-foot; return with her?
Perswade me rather to be Slave and Sumpter
To this detested Groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I prithee, Daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my Child. Farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another,
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; Thou art a Bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-Bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,

I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear, Sir, to my Siſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo———
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: How in one houſe
Should many People, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack ye
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
For now I ſpy a danger, I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all———
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depoſitaries,
But keep a reſervation to be followed
With ſuch a number; What muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do look well-favour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many,
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reaſon not the need: Our baſeſt Beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;

Allow not Nature, more than Nature needs,
Man's Life is cheap as Beasts. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You Heav'ns, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old Man,
As full of Grief as Age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stir these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, fool me not so much,
To bear it tamely: Touch me with noble Anger,
And let not Womens weapons, water drops,
Stain my Man's cheeks. No, you unnatural Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the World shall —— I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the Earth; you think I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep, I have full cause of weeping.
[*Storm and Tempest.*
But this Heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O Fool, I shall go mad. [*Exeunt.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storm.

Reg. This House is little, the old Man and's People
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd;
Where is my Lord of *Gloster?*

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old Man forth; he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the Night comes on: and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful Men,

The

The injuries that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their School-Maſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his Ear abus'd, Wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild Night.
My *Regan* Counſels well: Come out o'th' Storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Heath.*

A Storm is heard with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

Kent. WHo's there beſides foul weather? (quietly.
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt un-
Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful Elements;
Bids the wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall:*
Who have, as who have not, that their great Stars
Thron'd and ſet high, Servants who ſeem no leſs,
Which are to *France* the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings——
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more

Than my out-wall; open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As fear not but you ſhall, ſhew her that Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this Fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this ſtorm,
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That when we have found the King; in which your pain
That way, I'll this: He that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt.*

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear, *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow Winds, and crack your Cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's ſpout,
'Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oak-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick Rotundity o'th' World,
Crack Nature's moulds, all Germains ſpill at once
That makes ingrateful Man.

Fool. O Nuncle, Court-holy-water in a dry Houſe, is better than the Rain-water out o' door. Good Nuncle, in, ask thy Daughter's bleſſing; here's a Night pities neither Wiſe-men, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy Belly full, ſpit Fire, ſpout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I tax not you, you Elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children,
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;——Here I ſtand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old Man:
But yet I call you ſervile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters join
Your high-engender'd Battels, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a Houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-piece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any:
The head, and he ſhall Lowſe; ſo Beggars marry many.

That

That Man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a Corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair Woman, but ſhe made mouths in a Glaſs.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all Patience.
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir, are you here? things that love Night,
Love not ſuch Nights as theſe: the wrathful Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their Caves: Since I was Man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring Wind, and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art inceſtuous; Caitiff, to pieces ſhake
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Has practis'd on Man's life. Cloſe pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful Summoners grace. I am a Man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Hovel,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard Houſe
(More harder than the Stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on my Boy. How doſt my Boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelf. Where is this Straw, my Fellow

The art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your Hovel;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has and a little tyne wit,*
With heigh ho, the Wind and the Rain,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy: come bring us to this Hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. This is a brave Night to cool a Curtizan:
I'll ſpeak a Prophecy e'er I go;
When Prieſts are more in words, than matter,
When Brewers marr their Malt with Water;
When Nobles are their Tailors Tutors,
No Hereticks burn'd, but wenches Suitors,
When every Caſe in Law is right,
No Squire in Debt, nor no poor Knight,
When Slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs,
When Uſurers tell their Gold i'th' field,
And Bawds and Whores do Churches build;
Then ſhall the Realm of *Albion* come to great confuſion,
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This Prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make,
For I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Gloſter *and* Baſtard.

Glo. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own Houſe, charg'd me on pain of perpetual Diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnatural.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have received a Letter this Night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Cloſet, theſe Injuries the King now

now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my Charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to Bed, if I die for it, as no leſs is threatned me, the King my old Maſter muſt he relieved. There is ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be careful. [*Exit.*

Baſt. This Courteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my Father loſes; no leſs than all,
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord, good my Lord, enter,
The Tyranny of the open Night's too rough
For Nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my Heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own; good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the Skin ſo; 'tis to thee;
But where the greater Malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Bear,
But if thy flight light toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meet the Bear i'th' Mouth; when the Mind's free,
The Body's delicate; the tempeſt in my Mind,
Doth from my Senſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this Mouth ſhould tear his Hand
For lifting food to't?——But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more——In ſuch a Night,
To ſhut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a Night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,

Your

Your old kind Father, whoſe frank Heart gave all——
O that way madneſs lyes, let me ſhun that,
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This Tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but I'll go in,
In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs Poverty—— [*Exit Fool.*
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep——
Poor naked Wretches, where ſo e'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs Storm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs Heads, and unfed ſides,
Your lop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have ta'en
Too little care of this; take Phyſick, Pomp,
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel, what Wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the Superflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a Madman and Fool.*

Edg. Fathom and half, Fathom and half! poor *Tom.*

Fool. Come not in here Nuncle, here's a Spirit, help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy Hand, who's there?

Fool. A Spirit, a Spirit, he ſays his Name's poor *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th' Straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me, through the ſharp Hawthorn blow the Winds. Humph, go to thy Bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirlpool, o'er Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue; ſet Ratsbane by his Porredge, made him proud of Heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horſe, over four arch'd Bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a Traitor, bleſs thy five Wits, *Tom*'s a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bleſs thee from Whirle-winds, Star-blaſting, and taking, do

poor

poor *Tom* ſome Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this paſs? Could ſt thou ſave nothing? would'ſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a Blanket, elſe we had been all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the Plagues that in the pendulous Air Hang fated o'er Mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters, Sir,

Lear. Death, Traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd Nature To ſuch a Lowneſs, but his unkind Daughters. Is it the Faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers? Should have thus little mercy on their Fleſh: Judicious Puniſhment, 'twas this Fleſh begot Thoſe Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock-hill, alow; alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold Night will turn us all to Fools, and Madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul Fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy word, do Juſtice, ſwear not, commit not with Man's ſworn Spouſe; ſet not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A Servingman, proud in Heart, and Mind: That curl'd my Hair, wore Gloves in my Cap, ſerv'd the Luſt of my Miſtreſs Heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her. Swore as many Oaths, as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet Face of Heav'n. One, that ſlept in the contriving of Luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I dearly; Dice dearly; and in Woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of Heart, light of Ear, bloody handed. Hog in ſloth, Fox in ſtealth, Wolf in greedineſs, Dog in madneſs, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of Shooes, nor the ruſtling of Silks, betray thy poor Heart to Woman. Keep thy Foot out of Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Lenders Books, and defie the foul Fiend. Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind: Says ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſſey*: Let him trot by.

[*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd Body, this extremity of the Skies. Is Man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the Worm no Silk, the Beaſt no Hide, the Sheep no Wool, the Cat no perfume. Ha! Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelf; unaccommodated Man, is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his Cloaths.*

Enter Gloſter *with a Torch.*

Fool. Prethee Nuncle be contented; 'tis a naughty Night to ſwim in. Now a little Fire in a wild Field, were like an old Letcher's Heart, a ſmall Spark, and all the reſt on's Body, cold; look, here comes a walking Fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walks at firſt Cock; he gives the Web and the Pin, ſquints the Eye, and makes the Hair-lip; Mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

Swithold *footed thrice the old;*
He met the Night-Mare, and her Ninefold,
Bid her alight, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that Eats the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pol; the Wall-neut, and the Water-neut; that in the fury of his Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, Eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-dog; drinks the green Mantle of the ſtanding Pool; Who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: Who hath three Suits to his Back, ſix Shirts to his Body;

Horſe to ride, and Weapon to wear;
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Dear,
Have been Tom's *food for ſeven long Year;*

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better Company?

Edg.

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a Gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our Fleſh and Blood, my Lord, is grown ſo vile, that it doth hate what it gets.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T'obey in all your Daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my Doors,
And let this tyrannous Night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come to ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this Philoſopher;
What is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good, my Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' Houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned *Theban:*
What is your Study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord,
His wits being t'unſettle.

Glo. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His Daughters ſeek his death: Ah, that good *Kent!*
He ſaid it would be thus; poor baniſh'd Man.
Thou ſayeſt the King grows mad, I'll tell thee, Friend,
I am almoſt mad my ſelf, I had a Son,
Now out-law'd from my Blood, he ſought my Life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, Friend,
No Father his Son dearer: True to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my Wits. What a Night's this?
I do beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, Fellow, there, into th'Hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good, my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the Fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; Go along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the Blood of a *Britiſh* Man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall *and Baſtard.*

Corn. I will have revenge, e'er I depart his Houſe.

Baſt. How, my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brother's evil Diſpoſition made him ſeek his Death: But a provoking Merit ſet a work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Baſt. How malicious is my Fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? This is the Letter which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* O Heav'ns! That this Treaſon were not; or not I the Detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty Buſineſs in Hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloſter:* Seek out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his Suſpicion more fully. I will perſevere in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my Blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dear Father in my Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber.*

Enter Kent *and* Gloſter.

Glo. Here is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent.

Kent. All the power of his Wits, have given way to his Impatience: The Gods reward your Kindneſs.

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſs: Pray Innocent, and beware the foul Fiend.

Fool. Prithee, Nuncle, tell me, whether a Madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Son: For he's a Yeoman that ſees his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning Spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleſs thy five Wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to remain?

Edg. My Tears begin to take his part ſo much
They mar my Counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little Dogs and all,
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*; ſee, they bark at me——

Edg. Tom will throw his Head at them; avaunt, you Curs!
Be thy Mouth or black or white,
Tooth that Poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, Grey-hound, Mungril grim,
Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym;
Or Bobtail tike, or Trundle tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail,
For with throwing thus my Head;
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: Seſe; come, march to Wakes and Fairs,
And Market Towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry. [*Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*——See what breeds about her Heart——Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard Hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your Garments. You will ſay they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lye here, and reſt a while.

Lear.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtains: So, ſo, we'll go to Supper i'th' Morning.

Fool. And I'll go to Bed at Noon.

Glo. Come hither, Friend; where is the King, my Maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his Wits are gone.

Glo. Good Friend, I prithee take him in thy Arms;
I have o'er-heard a Plot of death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward *Dover*, Friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy Maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an Hour, his Life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct. Come, come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, *Baſtard, and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your Husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of *France* is landed; ſeek out the Traitor *Gloſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his Eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keep you our Siſter Company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate Preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel dear Siſter, farewel my Lord of *Gloſter.*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* had convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at Gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get Horſes for your Miſtreſs.

Gon.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and Siſter. [*Exeunt.*

Corn. Edmund farewel: go ſeek the Traitor *Gloſter*,
Pinion him like a Thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of Juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a court'ſie to our wrath, which Men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter Gloſter *Priſoner, and Servants.*

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful Fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky Arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces?
Good my Friends, conſider you are my Gueſts:
Do me no foul play, Friends,

Corn. Bind him I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard; O filthy Traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful Lady, as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this Chair bind him,
Villain, thou ſhalt find.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glo. Naughty Lady,
Theſe Hairs which thou do'ſt raviſh from my Chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what Letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what Confederacy have you with the Traitors
Late footed in the Kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands
You have ſent the Lunatick King? ſpeak.

Glo. I have a Letter gueſſingly ſet down
Which came from one that's of a neutral Heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Waſt thou not charg'd at peril?——
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* Let him anſwer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel Nails
Pluck out his poor old Eyes; nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Anointed Fleſh, ſtick boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare Head,
In Hell-black-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Steeled fires:
Yet poor old Heart, he holp the Heav'ns to rain.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, good Porter turn the Key;
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance overtake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows hold the Chair.
Upon theſe Eyes of thine, I'll ſet my foot.
[Gloſter *is held down while* Cornwall *treads out one of his Eyes.*
Glo. He that will think to live, 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help,—— O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee Vengeance——
Ser. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a Child:
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you Dog?
Ser. If you did wear a Beard upon your Chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villain! [*Fight, in the ſcuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*
Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. A Peaſant ſtand up thus?
[*Kills him.*
Ser. Oh, I am ſlain —— my Lord, you have one Eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh—— [*Dies.*
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; Out vild gelly:
Where is thy luſter now? [*Treads out the other Eye.*
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs——
Where's my Son *Edmund?*

Edmund,

Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of Nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out treacherous Villain,
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the Overture of thy Treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Go thruſt him out at Gates, and let him ſmell
His way to *Dover*. [*Exit with* Gloſter.
How is't my Lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady——
Turn out that Eyeleſs Villain; throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghil——*Regan*, I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SENE I.

SCENE *An open Country.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt:
The loweſt, and moſt deject thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial Air that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to my blaſts.
Enter Gloſter, *led by an old Man.*
But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O World!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to Age.
Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
And your Father's Tenant, theſe fourſcore Years.
Glo. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,

Thy Comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no Eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our means ſecure us, and our meer defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh dear Son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed Father's wrath:
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay I had Eyes again.
Old Man. How now? who's there?
Edg. O gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.
Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glo. Is it a Beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and Beggar too.
Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt Night's ſtorm, I ſuch a Fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worm. My Son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I have heard more ſince:
As Flies to th' wanton Boys, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play the Fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelf, and others. Bleſs thee Maſter.
Glo. Is that the naked Fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my Lord.
Glo. Get thee away: if for my ſake
Thou wilt o'er-take us hence a Mile or twain
I'th' way toward *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked Soul,
Which I'll intreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack Sir, he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when Madmen lead the Blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'Parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked Fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither Fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt;
Bleſs thy ſweet Eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both Stile, and Gate, Horſe-way, and Foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee good Man's Son, from the foul Fiend.

Glo. Here take this Purſe, thou whom the Heav'ns plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heav'ns deal ſo ſtill;
Let the ſuperfluous, and the Luſt-dieted Man,
That ſlaves your Ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each Man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover?*

Edg. Ay Maſter.

Glo. There is a Cliff, whoſe high and bending Head
Looks fearfully on the confined Deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou do'ſt bear
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no lending need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *Baſtard, and Steward.*

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marvel our mild Husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?

Stew. Madam within, but never Man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed;
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of *Gloſter*'s Treachery,
And of the Loyal ſervice of his Son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his Spirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his Powers.
I muſt change Names at home, and give the Diſtaff
Into my Husband's hands. This truſty Servant
Shall paſs between us: e'er long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A Miſtreſſes command. Wear this; ſpare Speech,
Decline your Head. This Kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy Spirits up into the Air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Baſt. Yours in the ranks of Death.

Gon. My moſt dear *Gloſter*. [*Exit Baſtard.*
Oh, the difference of Man, and Man!
To thee a Woman's ſervices are due,
My Fool uſurps my Body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh *Goneril*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your Face.

Gon. Milk-liver'd Man,
That bear'ſt a Cheek for blows, a Head of wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy brows an Eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering.

Alb. See thy ſelf, Devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the Fiend
So horrid as in Woman.

Gon. Oh vain Fool.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead,
Slain by his Servant, going to put out
The other Eye of *Gloſter*.

Alb. *Gloſter*'s Eyes?

Meſ.

Meſ. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his Sword
To his great Maſter: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You Juſtices, that theſe our neither crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor *Gloſter!*
Loſt he his other Eye?

Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy Anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being Widow, and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The News is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his Son, when they did take his Eyes?

Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Meſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the Houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. *Gloſter*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine Eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Camp.*

Enter Cordelia, *Gentlemen and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now
As made the vext Sea, ſinging aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow Flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corn. A Century ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown Field,

And bring him to our Eye. What can Man's wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved Senſe? He that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There are means, Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the Eye of Anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Virtues of the Earth
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good Man's deſire: ſeek, ſeek for him,
Leſt his ungovern'd rage, diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam,
The *Britiſh* Powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear Father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My mourning, and importun'd tears hath pitied.
No blown Ambition doth our Arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our Ag'd Father's Right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Regan's *Palace.*

Enter Regan, *and Steward.*

Reg. But are my Brother's Powers ſet forth?

Stew. Ay Madam.

Reg. Himſelf in Perſon there?

Stew. Madam, with much adoe
Your Siſter is the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my Siſter's Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious Matter.
It was great ignorance, *Gloſter*'s Eyes being out
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All Hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone

In

In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreover to descry
The strength o'th' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our Troops set forth to morrow, stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in his business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund?*
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what —— I'll love thee much ——
Let me unseal the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather ——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To Noble *Edmund.* I know you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: You're; I know't;
Therefore I do advise you take this Note,
My Lord is dead; *Edmund,* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your Lady's: You may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind Traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Country.*

Enter Gloster *and* Edgar.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that same Hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the Sea?

Glo.

Glo. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your Eyes anguiſh.
Glo. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter than thou didſt.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glo. Methinks you're better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on, Sir,
Here's the place; ſtand ſtill. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt ones Eyes ſo low!
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway air
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The Fiſher-men that walk upon the beach,
Appear like Mice; and yond tall Anchoring Bark,
Diminiſh'd to her Cock; her Cock, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' unnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foot of th' extream Verge:
For all beneath the Moon would not I leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Here Friend's, another purſe, in it, a Jewel
Well worth a poor Man's taking. Fairies, and gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To

To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of Nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him.
Now Fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*
Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſure of Life, when Life it ſelf
Yields to the Theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been paſt. Alive, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir! Friend! here, you Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed——yet he revives.
What are you Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been ought but Gozemore, Feathers and Air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thoud'ſt ſhiver'd like an Egg: but thou doſt breath;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten Maſts at leaſt, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fallen;
Thy Life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread Summet of this Chalky Bourn
Look up, a height, the ſhrill gor'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: Do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no Eyes;
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit
To end it ſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo---How is't? Feel you your Legs? You ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the Crown o'th' Cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought his Eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Horns walk'd, and wav'd like the enraged Sea;
It was ſome Fiend: therefore thou happy Father,
Think that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours

Of

Of Mens impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it ſelf
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a Man: often 'twould ſay
The Fiend, the Fiend——he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The ſafer Senſe will ne'er accommodate
His Maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for Coyning, I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that reſpect. There's your Preſs-mony. That Fellow handles his Bow like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Clothier's Yard. Look, look, a Mouſe. Peace, Peace, this piece of toaſted Cheeſe will do't——There's my Gauntlet, I'll prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the brown Bills. O well flown Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that Voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white Beard? They flatter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs in my Beard, e'er the black ones were there. To ſay Ay, and No, to every thing that I ſaid——Ay and No too, was no good Divinity. When the Rain came to wet me once, and Wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not Men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'Tis a Lie, I am not Ague proof.

Glo. The trick of that Voice, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the Subject quakes.
I pardon that Man's Life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die: die for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded Flie
Do's letcher in my ſight. Let Copulation thrive;

For

For *Gloſter*'s Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Than my Daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't Luxury pell-mell, for I lack Soldiers.
Behold yon ſimpering Dame, whoſe face, between her Forks, preſages Snow; that minces Virtue, and do's ſhake the Head to hear of Pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor the ſoyled Horſe goes to't with a more riotous Appetite: down from the waſte they are Centaures, though Women all above: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's Hell, there's Darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous Pit, Burning, Scalding, Stench, Conſumption: Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce of Civet; good Apothecary ſweeten my Imagination: There's Mony for thee.

Glo. O let me kiſs that Hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of Mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of Nature, this great World
Shall ſo wear out to naught. Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine Eyes well enough: do'ſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy Letters Suns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;
It is, and my Heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this Caſe of Eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No Eyes in your Head, nor no Mony in your Purſe? Your Eyes are in heavy caſe, your Purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this World goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A Man may ſee how this World goes, with no Eyes. Look with thine Ears: See how yond Juſtice rails upon yond ſimple Thief. Hark in thine Ear: Change places, and Handy-dandy, which is the Juſtice, which is the Thief: Thou haſt ſeen a Farmer's Dog bark at a Beggar?

Glo. Ay Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'ſt behold the great image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcal Beadle, hold thy bloody Hand: why do'ſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy own Back, thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind, for which thou

thou whip'ſt her. The Uſurer hangs the Cozener.
Thorough tatter'd Cloaths, great Vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd Gowns hide all. Place Sins with Gold,
And the ſtrong Lance of Juſtice, hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in Rags, and Pigmy's Straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay none, I'll able 'em;
Take that of me my Friend, who have the power
To ſeal the Accuſer's lips. Get thee Glaſs Eyes,
And like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou do'ſt not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſs.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my Eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloſter*;
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the Air
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Mark——

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great Stage of Fools. This a good block!——
It were a delicate Stratagem to ſhooe
A Troop of Horſe with felt: I'll put't in proof,
And when I have ſtoll'n upon theſe Son-in-Laws;
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
You moſt dear Daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? what, a Priſoner? I am even
The natural Fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to th' Brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelf?
Why, this would make a Man, a Man of Salt;
To uſe his Eyes for Garden-water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug Bridegroom. What? I will be Jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent.

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeems Nature from the general curſe,
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?
Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a Battel toward.
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Every one hears that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour:
How near's the other Army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main diſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir, that's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her Army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*
Edg. I thank you, Sir.
Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.
Edg. Well pray you, Father.
Glo. Now good Sir, what are you?
Edg. A moſt poor Man, made tame to Fortune's blows,
Who, by the Art of known, and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good Pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty, and the benizon of Heav'n
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize; moſt happy;
That Eyeleſs Head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my Fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.
Stew. Wherefore, bold Peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his Fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his Arm.

Edg.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, Slave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my Life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old Man: Keep out che vor'ye, or ice try whether your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out Dunghil.

Edg. Child pick your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your ſoyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave thou haſt ſlain me: Villain, take my Purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my Body,
And give the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter*: ſeek him out
Upon the *Engliſh* Party. Oh untimely death, death--- [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable Villain;
As duteous to the Vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my Friends: he's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let us ſee——
By your leave, gentle wax, and manners——blame us not,
To know our Enemies minds, we rip their Hearts,
Their Papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If he return the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his Bed, my Gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and ſupply the place of our Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant, Gonerill.

Oh indiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of Woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous Husband's Life,
And the exchange my Brother: here, in the Sands

Thee

Thee I'll rake up, the Poſt unſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious Paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſs, I can tell.
Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile Senſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my Thoughts be ſever'd from my Griefs,
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The Knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum.
Come, Father, I'll beſtow you with a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Gentleman.*

Cor. O thou good *Kent*, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? My Life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is o'erpaid,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known ſhortens my made intent,
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time, and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th' untun'd and jarring Senſes, O wind up,
Of this Child-changed Father.

Gent. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?
Enter Lear *in a Chair, carried by Servants.*
Gent. Ay Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh Garments on him,
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his Temperance.
Cor. O my dear Father, Reſtauration hang
Thy Medicine on my lips, and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two Siſters
Have in thy Reverence made.
Kent. Kind and dear Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their Father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this Face
To be oppos'd againſt the jarring winds?
Mine Enemies Dog, though he had bit me,
Should have ſtood that Night againſt my fire:
And waſt thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,
In ſhort, and muſty Straw? alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeak to him.
Gent. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royal Lord?
How fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' Grave;
Thou art a Soul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a Spirit I know, when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide——
Gent. He's ſcarce awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been?
Where am I? fair day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee.

I feel this Pin prick, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition,
Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me,
You muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old Man,
Fourſcore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor leſs: And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this Man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not theſe Garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt Night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a Man, I think this Lady
To be my Child *Cordelia.*
Cor. And ſo I am; I am——
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes faith; I pray you weep not.
If you have Poiſon for me, I will drink it;
I know you do not love me, for your Siſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in *France?*
Kent. In your own Kingdom, Sir.
Lear. Do not abuſe me.
Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to go in,
Trouble him no more 'till further ſettling.
Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?
Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

Enter Baſtard, Regan, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Baſt. KNow of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is advis'd by ought
To change the courſe; he's full of alteration,
And ſelf reproving; bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our Siſter's Man is certainly miſcarried.
Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my Siſter?
Baſt. In hpnour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brother's way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine Honour, Madam.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Fear not, ſhe and the Duke her Husband——
Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*
Alb. Our very loving Siſter, well be met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemy:
For theſe Domeſtick, and particular Broils,
Are not the queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancient of War
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray go with us.
Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet Albany. *Enter* Edgar.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had Speech with Man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you, ſpeak.

Edg. Before you fight the Battel, ope this Letter.
If you have Victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the World hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the Herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy Paper.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery, but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Baſt. To both theſe Siſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the Widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her Husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the Battel, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,
The Battel done, and they within our power;
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Field.*

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and Soldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Gloſter.

Edg. Here Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good Hoſt; pray that the right may thrive;
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

[*Alarum and Retreat within.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old Man, give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a Man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeneſs is all, come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Camp.*

Enter Baſtard, Lear *and* Cordelia *as Priſoners, Soldiers, Captain.*

Baſt. Some Officers take them away; good Guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, I am caſt down,
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe Fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come let's away to Priſon;
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou do'ſt ask me bleſſing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And Pray, and Sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and hear poor Rogues

Talk

Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out
In a wall'd Priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' Moon.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a Brand from Heav'n,
And fire us hence, like Foxes; wipe thine Eye,
The good Years ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
E'er they ſhall make us weep?
We'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt: Come. [*Exit.*

Baſt. Come hither Captain, hark. [*Whiſpering.*
Take thou this Note, go follow them to Priſon,
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble Fortunes; know thou this, that Men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword; thy great Imployment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means,

Capt. I'll do'r, my Lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay,——inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtrain
And fortune led you well: You have the Captives
Who were the oppoſites of this Day's ſtrife:
I do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their Merits, and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention;
Whoſe Age had Charms in it, whoſe Title more,
To pluck the common Boſom on this ſide,
And turn our impreſt Launces in our Eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen

My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appear
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.
Alb. Sir, by your Patience.
I hold you but a Subject of this War,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded
E'er you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my Place and Perſon,
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelf your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your Addition.
Reg. In my Rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould Husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla,
That Eye that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing Stomach. General,
Take thou my Soldiers, Priſoners, Patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the Walls are thine:
Witneſs the World, that I create thee here,
My Lord, and Maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good Will.
Baſt. Nor in thine, Lord.
Alb. Half-blooded Fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and prove my Title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, hear reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital Treaſon; and in thy arreſt,
This gilded Serpent: For your claim, fair Siſter,
I bare it in the intereſt of my Wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her Husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.

Gon.

Gon. An Enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed, *Gloſter*, let the Trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy Perſon,
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my Pledge: I'll make it on thy Heart
E'er I taſte Bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt Medicine. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the World he is
That names me Traitor, Villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet; he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle Virtues, for thy Soldiers,
All levied in my Name, have in my Name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. My Sickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent. [*Exit* Reg.
Come hither, Herald, let the Trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF *any Man of quality or degree within the Liſts of the Army, will maintain upon* Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the Trumpet: He is bold in his defence.* 1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers him within.*

Enter Edgar *armed.*

Alb. Ask him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your Name, your Quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons?

Edg. Know, my Name is loſt
By Treaſons Tooth: Bare-gnawn, and Canker-bit,

Yet

Yet am I noble as the Adverſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adverſary?
Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter*?
Baſt. Himſelf, what ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my Speech offend a noble Heart,
Thy arm may do thee Juſtice, here is mine:
Behold it is my Privilege,
The Privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpight thy Victor-Sword, and fire-new Fortune,
Thy Valour, and thy Heart, thou art a Traitor:
Falſe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy Head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this Arm, and my beſt Spirits are bent
To prove upon thy Heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lyeſt.
Baſt. In wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name,
But ſince thy Out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy Tongue, ſome ſay, of breeding breaths,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe Treaſons to thy Head,
With the Hell-hated Lie, o'erwhelm thy Heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets ſpeak.
Alb. Save him, ſave him. [*Alarum. Fight.*
Gon. This is practice, *Gloſter*,
By th' Law of War, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown Oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd.
But cozen'd, and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your Mouth, Dame,
Or with this Paper ſhall I ſtop it; hold, Sir,
Thou worſe than any Name, read thine own evil:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon.

Gon. Say if I do, the Laws are mine, not thine,
Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*
Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this Paper?
Baſt. Ask me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Baſt. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange Charity:
I am no leſs in Blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy Father's Son,
The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant Vices
Make Inſtruments to plague us:
The dark and vitious Place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his Eyes.
Baſt. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full Circle, I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very Gate did propheſie
A Royal Nobleneſs; I muſt embrace thee,
Let Sorrow ſplit my Heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your Father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my Heart would burſt.
The bloody Proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of Death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once,) taught me to ſhift
Into a Mad-man's rags, t' aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogs diſdain'd: And in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt; became his Guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair,
Never, (O fault,) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,

Not

Not ſure, though hoping of this good Succeſs,
I ask'd his Bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our Pilgrimage. But his flaw'd Heart
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of Paſſion, Joy and Grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This Speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, Help! O help!——

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak Man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks, it came even from the Heart
Of——O ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who's dead? Speak Man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the Bodies, be they live or dead.

[Gonerill *and* Regan's *Bodies brought out.*

This judgment of the Heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. O! is this ſhe?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good Night,
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this Object, *Kent*?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:

The

The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after, ſlew her ſelf.
Alb. Even ſo; cover their Faces.
Baſt. I pant for life; ſome good I mean to do
Deſpight of mine own Nature. Quickly ſend,
Be brief in it, to th' Caſtle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and *Cordelia:*
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run———
Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the Office?
Send thy token of reprieve.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captain——
Edg. Haſte thee for thy Life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the Priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fore-did her ſelf.
Alb. The Gods defend her, bear him hence a while.
Enter Lear *with* Cordelia *dead in his Arms.*
Lear. Howl, howl, howl——O you are Men of Stones,
Had I your Tongues and Eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That Heav'ns Vault ſhould crack; ſhe's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as Earth: Lend me a Looking-Glaſs,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the Stone,
Why then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This Feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. Oh my good Maſter.
Lear. Prethee away———
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague upon you Murtherers, Traitors all,
I might have ſav'd her, now ſhe's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!———
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her Voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in Woman.

I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, Fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine Eyes are none o'th' beſt, I'll tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight, are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame; your Servant *Kent*,
Where is your Servant *Caius?*
Lear. He's a good Fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very Man.
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps——
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no Man elſe; all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly:
Your eldeſt Daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays, and vain is it
That we preſent us to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very bootleſs.
Meſ. Edmund is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here:
You Lords and noble Friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute Power; you to your Rights, [*To* Edg.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your Honours
Have more than merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their Virtue, and all Foes
To Cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee——
Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: No, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat have life,

And

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never——
Pray you undo this Button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her Lips,
Look there, look there. [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord.

Kent. Break Heart, I prethee break.

Edg. Look to my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his Ghoſt, O let him paſs; he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough World
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but uſurpt his Life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent Buſineſs
Is general woe: Friends of my Soul, you 'twain,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a Journey, Sir, ſhortly to go,
My Maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no. [*Dies.*

Edg. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay;
The oldeſt hath born moſt, we that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE.*

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Venice,
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Jago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in Love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Jago.
Bianca, *a Curtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, and Attendants.

SCENE *for the Firſt Act in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Venice.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Jago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it very unkindly,
That thou, *Jago*, who haſt had my Purſe,
As if the Strings were thine,
Shouldſt know of this.

Jago. But you'll not hear me. (hor me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a Matter, ab-

Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Jago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three great ones of the City,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft' Cap't to him: And by the faith of Man
I know my Price, I am worth no worſe a Place.

But he, as loving his own Pride and Purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithets of War;
Non-ſuits my Mediators; for certes, ſays he,
I have already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife,
That never ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the diviſion of a Battel knows
More than a Spinſter, unleſs the Bookiſh Theorick,
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his Soldierſhip. But he, Sir, had th' Election;
And I, of whom his Eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on others Grounds
Chriſtian, and Heathen, muſt be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſter,
He, in good time, muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I, Sir, bleſs the mark, his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his Hangman.

Jago. Why there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and Affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be Judge your ſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am Affin'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Jago. O, Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious Bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his Maſter's Aſs,
For nought but Provender, and when he's old, Caſheer'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Forms, and Viſages of Duty,
Keep yet their Hearts attending on themſelves;
And throwing but ſhows of Service on their Lords,

Do

Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their (Coats,
Do themſelves Homage. Theſe Fellows have ſome Soul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf. For, Sir,
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heav'n is my Judge, not I, for Love and Duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The native Act and Figure of my Heart
In Complement extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my Heart upon my Sleeve,
For Daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full Fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Jago. Call up her Father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his Delight.
Proclaim him in the Streets, incenſe her Kinſmen,
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: Tho' that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw ſuch Chances of Vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome Colour.

Rod. Here is her Father's Houſe, I'll call aloud.

Jago. Do, with like timorous Accent, and dire yell,
As when, by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio*! Signior *Brabantio!* ho!

Jago. Awake! what ho! *Brabantio!* Thieves, Thieves!
Look to your Houſe, your Daughter, and your Bags;
Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Brabantio *above.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible Summons?
What is the Matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your Family within?

Jago. Are your Doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Jago. Sir, you're robb'd; for ſhame put on your Gown,
Your Heart is burſt, you have loſt half your Soul;
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is Tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,

Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a Grandſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your Wits?

Rod. Moſt Reverend Signior, do you know my Voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Rodorigo.*

Bra. The worſer welcome;
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in Madneſs,
Being full of Supper, and diſtempering draughts,
Upon malicious Knavery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My Spirits and my Place have in their Power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing? This is *Venice*:
My Houſe is not a Grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure Soul, I come to you.

Jago. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you Service, and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary Horſe, you'll have your Nephews neigh to you, you'll have Courſers for Couſins, and Gennets for *Germans.*

Bra. What profane Wretch art thou?

Jago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moor are making the Beaſt with two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Jago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair Daughter,
At this odd Even and dull Watch o'th' Night,
Tranſported with no worſe or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a *Gundalier*,

To

To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy Wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong Rebuke. Do not believe
That from the ſenſe of all Civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs Revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in your Chamber, or your Houſe,
Let looſe on me the Juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho!
Give me a Taper----call up all my People,----
This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!

Jago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place
To be produc'd, as if I ſtay, I ſhall,
Againſt the Moor. For I do know the State,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus* Wars,
Which even now ſtands in Act, that for their Souls,
Another of his fadom, they have none,
To lead their Buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do Hell's Pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent Life,
I muſt ſhew out a Flag, and ſign of Love,
Which is indeed but ſign: that you ſhall ſurely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed Search;
And there will I be with him. So farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio *in his Night-gown, with Servants and Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an Evil. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? Oh unhappy Girl!——

With the Moor ſaiſt thou? Who would be a Father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? Oh ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought----what ſaid ſhe to you? Get more Tapers----
Raiſe all my Kindred----Are they Married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh Heav'n! how got ſhe out?
Oh Treaſon of my Blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters Minds
By what you ſee them Act. Are there not Charms,
By which the property of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, ſome another----Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every Houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt, get Weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial Officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I will deſerve your Pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Othello, Jago, *and Attendants, with Torches.*

Jago. Tho' in the Trade of War I have ſlain Men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' Conſcience
To do no contriv'd Murder: I take iniquity
Sometime to do me Service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Rib.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking Terms
Againſt your Honour, that with the little Godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, Sir,
Are you faſt Married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a Voice potential
As double as the Duke's: He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what Reſtraint or Grievance,

The

The Law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boaſting is an Honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my Life and Being,
From Men of Royal Siege; and my Demerits
May ſpeak, unbonnetted, to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free Condition
Put into Circumſcription and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look! what Lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio *with Torches.*

Jago. Thoſe are the raiſed Father, and his Friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I; I muſt be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Jago. By *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant:
The Goodneſs of the Night upon you, Friends,
What is the News?

Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haſte, Poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a Buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent Meſſengers
This very Night, at one anothers Heels:
And many of the Conſuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeveral Queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the Houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Jago. Faith, he to Night hath boorded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Jago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Jago. Marry to —— Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another Troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and Torches.*

Jago. It is *Brabantio*; General be adviſ'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief. [*They draw on both ſides.*

Jago. You *Rodorigo!* Come, Sir, I am for you ——

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with Years,
Than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foul Thief! Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her,
For I'll refer me to all things of Senſe,
If ſhe in Chains of Magick were not bound,
Whether a Maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to Marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her Guardage to the ſooty Boſom,
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the World, if 'tis not groſs in Senſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weaken Motion: I'll have't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the World, a practicer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of Warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do reſiſt
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your Hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my Cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To anſwer this your Charge?
Bra. To Priſon, 'till fit time
Of Law, and Courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent Buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him.
Offi. 'Tis true, moſt worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble ſelf
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the Night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch Actions may have Paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and Pagans ſhall our Stateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Senate Houſe.*

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no Compoſition in this News,
That gives them Credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportioned;
My Letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt Account,
As in theſe Caſes where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the Error,
But the main Article I do approve,
In fearful Senſe.

Saylor

Saylor within.] What hoa! What hoa! What hoa!

Enter Saylor.

Offi. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now! —— What's the Buſineſs?

Sail. The *Turkiſh* Preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How ſay you by this Change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of Reaſon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in falſe Gaze; when we conſider
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile Queſtion bear it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike Brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unskilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt,
Neglecting an Attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a Danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all Confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more News.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reverend, and gracious,
Steering with due Courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after Fleet ——

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſ. Of thirty Sail; and now they do re-ſtem
This backward Courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free Duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us,
To him, Poſt, Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Barbantio*, and the Moor.

Enter

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Jago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general Enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle Signior,
We lackt your Counſel, and your help to Night.

Bra. So did I yours; Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of Buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me. For my particular Grief
Is of ſo Flood-gate, and o'er-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and ſwallows other Sorrows,
And yet is ſtill it ſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter! oh my Daughter! ——

Sen. Dead!

Bra. Ay, to me.
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of Senſe,
Sans Witchcraft could not ————

Duke. Who e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter Letter,
After your own Senſe; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the Man; this Moor, whom now it ſeems
Your ſpecial Mandate, for the State Affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good Maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old Man's Daughter,
It is moſt true, true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,

And

And little bleſs'd with the ſoft Phraſe of Peace;
For ſince theſe Arms of mine had ſeven Years Pith,
'Till now, ſome nine Moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt Action, in the tented Field;
And little of this great World can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my Cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your gracious Patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of Love. What Drugs? what Charms?
What Conjuration? and what mighty Magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold;
Of Spirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what ſhe fear'd to look on ----
It is a Judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs Perfection ſo could err,
Againſt all Rules of Nature, and muſt be driven
To find out Practices of cunning Hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome Mixtures powerful o'er the Blood,
Or with ſome Dram, conjur'd to this Effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no Proof,
Without more wider, and more over Teſt
Than theſe thin Habits, and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak,
Did you, by indirect and forced Courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young Maid's Affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair Queſtion,
As Soul to Soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,

Not

Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my Life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the Place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till she come as truly, as to Heav'n
I do confess the Vices of my Blood,
So justly to your grave Ears, I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's Love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the Story of my Life,
From Year to Year; the Battels, Sieges, Fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my Boyish Days,
To th' very Moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly Breach;
Of being taken by the insolent Foe,
And sold to Slavery; of my Redemption thence,
And Portance in my Travels History;
Wherein of Antars vaste, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills, whose Heads touch Heaven,
It was my Hint to speak, such was my Process;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and Men whose Heads
Did grow beneath their Shoulders. These to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the House Affairs would draw her hence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy Ear
Devour up my Discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant Hour, and found good means
To draw from her a Prayer of earnest Heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by Parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her Tears,
When I did speak of some distressful Stroke,

That

That my Youth ſuffer'd: My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my Pains a world of Kiſſes;
She ſwore in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ———
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, ----- yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heav'n had made her ſuch a Man ---- ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the Dangers I have paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this Tale would win my Daughter too.
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the beſt;
Men do their broken Weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare Hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the Wooer,
Deſtruction on my Head, if my bad blame
Light on the Man. Come hither, gentle Miſtreſs,
Do you perceive, in all this noble Company,
Where moſt you owe Obedience?

Deſ. My noble Father;
I do perceive here a divided Duty,
To you I am bound for Life, and Education:
My Life and Education both do learn me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of Duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband,
And ſo much Duty, as my Mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State Affairs;
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.
I here do give thee that with all my Heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my Heart,
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, Jewel,

I am glad at Soul, I have no other Child;
For thy escape would teach me Tyranny
To hang Clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self; and lay a Sentence,
Which, like a grise, or step, may help these Lovers.
When Remedies are past, the Griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a Mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the Thief,
He robs himself that spends a bootless Grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free Comfort which from thence he hears.
But he hears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
That to pay Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd Heart was pierced through the Ear.
I Humbly beseech you proceed to th'affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty preparation, makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet Opinion, a more Sovereign Mistress of Effects, throws a more safe Voice on you; you must therefore be content to slubber the gross of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborn, and boisterous Expedition.

Oth. The Tyrant Custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Coach of War
My thrice-driven bed of Down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit Disposition for my Wife,
Due Reverence of Place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort;

As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why, at her Father's.
Bra. I will not have it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my Father in impatient Thoughts
By being in his Eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your proſperous Ear,
And let me find a Character in your Voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.
Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona*?
Deſ. That I did love the Moor to live with him;
My down-right Violence, and ſtorm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the World. My Heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very Quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s Viſage in his Mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant Parts,
Did I my Soul and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear Abſence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Your Voices, Lords; beſeech you, let her Will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me Heav'n, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the Palate of my Appetite;
Nor to comply with Heat the young affects
In my defunct, and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free, and bounteous to her Mind.
And Heav'n defend your good Souls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great Buſineſs ſcant
When ſhe is with me---- No, when light-wing'd Toys
Of Feather'd *Cupid*, ſeel with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd Inſtrument,
That my Diſports corrupt and taint my Buſineſs;
Let Hot ſewives make a Skillet of my Helm,
And all indign and baſe Adverſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.
Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay or going; th'Affair cries haſte;

And

And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to Night.

Oth. With all my Heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' Morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome Officer behind,
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import to you.

Oth. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
A Man he is of honeſty and truſt,
To his Conveyance I aſſign my Wife.
With what elſe needful, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good Night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Virtue no delighted Beauty lack,
Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt Eyes to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. [*Exit.*

Oth. My Life upon her faith. Honeſt *Jago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I prethee let thy Wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their beſt Advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an Hour
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exit.*

Rod. Jago.

Jago. What ſayeſt thou, noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Jago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly Gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to dye, when Death is our Phyſician.

Jago. Oh villanous! I have look'd upon the World for four times ſeven Years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found Man that knew how to love himſelf. E'er I would ſay, I would drown

my self for the love of a *Guinney*-Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do, I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jago. Virtue? a Fig, 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice; set Hyssop, and weed up Time; supply it with one gender of Herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with Idleness, or manured with Industry, why the Power and corrigible Authority of this lyes in our Wills. If the Ballance of our Lives had not one scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality, the blood and baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we have Reason, to cool our raging Motions, our carnal Stings, our unbitted Lusts; whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jago. It is meerly a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will. Come, be a Man: Drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than now. Put Mony in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars, defeat thy Favour, with an usurped Beard; I say, put Mony in thy Purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her Love to the Moor. Put Mony in thy Purse —— nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, but put Mony in thy Purse. These Moors are changeable in their Wills; fill thy Purse with Mony. The Food that to him, now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall to him shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for Youth; when she is fated with his Body, she will find the Errors of her Choice. Therefore put Mony in thy Purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Mony thou canst. If Sanctimony and a frail Vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and super-subtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Mony. A pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather

to

to be hang'd in compaſſing thy Joy, than to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the Iſſue?

Jago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Mony. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My Cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a Pleaſure, me a Sport. There are many Events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy Mony. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' Morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes,

Jago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I'll ſell all my Land. [*Exit.*

Jago. Thus do I ever make my Fool my Purſe;
For I mine own gain'd Knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a Swain,
But for my Sport and Profit: I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my Sheets
He has done my Office. I know not if't be true——
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my Purpoſe work on him:
Caſſio's a proper Man: Let me ſee now,
To get this place, and to plume up my Will
In double Knavery---- How? how?---- Let's ſee---
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello*'s Ears,
That he is too familiar with his Wife——
He hath a Perſon, and a ſmooth Diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make Women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
That thinks Men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be led by th' Noſe
As Aſſes are:
I have't---- it is engendred---- Hell and Night
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth to the World's light.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Mont. WHAT from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood;
I cannot 'twixt the Heav'n and the Main,
Descry a Sail.

Mont. Methinks the Wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne'er shook our Battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
What Ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seems to pelt the Clouds,
The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever fixed Pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* Fleet,
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lads; our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble Ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The Ship is put in; a *Veronesso*, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the Warlike Moor, *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'Tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of Comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* Loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With

With foul and violent Tempeſt.

Mont. Pray Heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the Man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-ſide, hoa,
As well to ſee the Veſſel that comes in,
As to throw out our Eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the Main and th' Erial blue,
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike Iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: Oh let the Heav'ns
Give him Defence againſt the Elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous Sea.

Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His Bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to Death,
Stand in bold Cure.

Within.] A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Caſ. What Noiſe?

Gent. The Town is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie,
Our Friends at leaſt.

Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragons Deſcription, and wild Fame:
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th'eſſential Veſture of Creation,
Do's bear an Excellency ———

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Jago*, Ancient to the General.

Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to clog the guiltleſs Keel,
As having Senſe of Beauty do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine *Deſdemona.*

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain;
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Jago,*
Whoſe Footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennight's ſpeed. Great *Jove, Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Sail with thine own powerful Breath,
That he may bleſs this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s Arms,
Give renew'd Fire to our extinguiſh'd Spirits,
And give all *Cyprus* comfort ———

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

Oh behold!
The Riches of the Ship is come on ſhore:
You Men of *Cyprus,* let her have your Knees.
Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of Heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every Hand
Enwheel thee round.

Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio,*
What Tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Deſ Oh but I fear —— how loſt you Company?

Caſ. The great Contention of the Sea and Skies
Parted our Fellowſhip. But hark, a Sail!

Within.] A Sail, a Sail.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadel:
This likewiſe is a Friend.

Caſ. See for the News:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Miſtreſs
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your Patience, good *Jago,*
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold Shew of Courteſie.

Jago.

Jago. Sir, would she give you so much of her Lips,
As of her Tongue she oft bestows of me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no Speech.

Jago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry before your Ladiship, I grant,
She puts her Tongue a little in her Heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Jago. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of Doors,
Bells in your Parlors, Wild-Cats in your Kitchens,
Saints in your Injuries, Devils being offended,
Players in your Huswifery, and Huswives in your Beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true; or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and go to Bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Jago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Jago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the Harbour---

Jago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Jago. I am about it, but indeed my Invention comes from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks out Brains and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Jago. If she be black, and thereto have a Wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Jago.

Jago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair,
For even her Folly helpt her to an Heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools laugh i'th' Alehouſe. What miſerable Praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Jago. There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul Pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy Ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what Praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving Woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her Merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very Malice it ſelf.

Jago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may;
She that being anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in Wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her Mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a Wight, (if ever ſuch Wight were,)

Deſ. To do what?

Jago. To ſuckle Fools, and Chronicle ſmall Beer.

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent Concluſion. Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy Husband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane and liberal Counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam, you may reliſh him more in the Soldier, than in the Scholar.

Jago. Aſide.] He takes her by the Palm; ay, well ſaid---- whiſper---With as little a Web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do---I will gyve thee in thine own Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed---If ſuch Tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three Fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good----well kiſs'd, and excellent Curteſie----'tis ſo indeed---- Yet again----your Fingers to your Lips? Would they were Cliſter-

Cliſter-pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.*
The Moor, I know his Trumpet.
Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.
Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.
Caſ. Lo, where he comes!
Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*
Oth. O my fair Warrior!
Deſ. My dear *Othello.*
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my Content,
To ſee you here before me. Oh my Soul's Joy!
If after every Tempeſt come ſuch Calms,
May the Winds blow, 'till they have waken'd Death:
And let the labouring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
My Soul hath her Content ſo abſolute,
That not another Comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.
Deſ. The Heav'ns forbid,
But that our Loves and Comforts ſhould increaſe,
Even as our Days do grow.
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this Content,
It ſtops me here: It is too much of Joy,
And this and this the greateſt Diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our Hearts ſhall make.
Jago. Oh you are well tun'd now; but I'll ſet down the
Pegs that make this Muſick, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*
Oth. Come, let us to the Caſtle.
News, Friends, our Wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How does my old Acquaintance of this Iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus,*
I have found great Love amongſt them. O my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own Comforts. I prethee, good *Jago,*
Go to the Bay, and diſembark my Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona,*

Once

Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Jago. Do you meet me preſently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; as they ſay, baſe Men being in Love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more than is native to them---liſt me; the Lieutenant to Night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona* is directly in Love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Jago. Lay thy Fingers thus; and let thy Soul be inſtructed. Mark me with what Violence ſhe lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical Lies. To love him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet Heart think it. Her Eye muſt be fed. And what Delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh Appetite; Lovelineſs in favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties: All which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd Poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Caſſio* does: A Knave very voluble; no further Conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil and Human ſeeming, for the better compaſs of his Salt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none. A ſlippery and ſubtle Knave, a finder of Occaſions; that has an Eye can ſtamp and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never preſent it ſelf. A Deviliſh Knave! beſides, the Knave is handſom, young, and hath all thoſe Requiſites in him, that folly and green Minds look after. A peſtilent compleat Knave! and the Woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd Condition.

Jago. Bleſs'd Figs end. The Wine ſhe drinks is made of Grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her

her paddle with the palm of his Hand? Didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but Courteſie.

Jago. Letchery by this Hand: An Index, and obſcure Prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt, and foul Thoughts. They met ſo near with their Lips, that their Breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts, *Rodorigo*, when theſe Mutabilities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and main Exerciſe, th'incorporate Concluſion: Piſh--- But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to Night; for the Command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not; I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome Occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his Diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's Raſh, and very ſudden in Choler: And happily may ſtrike at you, provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny. Whoſe Qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your Deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them. And the Impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our Proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any Opportunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadel. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Jago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe't:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble Nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt dear Husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a Sin,
But partly led to diet my Revenge,

For

For that I do ſuſpect the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my Seat. The Thoughts whereof,
Doth, like a poiſonous Mineral, gnaw my Inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soul
'Till I am even'd with him, Wife for Wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor,
At leaſt into a Jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor Traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb,
For I fear *Caſſio* with my Night Cap too,
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plain Face, is never ſeen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant General; that upon certain Tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer Perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleet, every Man put himſelf into triumph. Some to dance, ſome to make Bonefires, each Man to what Sport and Revels his addiction leads him. For beſides theſe beneficial News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptial. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the Bell have toll'd eleven.
Bleſs the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our Noble General *Othello*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to Night.
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport Diſcretion.

Caſ. *Jago* hath direction what to do.
But notwithſtanding with my perſonal Eye,
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Jago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good Night. To Morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear Love,

The

The Purchace made, the Fruits are to enſue,
That Profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Jago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Jago*; we muſt to the Watch.

Jago. Not this hour, Lieutenant: 'Tis not yet ten o'th' Clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: Whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the Night with her: And ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate Creature.

Jago. What an Eye ſhe has?
Methinks it ſounds a Parley to Provocation.

Caſ. An inviting Eye;
And yet methinks right modeſt.

Jago. And when ſhe ſpeaks,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Caſ. She is indeed Perfection.

Jago. Well, Happineſs to their Sheets: Come, Lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the Health of black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to Night, good *Jago*: I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wiſh Courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of Entertainment.

Jago. Oh, they are our Friends: But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one Cup to Night, and that was craftily qualified too: And behold what Innovation it makes here. I am infortunate in the Infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more.

Jago. What, Man? 'tis a Night of Revels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Jago. Here, at the Door; I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Jago. If I can faſten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to Night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,

As

As my young Miſtreſs's Dog.
Now, my ſick Fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to Night carouz'd,
Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three elſe of *Cyprus*, Noble ſwelling Spirits,
That hold their Honours in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle,
Have I to Night fluſter'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongſt this flock of Drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome Action
That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.
Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*
If Conſequence do but approve my Dream,
My Boat ſails freely, both with Wind and Stream.

Caſ. 'Fore Heav'n, they have given me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: Not paſt a Pint, as I am a Soldier.

Jago. Some Wine ho! [Jago *ſings.*

And let me the Cannakin clink, clink,
And let me the Cannakin clink.
A Soldier's a Man; Oh, Man's Life's but a Span;
Why then let a Soldier drink.

Some Wine, Boys.

Caſ. 'Fore Heav'n, an excellent Song.

Jago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,---drink ho---are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Jago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane* dead Drunk. He ſwears not to overthrow your *Almain.* He gives your *Hollander* a Vomit, e'er the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the Health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: And I'll do you Juſtice.

Jago. Oh ſweet *England.*

King Stephen *was and-a worthy Peer,*
His Breeches coſt him but a Crown,
He held them ſix Pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the Tailor Lown: He

He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,
And take thy awl'd Cloak about thee.

Some Wine ho.

Caſ. Why this is a more exquiſite Song than the other.

Jago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that does thoſe things. Well----Heaven's above all; and there be Souls muſt be ſaved, and there be Souls muſt not be ſaved.

Jago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any Man of Quality; I hope to be ſaved.

Jago. And ſo do I too, Lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgive our Sins----Gentlemen, let's look to our Buſineſs. Do not think, Gentlemen, I am Drunk: This is my Ancient, this is my right Hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then; you muſt not think then, that I am drunk.

Mon. To the Platform, Maſters, come, let's ſee the Watch.

Jago. You ſee this Fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his Vice,
'Tis to his Virtues a juſt Equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the Truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his Infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Jago. 'Tis evermore his Prologue to his Sleep.
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,

If drink rock not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good Nature
Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his Evils: Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Jago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the Noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft Infirmity;
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moor.

Jago. Not I, for this fair Iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this Evil. But hark, what Noiſe?

Enter Caſſio *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue! you Raſcal!———

Mon. What's the Matter, Lieutenant?

Caſ. A Knave teach me my Duty? I'll beat the Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beat me———

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your Hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll know you o'er the Mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk?——— [*They fight.*

Jago. Away I ſay, go out and cry a Mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good Lieutenant———Alas, Gentlemen———
Help ho!——Lieutenant——Sir *Montano*———
Help Maſters! Here's a goodly Watch indeed———
Who's that which rings the Bell———Diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The Town will riſe. Fie, fie, Lieutenant!
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon.

Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.
Oth. Hold for your Lives.
Jago. Hold ho! Lieutenant---Sir---*Montano*---Gentlemen---
Have you forgot all place of Senſe and Duty?
Hold. The General ſpeaks to you----hold for ſhame——
Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our ſelves do that
Which Heav'n hath forbid the *Ottomites*.
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous Brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own Rage,
Holds his Soul light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter, Maſters?
Honeſt *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak: Who began this? On thy Love I charge thee?
Jago. I do not know; Friends all, but now, even now
In Quarter, and in terms like Bride and Groom
Deveſting them for Bed; and then, but now——
As if ſome Planet had unwitted Men,
Sword out, and tilting one at other's Breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds.
And would in Action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe Legs that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your Youth,
The World hath noted. And your Name is great
In Mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your Reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich Opinion, for the Name
Of a Night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to Danger;
Your Officer, *Jago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare Speech, which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought,
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this Night,
Unleſs Self-charity be ſometimes a Vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a Sin,

When Violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by Heav'n,
My Blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And Passion, having my best Judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul Rout began? Who set it on?
And he that is approv'd in this Offence,
Tho' he had twin'd with me, both at a Birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Town of War,
Yet wild, the Peoples Hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick Quarrel?
In Night, and on the Court and Guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous. *Jago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or league in Office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
Thou art no Soldier.
Jago. Touch me not so near;
I had rather have this Tongue cut from my Mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*.
Yet I persuade my self, to speak so the Truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, General:
Montano and my self being in Speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying Fellow did pursue,
Lest by his Clamour, as it so fell out,
The Town might fall in fright. He, swift of Foot,
Out-ran my purpose: And I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio*, high in Oath; which 'till to Night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
For this was brief, I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, even as again they were
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men; the best sometimes forget;

Tho'

Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome ſome little wrong to him,
As Men in rage, ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which Patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, *Jago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this Matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio* : *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an Example.

Deſ. What's the matter, Dear?

Oth. All's well, Sweeting ;
Come, away to Bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My ſelf will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :
Jago, look with care about the Town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers Life,
To have their balmy Slumbers wak'd with Striſe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Jago *and* Caſſio.

Jago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant ?

Caſ. Ay, paſt all Surgery.

Jago. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation ! Oh I have loſt my Reputation ! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial, My Reputation, *Jago*, my Reputation——

Jago. As I am an honeſt Man, I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound ; there is more Senſe in that than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe Impoſition ; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no Reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a loſer. What Man -----there are more ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his Mood, a puniſhment more in Policy, than in Malice, even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs Dog to affright an imperious Lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunk? and ſpeak, Parrot? And ſquabble? Swagger? Swear? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones own Shadow? O thou inviſible Spirit of Wine! if thou haſt no Name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Jago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a Maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: A Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that Men ſhould put an Enemy in their Mouths, to ſteal away their Brains? That we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel and applauſe, transform our ſelves into Beaſts.

Jago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the Devil, Drunkenneſs, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Jago. Come, you are too ſevere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befaln: But ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your own Good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my Place again, he ſhall tell me, I am a Drunkard? Had I as many Mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible Man, by and by a Fool, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Every inordinate Cup is unbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Jago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: Exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Jago. You, or any Man living, may be drunk at a time, Man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the Contemplation,

templation, mark, and Devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: Importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a Diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a Vice in her Goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken Joint between you and her Husband, intreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your Love, ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Jago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of Love, and honeſt Kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely: And betimes in the Morning, I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: Good Night, Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſ. Good Night, honeſt *Jago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

Jago. And what's he then, that ſays I play the Villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſie,
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suit. She's fram'd as fruitful
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his Baptiſm,
All Seals and Symbols of redeemed Sin,
His Soul is ſo enfetter'd to her Love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her Appetite ſhall play the God
With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of Hell,
When Devils will their blackeſt Sins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now. For while this honeſt Fool
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repair his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this Peſtilence into his Ear:
That ſhe repeals him, for her Body's Luſt,

And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her Credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her Virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the Net,
That shall enmash them all.
How now, *Rodorigo?*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My Mony is almost spent; I have been to Night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the Issue will be, I shall have so much Experience for my Pains; and so with no Mony at all, and a little more Wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft;
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Dost not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*:
Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self a while. In troth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure and Action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art Billetted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress:
I'll set her on my self a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his Wife: Ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *Muſicians, and Clown.*

Caſ. MAſters, play here, I will content your Pains, Something that's brief; and bid good morrow, General.

Clown. Why, Maſters, have your Inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' Noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind Inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind Inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's Mony for you: And the General ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loves Sake to make no Noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Muſick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they ſay, to hear Muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into Air, away. [*Exit* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear me, mine honeſt Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt Friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Prethee, keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the General's Wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little Favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir, if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Caſ. Do my good Friend.

Enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago.*

Jago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ.

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold, *Jago*, to ſend in to your Wife;
My ſuit to her is, that ſhe will to virtuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Jago. I'll ſend her to you preſently:
And I'll deviſe a Mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your Converſe and Buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your Diſpleaſure; but all will ſure be well.
The General and his Wife are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies;
That he you hurt is of great Fame in *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity; and that in wholſom Wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loves you,
And needs no other Suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me Advantage of ſome brief Diſcourſe
With *Deſdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your Boſom freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Jago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe Letters give, *Jago*, to the Pilot,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Jago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification, Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my Abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do;
I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the Cause were his.
Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow; do not doubt, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.
Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.
Cas. Ay, but Lady,
That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and wateriſh Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my Love and Service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
His Bed shall seem a School, his Boord a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio*'s suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Sollicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello *and* Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Cas.

Caſ. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe.
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Jago. Hah? I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Jago. Nothing, my Lord; or if —— I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my Wife?
Jago. *Caſſio*, my Lord? No ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A Man that languiſhes in your Diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*, good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt Face.
I prethee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. In ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his Grief with me
To ſuffer with him. Good Love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*, ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to Night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to Night.
Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the Citadel.
Deſ. Why then to morrow Night, on *Tueſday* morn,
On *Tueſday* noon, or night; on *Wedneſday* morn.
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three Days; in faith he's Penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſs, in our common Reaſon,
Save that they ſay the Wars muſt make Example,

Out

Out of their beſt, is not almoſt a Fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my Soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio!*----
That came a wooing with you; and ſo many a time
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much----
Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a Boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your Gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing Diſhes, or keep you warm,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar Profit
To your Perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It ſhall be full of Poize, and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? No: Farewel, my Lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come to thee ſtraight.
Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit.*
Oth. Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Jago. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Jago?*
Jago. Did *Michael Caſſio*,
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your Love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt;
Why doſt thou ask?
Jago. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Jago?*
Jago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago.

Iago. Indeed! ———

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought of that? Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?

Oth. Honeſt? Ay, Honeſt.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!----

Oth. Think, my Lord! Alas, thou eccho'ſt me;
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay even now, thou lik'ſt not that.———
When *Caſſio* left my Wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſel,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, indeed?
And didſt contract and purſe thy Brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy Brain
Some horrible Conceit: If thou doſt love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou doſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of Love and Honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy Words before thou giv'ſt them Breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal Knave,
Are tricks of Cuſtom; but in a Man that's juſt,
They're cold Dilations working from the Heart,
That Paſſion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none.

Oth. Certain, Men ſhould be what they ſeem.

Iago. Why, then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt Man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and give thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of Words.

Jago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of Duty,
I am not bound to that, all Slaves are free to;
Utter my Thoughts! ---- Why say they are vild and false?
As, where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that Breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep Leets, and Law-days, and in Sessions sit
With Meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Jago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his Ear
A Stranger to thy thoughts.
Jago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my Guess,
As I confess it is my Nature's Plague
To spie into abuses, and of my Jealousie
Shapes Faults that are not, that your Wisdom,
From one that so imperfectly Conceits,
Would take no Notice, nor build your self a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure Observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty and Wisdom,
To let you know my Thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Jago. Good Name in Man and Woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. I'll know thy Thoughts ——
Jago. You cannot, if my Heart were in your Hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.
Oth. Ha!
Jago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of Jealousie,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The Meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in Bliss,
Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned Minutes tells he o'er,

Who

Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!
Oth. O Miſery!
Jago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But Riches fineleſs, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor;
Good Heav'n! the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealouſie.
Oth. Why? Why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a Life of Jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the Changes of the Moon,
With freſh Suſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turn the Buſineſs of my Soul
To ſuch exufflicate, and blown Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference: 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To ſay my Wife is Fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak Merits, will I draw
The ſmalleſt Fear, or doubt of her Revolt,
For ſhe had Eyes, and choſe me. No, *Jago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealouſie.
Jago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker Spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of Proof:
Look to your Wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your Eyes, thus; not Jealous, nor Secure;
I would not have your free, and noble Nature,
Out of Self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our Country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice*, they do let Heav'n ſee the Pranks
They dare not ſhew their Husbands, their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Jago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did,
Jago. Why, go to then;
She that ſo young could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her Father's Eyes up, cloſe as Oak----
He thought 'twas Witchcraft----
But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Jago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Jago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my Love. But I do ſee you're mov'd---
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my Speech
To groſſer Iſſues, nor to larger Reach,
Than to Suſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Jago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
My Speech ſhould fall into ſuch vild Succeſs,
Which my Thoughts aim'd not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee you're mov'd----
Oth. No, not much mov'd ———
I do not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Jago. Long live ſhe ſo; and long live you to think ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelf----
Jago. Ay, there's the point; ---- as, to be bold with you;
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell in ſuch, a Will moſt rank,
Foul Diſproportions, Thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in Poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, tho' I may fear
Her Will, recoiling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her Country Forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy Wife to obſerve. Leave me, *Jago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature, doubtleſs,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his Place,
For ſure he fills it up with great Ability,
Yet if you pleaſe to put him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your Lady ſtrain his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my Government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all Quantities, with a learn'd Spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Tho' that her Jeſſes were my dear Heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of Converſation,
That Chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of Years, yet that's not much-----
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny unſhunable like Death;
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look where ſhe comes!
Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.
If ſhe be falſe, O then Heav'n mocks it ſelf;

I'll

I'll not believ't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my Forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little;
[*She drops her Handkerchief.*
Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you. [*Exeunt.*

Def. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,
For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Jago*; what he will do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? What do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing———

Æmil. Hah?

Jago. To have a foolish Wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that same Handkerchief?

Jago. What Handkerchief?

Æmil. What Handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Hast stollen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by Negligence,

And to th' Advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good Wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt to have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor Lady, ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me---- [*Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio*'s Lodging loſe this Napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as Air
Are to the jealous, Confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my Poiſons,
Dangerous Conceits are in their natures Poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte:
But with a little act upon the Blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrups of the World,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou haſt ſet me on the Rack;
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What ſcent had I, in her ſtoln hours of Luſt?
I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next Night well, fed well, was free and merry,
I found not *Caſſio*'s Kiſſes on her Lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,

So

So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind. Farewel Content;
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
That make Ambition Virtue! Oh farewel,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trump,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fife,
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumſtance of glorious War:
And O you mortal Engines, whoſe rude Throats
Th'immortal *Jove*'s dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.

Jago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be ſure of it: Give me the Ocular Proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a Dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Jago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't, or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy Life.

Jago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorſe
On horrors Head, horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that.

Jago. O Grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? Or Senſe?
God be wi' you: Take mine Office. Oh wretched Fool,
That lov'ſt to make thine Honeſty a Vice!
Oh monſtrous World! Take note, take note, O World,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this Profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, ſith Love breeds ſuch Offence.

Oth. Nay ſtay----thou ſhouldſt be honeſt----

Jago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a Fool,
And loſes that it works for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife is honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. My Name that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s Viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poiſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating Streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were ſatisfied!
Jago. I ſee you are eaten up with Paſſion:
I do repent me that I put it to you,
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would, nay, and I will.
Jago. And may; but now? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death, and Damnation! Oh!——
Jago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do ſee them bolſter
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
As ſalt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as groſs
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If Imputation and ſtrong Circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Jago. I do not like the Office;
But ſith I am entred in this Cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh Honeſty and Love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging Tooth,
I could not ſleep. There are a kind of Men,
So looſe of Soul, that in their Sleeps will mutter
Their Affairs; one of this kind is *Caſſio*:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my Hand,

Cry——

Cry----oh ſweet Creature----then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up Kiſſes by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips, lay his Leg o'er my Thigh,
And ſigh and kiſs, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!

Jago. Nay this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone Concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a Dream.

Jago. And this may help to thicken other Proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Jago. Nay yet be wiſe, yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a Handkerchief
Spotted with Strawberries, in your Wife's Hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt Gift.

Jago. I know not that; but ſuch a Handkerchief,
I am ſure it was your Wife's, did I to Day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that----

Jago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other Proofs.

Oth. O that the Slave had forty thouſand Lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Look here, *Jago*,
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n. 'Tis gone;
Ariſe black Vengeance from the hollow Hell,
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell Boſom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpicks Tongues.

Jago. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood, Blood, Blood-----

Jago. Patience I ſay; your Mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Jago*. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe Icy Current, and compulſive Courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont*:
Even ſo my bloody Thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,

'Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heav'n,
In the due reverence of a ſacred Vow, [*He kneels.*
I here engage my Words----
Jago. Do not riſe yet: [Jago *kneels.*
Witneſs your ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about,
Witneſs that here *Jago* doth give up
The Execution of his Wit, Hands, Heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Service. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody Buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy Love,
Not with vain Thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three Days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Jago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.
Oth. Damn her lewd Minx! O damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of Death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Jago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?
Clown. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why Man?
Clown. He's a Soldier, and for me to ſay a Soldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?
Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deviſe a Lodging, and ſay he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own Throat.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown.

Clown. I will Catechize the World for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them Anſwer.

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the Compaſs of Man's Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe the Handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not Jealous?

Deſ. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all ſuch Humors from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, 'till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona*?

Deſ. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your Hand; this Hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Deſ. It yet hath felt no Age, nor known no Sorrow.

Oth. This argues Fruitfulneſs, and liberal Heart;
Hot, hot, and moiſt ---- this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty; Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe devout,
For here's a young and ſweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good Hand,
A frank one.

Deſ. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your Promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, Chuck?

Deſ. I have ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me;

Lend

Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Def. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? ———

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That Handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The Thoughts of People. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my Father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Gift of it, my Father's Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo, and take heed on't;
Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye;
To loos't, or give't away, were ſuch Perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's Magick in the Web of it;
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the World
The Sun to courſe two hundred Compaſſes,
In her prophetick Fury ſow'd the work:
The Worms were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens Hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def. Then would to Heav'n, that I had never ſeen't.

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Def. Bleſs us! ———

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt; but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Def. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Def.

Des. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my Suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief —— my mind misgives ——

Des. Come, come; you'll never meet a more sufficient Man.

Oth. The Handkerchief ——

Des. A Man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your Love;
Shar'd Dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief ——

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away. [*Exit* Othello.

Æmil. Is not this Man jealous?

Des. I never saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchief,
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a Year or two shews us a Man:
They are all but Stomachs, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.

Enter Jago, *and* Cassio.

Look you, *Cassio*, and my Husband.

Jago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And lo the happiness; go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the News with you?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a Member of his Love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my Heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my Offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my Service past, nor present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd Merit in Futurity,
Can ransom me into his Love again;
But to know so, must be my Benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other Course,
To Fortunes Alms.

Des.

Def. Alas! thrice gentle *Caſſio*,
My Advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So help me every Spirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blank of his Diſpleaſure,
For my free Speech. You muſt a while be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will
Than for my ſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Jago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Jago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Canon,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm
Puft his own Brother; and is he angry?
Something of Moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Def. I prethee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd Practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cyprus*, to him,
Hath pudled his clear Spirit; and in ſuch Caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their Object. 'Tis even ſo.
For let our Finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful Members, even to a Senſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think Men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for ſuch Obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandſome Warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my Soul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray Heav'n it be
State-matters, as you think, and no Conception,
Nor jealous Toy concerning you.

Def. Alas-the-day, I never gave him Cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous Souls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the Cauſe,

But

But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monſter
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf.
Deſ. Heav'n keep the Monſter from *Othello*'s mind.
Æmil. Lady, Amen.
Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt. [*Exit.*
Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. 'Save you, Friend *Caſſio*.
Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your Houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio*.
What? keep a Week away? Seven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight Hours? And Loves abſent Hours
More tedious than the Dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this Score of Abſence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend;
To the felt-abſence, now I feel a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Caſ. Go to, Woman;
Throw your vild gueſſes in the Devil's Teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from ſome Miſtreſs, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my Chamber;
I like the work well; e'er it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I would have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,

And

And think it no Addition, nor my wiſh
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at Night?
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Room of State.*

Enter Othello, *and* Jago.

Jago. WIll you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, *Jago*?
Jago. What, to kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthorized kiſs?
Jago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An Hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, *Jago*, and not mean harm?
It is Hypocriſie againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heav'n.
Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief ——
Oth. What then?
Jago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any Man.
Oth. She is Protectreſs of her Honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Jago. Her Honour is an Eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief ——
Oth. By Heav'n I would moſt gladly have forgot it;

Thou

Thou ſaidſt, Oh, it comes o'er my Memory,
As doth the Raven o'er the infectious Houſe,
Boading to all, he had my Handkerchief.
Jago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Jago. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, as Knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary Dotage of ſome Miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Jago. He hath my Lord, but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Jago. Why, that he did---- I know not what he did ——
Oth. What? what?
Jago. Lye ——
Oth. With her?
Jago. With her? on her —— what you will ----
Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! we ſay, lye on her, when they be-lye her. Lye with her! that's fulſom: Handkerchief ---- Confeſſions ---- Handkerchief ---- to confeſs, and be hang'd for his Labour —- Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to Confeſs ---- I tremble at it---- Nature would not inveſt her ſelf in ſuch ſhadowing Paſſion, without ſome inſtruction. It is not words that ſhake me thus ---- piſh ---- Noſes, Ears and Lips —— is't poſſible! —— Confeſs! —— Handerchief! —— O Devil —— [*Falls in a Trance.*
Jago. Work on,
My Medicine works; thus credulous Fools are caught;
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach; what hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*
Caſ. What's the matter!
Jago. My Lord is faln into an Epilepſie,
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one Yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.

Jago.

Jago. The Lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs; look, he ſtirs;
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your Head.
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Jago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.
Oth. A horned Man's a Monſter and a Beaſt.
Jago. There's many a Beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a civil Monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Jago. Good Sir, be a Man:
Think every bearded Fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your cauſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of Hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Jago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient Liſt.
Whil'ſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your Grief
(A Paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a Man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'Scuſes on your Ecſtaſie,
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelf,
And mark the Fleers, the Gybes and notable Scorns,
That dwell in every Region of his Face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your Wife.
I ſay, but mark his Geſture. Marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody.
Jago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw.
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelf Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot reſtrain
From the exceſs of Laughter. Here he comes.
Enter Caſſio.
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh Jealouſie muſt conſtrue,
Poor *Caſſio*'s Smiles, Geſtures and light Behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the Addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Jago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Bianca*'s Dower,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas, poor Caitiff.
Oth. Look how he laughs already.
Jago. I never knew a Woman love Man ſo.
Caſ. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Jago. Do you hear, *Caſſio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to, well ſaid, well ſaid.
Jago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph?
Caſ. I marry!---What? a Cuſtomer; prithee bear
Some Charity to my Wit, do not think it
So unwholſome, Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo: They laugh that win.
Jago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prithee ſay true.

Jago. I am a very Villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcoar'd me? well.

Caſ. This is the Monkey's own giving out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her,
Out of her own Love and Flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Jago beckons me: Now he begins the Story.

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other Day talking on the Sea Bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my Neck----

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: His geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me,
So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha----

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: Oh, I ſee that Noſe of yours, but not that Dog I ſhall throw it to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her Company.

Jago. Before me; look where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Damn haunt you; what did you mean by that ſame Handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? There, give it your Hobbey-Horſe: Whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Oth. By Heav'n, that ſhould be my Handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to Supper to Night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Jago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the Streets elſe.

Jago. Will you Sup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Jago.

Jago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come, will you?

Jago. Go to, say no more. [*Exit* Cas.

Oth. How shall I murther him, *Jago?*

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his Vice?

Oth. Oh, *Jago!*——

Jago. And did you see the Handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Jago. Yours by this Hand: And to see how he prizes the foolish Woman your Wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing:
A fine Woman! a fair Woman! a sweet Woman!——

Jago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to Night, for she shall not live. No, my Heart is turn'd to Stone: I strike it, and it hurts my Hand. Oh, the World hath not a sweeter Creature——She might lye by an Emperor's side, and command him Tasks.

Jago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is——so delicate with her Needle——An admirable Musician. Oh, she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear: Of so high a plenteous Wit, and Invention!——

Jago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a Condition!——

Jago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Jago*---Oh, *Jago*, the pity of it, *Jago*---

Jago. If you are so fond over her Iniquity: Give her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no Body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me!

Jago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer!

Jago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some Poison, *Jago*, this Night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again: This Night, *Jago*.

Jago. Do it not with Poiſon, ſtrangle her in her Bed.
Even the Bed ſhe hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good:
The Juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.
Jago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight.
Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*
Oth. Excellent good---what Trumpet is that ſame?
Jago. I warrant ſomething from *Venice*,
'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.
See, your Wife's with him.
Lod. Save you, worthy General.
Oth. With all my Heart, Sir.
Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a Letter.*
Oth. I kiſs the Inſtrument of their Pleaſures.
Deſ. And what's the News, good Couſin *Lodovico?*
Jago. I am very glad to ſee you, Signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*
Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant *Caſſio?*
Jago. Lives, Sir.
Deſ. Couſin, there's faln between him and my Lord
An unkind Breach: But you ſhall make all well.
Oth. Are you ſure of that?
Deſ. My Lord?
Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will ——
Lod. He did not call; he's buſie in the Paper,
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio*?
Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the Love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire and Brimſtone!
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.
Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ.

Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil!
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh Devil, Devil!
If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop ſhe falls would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my Sight——
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Oth. I! you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep.
And ſhe's Obedient: As you ſay Obedient.
Very Obedient——proceed you in your Tears——
Concerning this, Sir--- oh well painted Paſſion!----
I am commanded Home——get you away!
I'll ſend for you anon----Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to *Venice*---Hence, avant!--- [*Exit* Def.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may Sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and *Monkies!* [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid Virtue
The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Jago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his Wits ſafe? Is he not of light Brain?
Jago. He's that he is; I may not breath my Cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to Heav'n he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his Wife!

Jago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,
And new create his Fault?
Jago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own Courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my Speech; do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and ſhe together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each Syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? Did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my Soul at Stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your Boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your Head,
Let Heav'n requite it with the Serpent's Curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt and true,
There's no Man happy, the pureſt of their Wives,
Is foul as Slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go; [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple Bawd
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle Whore,
A Cloſſet-lock and Key of villanous Secrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I have ſeen her do't.

Enter

Enter Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your Will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your Pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes; look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistress,
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the Door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your Mystery, your Mystery; nay dispatch. [*Exit* Æmil.

Des. Upon my Knee, what doth your Speech import?
I understand a Fury in your Words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your Wife, my Lord; your true and loyal Wife.

Oth. Come swear it; damn thy self, being like one
Of Heav'n, the Devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemon*, away, away, away ——

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the Motive of these Tears, my Lord?
If happily you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your Blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n,
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of Sores, and shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my Soul
A drop of Patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed Figure for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow and moving Finger at ——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life,

The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or elſe dries up, to be diſcarded thence;——
Or keep it as a Ciſtern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look Grim as Hell.

Def. I hope my noble Lord eſteems me Honeſt.

Oth. O ay, as Summer-Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou Weed!
Who art ſo lovely, fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the Senſe asks at thee;
Would thou'dſt never been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair Paper, this moſt goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy Deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n ſtops the Noſe at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Mine of Earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?——

Def. By Heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this Veſſel for my Lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be, not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Def. No, as I ſhall be ſav'd.

Oth. Is't poſſible?

Def. Oh Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you Mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning Whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. You, Miſtreſs,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the Office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keep the Gate of Hell. You, you! Ay you!
We have done our courſe, there's Mony for your Pains;
I pray you, turn the Key, and keep our Counſel. [*Exit.*

Æmil.

Æmil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? How do you, my good Lady?
Def. Faith, half asleep.
Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I have none, do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor answers have I none,
But what should go by Water. Prethee to night,
Lay on my Bed my wedding Sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed. [*Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The smallest Opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Jago, *and* Æmilia.

Jago. What is your Pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell; those that do teach your Babes,
Do it with gentle Means, and easie Tasks;
He might have chid me so; For in good Faith,
I am a Child to chiding.
Jago. What's the Matter, Lady?
Æmil. Alas, *Jago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight, and heavy Terms upon her,
That true Hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that Name, *Jago*?
Jago. What Name, fair Lady?
Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Æmil. He call'd her Whore; a Beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such Terms upon his Callet.
Jago. Why did he so?
Def. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
Jago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the Day!
Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Jago.

Jago. Beſhrew him for't; how comes this trick upon him?

Deſ. Nay, Heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd if ſome eternal Villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get ſome Office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I will be hang'd elſe.

Jago. Fie, there is no ſuch Man; it is impoſſible.

Deſ. If any ſuch there be, Heav'n pardon him.

Æmil. A Halter pardon him, and Hell gnaw his Bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore? Who keeps her Company?
What Place? what Time? what Form? what Likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous Knave,
Some baſe notorious Knave, ſome ſcurvy Fellow.
Oh Heav'ns, that ſuch Companions thoud'ſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt Hand a Whip,
To laſh the Raſcal naked through the World,
Even from the Eaſt to th' Weſt.

Jago. Speak within Door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them! Some ſuch 'Squire he was
That turn'd your Wit, the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Jago. You are a Fool; go to.

Deſ. Alas, *Jago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good Friend, go to him; for by this light of Heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his Love,
Either in Diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Senſe
Delighted them on any other Form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me. Unkindneſs may do much,
And his Unkindneſs may defeat my Life,
But never taint my Love. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhor me now I ſpeak the Word,

To

To do the Act, that might the Addition earn,
Not the World's Mass of Vanity could make me.

Jago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his Humour;
The Business of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Jago. It is but so, I warrant.
Hark how these Instruments summon to supper; [*Trumpets.*
The Messenger of *Venice* stays the Meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I' do not find
That thou deal'st justly with me.

Jago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doft'st me with some device, *Jago*, and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than supplies me with the least Advantage of hope; I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in Peace, what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Jago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Jago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but Truth: I have wasted my self out of my means. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. you have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jago. Well, go to; very well,

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, Man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is Scurvy; and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well; I will make my self known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Solicitation. If not, assure your self, I will seek Satisfaction of you.

Jago.

Jago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now I ſee there's Mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before; give me thy Hand, *Rodorigo.* Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt Exception; but yet I proteſt I have dealt moſt directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suſpicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever (I mean, Purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this Night ſhew it. If thou the next Night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this World with Treachery, and deviſe Engines for my Life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Jago. Sir, there is eſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Jago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Jago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his Brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Jago. Ay, if you dare do your ſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to night with a Harlotry; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his Death, that you ſhall think your ſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time; and the Night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this,
Jago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble your ſelf no further.
Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your Ladiſhip.
Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, Sir: Oh *Deſdemona*! ——
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your Attendant there; look't be done. [*Exit.*
Deſ. I will, my Lord.
Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Deſ. He ſays he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.
Æmil. Diſmiſs me?
Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.
Æmil. I would you had never ſeen him.
Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his Stubbornes, his Checks, his Frowns,
(Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.
Æmil. I have laid thoſe Sheets you bad me on the Bed.
Deſ. All's one; good Father! how fooliſh are our Minds?
If I do die before thee, prethee ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame Sheets.
Æmil. Come, come; you talk.
Deſ. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he ſhe lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her Fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That Song to Night,
Will not grow from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my Head all at one ſide
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*; prethee diſpatch.

Æmil.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper Man.
Æmil. A very handsom Man.
Des. He speaks well.
Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether Lip.
Des. *The poor Soul sat Singing, by a Sycamore Tree.*
[*Singing.*
Sing all a green Willow:
Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing Willow, &c.
Her salt Tears fell from her, and softned the Stones;
Sing Willow, &c. (Lay by these)
Willow, Willow. (Prithee high thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green Willow must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.
Nay that's not next —— Hark who is't that knocks?
Æmil. It's the Wind.
Des. *I call'd my Love false Love; but what said he then?*
Sing Willow, &c.
If I court more Women, you'll couch with more Men.
So get thee gone, good night; mine Eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there,
Des. I have heard it said so; O these men, these men!
Dost thou in Conscience think, tell me *Æmilia*,
That there be Women do abuse their Husbands,
In such gross kind?
Æmil. There be some such, no Question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world.
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this Heav'nly Light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heav'nly Light,
I might do't as well i'th' dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the World?
Æmil. The World's a huge thing;
It is a great price, for a small Vice.
Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil.

Æmil. In troth I think I ſhould, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint Ring, nor for Meaſures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty Exhibition. But for all the whole World; why, who would not make her Huſband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture Purgatory for't.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole World.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' World; and having the World for your Labour, 'tis a wrong in your own World, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I do not think there is any ſuch Woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would ſtore the World they plaid for.
But I do think it is their Husbands Faults
If Wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their Duties,
And pour our Treaſures into foreign Laps,
Or elſe break out in peeviſh Jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight;
Why we have Galls; and though we have ſome Grace,
Yet have we ſome Revenge. Let Husbands know,
Their Wives have Senſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their Palats both for ſweet and ſower,
As Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think it is; and doth Affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we Affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as Men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us too.

Deſ. Good night, good night; Heav'n me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Jago, *and* Rodorigo.

Jago. HERE, ſtand behind this Bulk, Straight will he come :
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy Reſolution.

Rod. Be near at Hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy hand; behold, and take thy ſtand.

Rod. I have no great Devotion to the Deed,
And yet he hath given me ſatisfying Reaſons ;
'Tis but a Man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.

Jago. I have rub'd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my Gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be. If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily Beauty in his Life,
That makes me ugly ; and beſides the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much Peril;
No, he muſt die. But ſo, I hear him coming. [*Exit* Jago.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his Gate; 'tis he: Villain thou dyeſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine Enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain. [*Fight, and both fall.*

Caſ. I am maim'd for ever ;
Help hoa ! Murther, murther !

Enter

Enter Othello, *above at a Window.*

Oth. The Voice of *Caſſio*, *Jago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh help ho! Light! A Surgeon!——

Oth. 'Tis he! O brave *Jago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble Senſe of thy Friend's Wrong,
Thou teacheſt me. Minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unbleſt Fate highes. Strumpet I come:
For off my Heart, thoſe Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with Luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho! No Watch? No Paſſage? Murther, Murther!

Gra. 'Tis ſome Miſchance, the Voice is very direful.

Caſ. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy Night;
Theſe may be Counterfeits: Let's think't unſafe
To come into the Cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come: Then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago, *in his Shirt.*

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his Shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Jago. Who's there?
Whoſe Noiſe is this that cries out Murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Jago. Do not you hear a Cry?

Caſ. Here, here: For Heav'n ſake help me.

Jago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Jago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. Jago? Oh I am ſpoil'd, undone by Villains?
Give me ſome Help.

Jago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villains have done this?

Caſ. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Jago. Oh treacherous Villains!
What are you there? Come in, and give ſome help.
Rod. O help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Jago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain! [Jago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. O damn'd *Jago!* O inhuman Dog!
Jago. Kill Men i'th' dark? Where be theſe bloody
Thieves?
How ſilent is this Town? Ho, Murther! Murther!
What may you be? Are you of Good or Evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Jago. Signior *Lodovico.*
Lod. He, Sir.
Jago. I cry you mercy! here's *Caſſio* hurt by Villains.
Gra. Caſſio?
Jago. How is't, Brother?
Caſ. My Leg is cut in two.
Jago. Marry Heav'n forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the Matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Jago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio,*
My ſweet *Caſſio:* Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Jago. O notable Strumpet. *Caſſio,* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Jago. Lend me a Garter. So——Oh for a Chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.*
Jago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a Party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio,* come, come;
Lend me a Light: Know we this Face, or no?
Alas, my Friend, and my dear Country-man
Rodorigo? No: Yes ſure: Yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*

Jago.

Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? Ah!
Jago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle Pardon:
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Jago. How do you, *Cassio?* Oh a Chair, a Chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Jago. He, he, 'tis he: Oh that's well said, the Chair.
Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon. For you, Mistress,
Save you your Labour. He that lyes slain here, *Cassio,*
Was my dear Friend. What Malice was between you?
Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.
Jago. What look you pale? Oh bear him out o'th' Air.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistress?
Do you perceive the Gastness of her Eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, Guiltiness will speak,
Though Tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the Matter?
What is the Matter, Husband?
Jago. Cassio hath here been set on in the Dark
By *Rodorigo,* and Fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas, good Gentleman! Alas, good *Cassio!*
Jago. That is the fruits of whoring. Prithee *Æmilia,*
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to Night.
What do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my House, but I therefore shake not.
Jago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of Life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Jago. Kind Gentlemen: Let's go see poor *Cassio* dress.

Come Miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the Night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcover'd aſleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe, my Soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Stars,
It is the Cauſe. Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter Skin of hers than Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumental Alabaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more Men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can again thy former Light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'ſt Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* Heat
That can thy Light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot give it vital Growth again,
It needs muſt wither. I'll ſmell thee on the Tree; [*Kiſſing her.*
O balmy Breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Juſtice to break her Sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel Tears: This Sorrow's heav'nly
It ſtrikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Deſ. Who's there, *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to Bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to Night, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Ay, my Lord.

Oth.

Oth. If you bethink your ſelf of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n, and Grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heav'ns fore-fend, I would not kill thy Soul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then Heav'n have Mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my Heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: For you're fatal then,
When your Eyes rowl ſo.
Why I ſhould fear I know not,
Since Guiltineſs I know not: But yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy Sins.
Def. They are Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That Death's unnatural, that kills for Loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your Nether-lip?
Some bloody Paſſion ſhakes your very Frame;
Theſe are Portents: But yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio*.
Def. No by my Life and Soul: Send for the Man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy Death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy Sin:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the ſtrong Conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def. Oh Heav'n have Mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Def. And have you Mercy too; I never did
Offend you in my Life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of Heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By Heav'n I ſaw my Handkerchief in's Hand.
O perjur'd Woman! thou doſt ſtone my Heart,
And makeſt me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a Truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his Mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Jago* hath ta'en Order for't.
Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revenge
Had Stomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out Strumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive.
Def. But half an Hour ———
Oth. Being done, there is no Pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one Prayer ———
Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

Æmilia *at the Door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord!
Oth. What Noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,

I would not have thee linger in thy Pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*--- by and by --- ſhe's dead,
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s Death;
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again ---- No ---- what's beſt to do?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my Wife;
My Wife! my Wife! what Wife? I have no Wife.
Oh inſupportable! Oh heavy Hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted Globe
Did yawn at Alteration ———

Æmil. I do beſeech you
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my Lord! ---

Oth. I had forgot thee; Oh come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul Murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more nearer Earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes Men mad,

Æmil. *Caſſio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And ſweet Revenge grows harſh.

Deſ. O falſely, falſely murder'd.

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Lady's Voice,
Help! help hoa! help! Oh Lady ſpeak again,
Sweet *Deſdemona*, oh ſweet Miſtreſs, ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs Death I die.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this Deed?
Deſ. No body, I my ſelf, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be Murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You hear her ſay her ſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the Truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to Folly, and ſhe was a Whore.
Æmil. Thou do'ſt bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was falſe as Water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as Fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. Caſſio did top her; ask thy Husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in Hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this Extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Æmil. My Husband!
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio*: Had ſhe been true,
If Heav'n would make me ſuch another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt Man he is, and hates the Slime
That ſticks on filthy Deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this Iterance, Woman?
I ſay thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtreſs! Villany has made mocks with Love:

My

My Husband ſays ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband, honeſt, honeſt *Jago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a grain a Day; he lies to th' Heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargain.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This D ed of thine is no more worthy Heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that Power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt, Oh Gull! oh Dolt!
As ignorant as Dirt; thou haſt done a deed
I care not for thy Sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty Lives---Help! help! hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my Miſtreſs. Murther, murther!
Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Jago.
Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Jago*? You have done well,
That Men muſt lay their Murthers on your Neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this Villain, if thou be'ſt a Man,
He ſays thou told'ſt him that his Wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speak, for my Heart is full.
Jago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Jago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my Soul a Lie; a wicked Lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio*? did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Jago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtreſs, go to, charm your Tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my Tongue; I am bound to ſpeak,
My Miſtreſs here lies murthered in her Bed.
All. Oh Heav'ns forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have ſet the Murther on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, Maſters, it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous Act.
Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't --- I think --- I ſmell't --- O villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill my ſelf for Grief,
O Villany, Villany!
Jago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Jago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh!
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was foul!
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Niece,
Whoſe Breath indeed, theſe Hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know this Act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona*! I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure Grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of Shame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous Works,
With that Recognizance and Pledge of Love,
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his Hand;
It was a Handkerchief, an antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.
Æmil. Oh Heav'n! Oh heav'nly Powers!
Jago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out —— I peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the North,

Let

Let Heav'n, and Men, and Devils, let them all.
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Jago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Jago *offers to ſtab his Wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a Woman?
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
More than indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle,
He begg'd of me, to ſteal it.
Jago. Villanous Whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio*? Alas I found it,
And I did give't my Husband,
Jago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By Heav'n I do not, I do not, Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what ſhould ſuch a Fool
Do with ſo good a Wife?
[Jago *breaks through and wounds his Wife, then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heav'n,
But what ſerve for the Thunder? precious Villain!
Gra. The Woman falls; ſure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; Oh lay me by Miſtreſs ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take you this Weapon,
Which I have recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the Door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [*Exit.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every Puny whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould Honour out-live Honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* ——
Moor, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my Soul to Bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *Dies.*

Oth. I have another Weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks temper;
Oh here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no Weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold I have a Weapon:
A better never did it ſelf ſuſtain
Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I have ſeen the Day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain Boaſt!
Who can controul his Fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my Journey's end, here is my Butt,
And very Sea-mark of my utmoſt Sail.
Do you go back diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt Fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s Breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now ---- how doſt thou look now? Oh ill-ſtar'd Wench!
Pale as thy Smock! When we ſhall meet at Compt,
This look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heav'n,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Even like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the Poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in Winds, and roaſt me in Sulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down Gulfs of liquid Fire ——
Oh *Deſdemona*! Dead, *Deſdemona*! Dead, dead! Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Jago *Priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt unfortunate Man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: Here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the Villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his Feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou beeſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello *wounds* Jago.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Jago.

Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'd have thee live;
For in my Senſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good;
Faln in the Practice of a curſed Slave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why any thing;
An Honourable Murtherer, if you will:
For nought I did hate, but all in Honour,
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s Death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe,
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your Pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that Demy-Devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soul and Body.
Jago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your Lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir you ſhall underſtand what hath befaln,
Which as I think, you know not; here is a Letter,
Found in the Pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The Death of *Caſſio*, to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. O Villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs.
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented Paper
Found in his Pocket too; and this it ſeems.
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned Villain;
But that belike *Jago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. O thou pernicious Caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that Handkerchief
That was my Wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my Chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe

Which

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo*'s Letter,
How he upbraids *Jago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Jago* hurt him,
Jago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of yout fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some Service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in Malice.
Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose Hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his Tribe; of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop Tears as fast as the *Arabian* Trees
Their Medicinal Gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turband-Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' Throat the Circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. Oh bloody Period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, e'er I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a Kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas.

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no Weapon;
For he was great of Heart.
Lod. Oh *Spartan* Dog!
More fell than Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea,
Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed;
This is thy work; the Object poiſons ſight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the Houſe,
And ſeize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Cenſure of this helliſh Villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy Heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Volume.